Contemporary Review

125th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

052
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JANUARY 1991

CAMPAIGN '90: ITS IMPACT ON THE REAGAN REVOLUTION
David N. Thomas

THE INDIAN FACTOR IN ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS 1941-1942
Sarah Newman

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GLASGOW: THE CREATION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CITY OF CULTURE
Bernhard Aspinwall

A MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY DIARY: A SOCIAL DOCUMENT
Walter J. Strachan

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Contemporary Review

incorporating The Fortnightly

January 1991 Vol. 258 No. 1500 Founded 1866

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CAMPAIGN '90: ITS IMPACT ON THE REAGAN REVOLUTION

228

by David N. Thomas

THE off-year or mid-term election is one of the outstanding features of the American political system. Coming every four years at the midpoint of each administration, it affords the electorate an opportunity to express itself on the leadership of each incumbent president. Campaign '90 marks the bicentennial of mid-term elections which on occasion has rivalled presidential campaigns in marking important milestones in American political history. One hundred years ago, for example, a new political movement called populism threatened to disrupt the country's two-party system. Historically, mid-term elections have on occasion served notice of an imminent shift of party control of the presidency. They have also registered popular approval of presidential policies.

Under the American Constitution all 435 members of the United States House of Representatives must stand for re-election every two years. At the same time approximately one third of the one hundred United States Senators reach the end of their six-year terms. Each mid-term campaign also includes gubernatorial elections in some of the states. In each of those categories off-year campaigns feature contests of national interest reflecting issues of popular concern. Generally mid-term elections mark the emergence of new personalities who often become prospects for national leadership. Always the most important political consideration is the number of positions which change in party control.

From its beginning Campaign '90 was overshadowed by Desert Shield, a military venture which would normally have enhanced the President's popularity among voters. In turn Bush's increased prestige would be expected to benefit Republican candidates. Accompanying the Persian Gulf

Crisis, however, was a bitter struggle with the Democratic Congress over the federal budget. Soon all chances of Bush's deployment of forces benefiting his party at the polls were lost as public attention was directed away from Desert Shield toward the political struggle between the President and the Congress. It was the sort of prolonged confrontation in which presidents have seldom been victorious.

The principal controversy in the battle over the budget was the issue of taxes. Since the campaign for the presidency in 1988 Bush had remained steadfast in his opposition to any new taxes. His famous utterance at the party convention in New Orleans, 'read my lips, no new taxes', had become legendary. With the ending of the Cold War it appeared that such a pledge was plausible because of the prospect of reducing defence expenditures. With the sudden deployment of troops in the Persian Gulf, however, military expenditures could hardly be reduced. With non-defence expenditures already allegedly reduced to their lowest possible level, new revenues became necessary in order to avoid the ominous 'sequester' of federal expenditures mandated in 1986 by the Gramm-Rudman law which set specific targets for deficit reductions. That law gave new meaning to the term, 'sequestration', which is normally defined as a legal writ authorising seizure of property. Now in American political parlance that word, derived from Old French, has come to suggest the frightening prospect of an even reduction of nearly all federal expenditures which would curtail presumably indispensable functions such as air traffic control and medical services. In the end sequester was averted but the threatened implementation of Gramm-Rudman injected an unprecedented element of nervous disquiet into American politics. Its effect on voting behaviour in Campaign '90 was unpredictable.

The budget battle of 1990 was fought from the beginning until nearly the end of the campaign. In the midst of that struggle President Bush dropped a political bombshell of sorts by abandoning his pledge of new taxes. That change of position had a devastating impact on the President's party whose conservative wing had regarded the promise of no new taxes as a virtually sacred compact. The Republican Party, therefore, was ruptured in the middle of its almost desperate attempt to improve its capacity to control the political agenda of the 1990s. The impact of that rupture was immediate. President Bush was now openly opposed by important members of his own party. His approval rating fell about twenty points. For the first time in many years polls revealed that the public now believed that the Democratic Party was better able to handle the national economy.

The Bush reversal on taxes resulted in a heated controversy over sources of new revenue. An American version of class struggle ensued as the Democrats insisted on raising the rates on the incomes of the rich. When Bush opposed that proposal, the Democrats injected the issue of 'fairness' into the campaign. While the impact of the fairness issue was hard to measure, there was little doubt that the public's aversion to higher taxes affected the outcome of gubernatorial races in Florida and Nebraska.

Governor Mario Cuomo of New York and United States Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey, leading candidates for the 1992 Democratic Party presidential nomination, were reduced to narrow victories by the anti-tax sentiment in their states. From the results of Campaign '90 it appears that the anti-tax component of the Reagan Revolution may still be a factor in the politics of the 1990s.

Another feature of the Reagan Revolution was opposition to what conservatives call reverse discrimination, allegedly caused by affirmative action which has been one of the cutting edges of the Civil Rights movement. By affirmative action the Equal Opportunity Commission, established in 1964, sought to open the work place to women and minorities. Opponents charged that the policy potentially discriminated against workers already on the job. A United States Supreme Court ruling in 1971 held that an employer was liable under the law if his hiring policy had a 'disparate impact' on the make-up of his work force. By disparate impact was meant that a firm's personnel was not proportionate to the radical composition of the surrounding community. Reagan appointees reversed that decision in 1989 by a ruling under which the burden of proof was shifted to the plaintiff. Democrats were outraged, charging that victims of discrimination are incapable of proving their case against a biased employer. Near the end of the campaign Congress passed the Civil Rights Act of 1990 to set aside the recent decision by Reagan justices. Claiming that the law would necessitate the establishment of quotas in order to avoid costly law suits, Bush vetoed the act. By only one vote the veto was sustained in the United States Senate amid a partisan outcry in Congress that the Republicans were again favouring the rich and opposing fairness in the work place.

The President's veto of the Civil Rights Act immediately became a cutting issue in the closing days of Campaign '90. That was particularly true in North Carolina where a veteran United States Senator, Jesse Helms, was the target of a national opposition campaign funded by libertarians and Civil Rights activists opposed to his publicised opposition to affirmative action and public funding of the arts. The senate race in North Carolina was the most explosive confrontation of the year. In the closing days of the campaign Helms, a national conservative of considerable notoriety, came from behind in the polls apparently by running a television ad showing a white worker lamenting his loss of a job opportunity because of reverse discrimination. The nation's liberal community was outraged by what it perceived to be an injection of raw racism into a political campaign. In the end Helms was re-elected in a widely publicised race against a candidate who had come close to becoming the first black United States Senator from the South in over a hundred years.

At the beginning of the campaign, pundits called the election a referendum on legal abortion on demand, a modification of which had been a leading objective of the Reagan presidency. In America the abortion rights movement of the post-World War II period achieved a sweeping victory in 1972 when in the famous decision, *Roe v. Wade*, the United States Supreme Court declared that a woman had a constitutional right of

privacy which included the choice of whether to terminate her pregnancy. Anti-abortion advocates soon launched a 'right-to-life' crusade to overturn the *Roe* decision by a constitutional amendment re-establishing a state's authority to regulate abortion. After failing to persuade Congress to pass such an amendment on to the states for ratification, the pro-life forces joined the Reagan movement and secured a commitment to fill United States Supreme Court vacancies with justices committed to a reversal of the *Roe* decision. After three Reagan appointees were added to its membership, the Supreme Court in 1989 modified its ban of state regulation of abortion. The Court was apparently one vote short of an outright reversal of *Roe*. That sharp division of judicial opinion stimulated political debate between 'pro-life' and 'pro-choice' forces which became active in congressional and gubernatorial races across the country. In the end no electoral consensus on abortion was forthcoming. According to one estimate there were thirty-one contests in which the candidates were sharply divided on abortion. Among the winners were seventeen pro-choice and fourteen pro-life candidates. Campaign '90 clearly did not resolve America's dilemma on abortion.

One of the exasperating sources of annoyance for American voters in 1990 was the Savings and Loan scandal which erupted in the midst of the budget crisis. While struggling to cut expenses, the federal government was faced with the responsibility of implementing its guarantee to depositors in bankrupt Savings and Loan Associations. Those institutions were chartered earlier in the century by the national government to receive deposits and lend money exclusively to home buyers. Operated supposedly under strict regulations, they were calculated to help expand home ownership and provide profitable opportunities for savings among families in the expanding middle class. For both investors and home buyers the S&Ls were long regarded as safe and reliable agencies of the nation's financial system. In recent years federal laws under which they operated were altered to allow S&L managers to finance projects other than housing. Because depositors continued to have a federal guarantee of their investments there was an expanding source of revenue. As a result cities were overbuilt with facilities that were constructed without assurance of occupancy. Promoters of these risky projects had no fear of failure nor did depositors have any reluctance to continue their investments. Unfortunately, the federal regulators felt no sense of alarm until that branch of the savings industry was suddenly faced with hundreds of bankruptcies. Under law those bankrupt institutions automatically became federal liabilities estimated to be in the hundreds of billions of dollars. Assessment of responsibility for that tragedy led to a partisan row which affected several campaigns. Two incumbent members of the United States House of Representatives on the West Coast lost their seats after being charged with involvement in the S&L scandal. That problem may well have political repercussions for years.

The budget crisis compounded by the Savings and Loan scandal created an unusual cynicism among American voters. Opinion surveys indicated a

spreading mood of anti-incumbency. A large number of congressional turnovers was widely predicted. In the end, however, only six governors and sixteen members of congress lost their bids for re-election. In America challengers have been facing increasing difficulty in mounting successful campaigns. Some observers believe that the impregnable power of incumbency constitutes a political crisis which has been developing since the Watergate scandal of the Nixon era.

In his re-election campaign of 1972 President Richard Nixon raised over $50 million, an unseemly amount which, as it turned out, was far more than needed to defeat George McGovern. Critics believed that it was the excessive amount of campaign funds that corrupted the electoral process that year and contributed significantly to the scandalous electioneering behaviour now remembered as Watergate. After years of considering the corrupting influence of money in American politics, Congress passed the sweeping Campaign Reform Act of 1974 which set limits on the amount of money a person could contribute to a candidate. Also limited was the amount which could be spent on behalf of a candidate. The act also established the Federal Elections Commission empowered to enforce those limitations. Under the new law campaigns for federal office must be conducted in accordance with standard accounting procedures, the most revolutionary provision of the act called for federal funding for presidential candidates. Congress refused, however, to apply that principle to congressional politics. In the end the great congressional reform of the Watergate era would have unintended consequences. Instead of solving the problem, the law would be soon followed by a tremendous expansion of expenditures in congressional politics. It would mark the beginning of the end of competition in congressional politics.

Unlike laws passed by the British parliament, acts of the American Congress are immediately subject to judicial review. Within about two years in the case of *Buckley v. Valeo* (1976) the United States Supreme Court ruled only those funds that contributed directly to political campaign organization could be limited by law. Under the First Amendment to the American Constitution there could be no limitation on the amount of money spent on behalf of a candidate so long as it was not contributed directly to the Campaign organization. Spending money on behalf of a candidate was declared to be a form of expression. The *Buckley* decision stimulated a proliferation of peculiarly American political phenomena, the Political Action Committees, that had had their beginning twenty years earlier in the American Labour Movement. The PAC, now organized in accordance with federal laws, was an organization established to raise money from like-minded people wishing to promote candidates sympathetic to their interests. Over the next ten years the number of PACs grew from a few dozen to over four thousand! Many of those committees have become highly complex organizations with richly appointed offices in Washington within sight of the United States Capitol Building. Their primary purpose is to monitor the votes of congressional members on issues affecting the

interests of their contributors whether economic, industrial, cultural, professional or ideological.

The reason why incumbents now have such a tremendous advantage over their challengers is simply that PACs are more interested in keeping their supporters in office than in searching out potential challengers to their opponents. Challengers in search of appreciable PAC support must go to Washington and present their credentials to very sceptical psephologists who must be exceedingly careful in risking the money of their contributors. It is safer to contribute to friendly incumbents. Meanwhile, any member of Congress can now shop about and find scores if not hundreds of PACs from which contributions can easily be secured.

In spite of the prevalent anti-incumbent sentiment in Campaign '90, therefore, the enormous disparity in available campaign funds completely thwarted the efforts of most challengers. Among the candidates for the United States House of Representatives incumbents spent $180 million in comparison to only $36 million by their opponents. That disparity has been steadily increasing. In all likelihood it will continue to grow. Observers now suggest that because of that monetary advantage by incumbents congressional elections are now decided long before the first vote is cast. They are decided by PACs which contribute such large sums to incumbents well before the beginning of the campaign. According to one scholar at the American University in Washington, voters are becoming spectators rather than participants in the political process in America.

When an election comes at the beginning of a new decade there is added significance attributed to the campaigns for the governorship of the rapidly growing states of California, Texas and Florida. Under the American constitution the federal government has been obliged to conduct a decennial census beginning in 1790. Based on those reports, there is a redistribution of memberships in the United States House of Representatives. States having disproportionately large population growth are assigned additional House seats. Those state governments then must redraw constituency boundaries. Incumbent governors can play a crucial role in determining the shape of new districts in such a manner as to enhance their party's prospects for increasing congressional membership.

For ten years Republicans looked forward to Campaign '90 as their chance to gain new seats in the United States House of Representatives which they have not controlled since the 1950s. They have had control of that body for only four years since 1932. The principal Republican goal for 1990 was maintenance of control of the governorships in those three large states of the sunbelt. In the end the Republicans were able to retain the governorship only of California which will gain seven new House seats by redistricting in 1991. In Texas a rising feminist Democratic leader, Ann Richards, won the governor's race against a pathetically inept Republican candidate of immense wealth running in his first campaign. In Florida a popular former United States Senator defeated an incumbent Republican who had run afoul the anti-tax trend in American politics.

National elections in the United States are enormously complex, involving thousands of candidates on the national, state and local levels of American politics. There are in some states referenda on issues initiated by interest groups like environmentalists. From this maze of electoral activities comes a host of conflicting messages which can only be partially understood even by the most learned students of American politics. Among the few undisputed lessons learned during the campaign of 1990 is the conclusion that the electorate is restless and confused as America enters its third century of mid-term elections. The future course of the Reagan Revolution is uncertain. Republicans and Democrats differ on the degree to which President Bush's incumbency will be imperiled in 1992. No clearly identifiable trends for the 1990s are yet apparent. To most observers the campaign provided few answers and solved no problems. As Michael Oreskes of the *New York Times* wrote on election day: 'Everyone agreed it had been one of the weirdest mid-term election seasons of modern times'.

[David N. Thomas is Professor of Modern History in Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, Georgia.]

Forthcoming articles in the *Contemporary Review* are *Divided Nicosia: Europe's Other Wall* by Jan Knippers Black, *Can Scots Make a Comeback?* by R. D. Kernohan and *Matthew Arnold: Comparative Educator and Advocate of a European Frame of Mind* by Brenda A. Rapple.

SOVIET COMMUNIST PARTY CENTRAL COMMITTEE DISCUSSES WAYS TO PREVENT COMMERCIALISATION OF CULTURE

Full transcript of Leading Article in 'Pravda,' 20 September 1990

THE Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party has expressed concern about growing commercialisation of culture and discussed ways to counter this trend.

It said in a resolution that democratisation and glasnost had enlivened the cultural life of society. The years of perestroika have seen the adoption of major acts aimed at abolishing the administrative-command methods of leadership, decentralising the management of cultural processes and broadening the powers of the republics and local governments. In spite of the shortage of funds, the Council of Ministers of the USSR has found the means to increase allocations to culture by 48.9 per cent in the current five-year period although growth in the national income stands at 15.7 per cent. Of great importance for the development of culture is the introduction of new methods of economic management of cultural institutions and organisations, which make it possible to finance cultural programmes out of the national budget as well as with funds allocated by industrial enterprises, public organisations and fund-raising initiatives.

At the same time, the Central Committee resolution pointed to a growing tendency of commercialisation of culture, which has negative consequences for the moral atmosphere in society. Concern about this trend, especially the effect of commercialisation of culture on children and young people, is expressed in citizens' letters to the Central Committee, statements by lawmakers and artistic intellectuals and the mass media.

Analysis shows that the main causes of commercialisation of culture are serious shortcomings in the work of ministries and government departments responsible for culture, the lack of co-ordination and control and inadequate measures in the field of scientific research and information in the sphere of culture. There is a widening gap in the economic and financial positions of the state-run cultural institutions and co-operative, youth and other cultural centres. There are discrepancies in a number of laws and regulations passed recently. Culture does not receive enough funds from the state.

Orientation to profit deforms the criteria of cinema and video products, concert and theatre productions, book-publishing, cultural and educational activities and entertainment.

Self-financing in the film industry has proved to be a mixed blessing. This is particularly manifest in the activities of co-operative film-distribution organisations, which turn out products exciting unhealthy instincts and cultivating cruelty and eroticism. The practice of showing unlicensed video films has assumed threatening proportions: nearly 150,000 videos are

used for this purpose. Official Soviet movie industry experts claim that the profits of videotheques total between 6,000 million and 10,000 million roubles, of which a larger part settles in the pockets of operators rather than goes to the national budget. This became possible owing to the fact that the Ministry of Culture of the USSR, the All-Union Central Committee of Trade Unions and the Central Committee of the Young Communist League passed a document regulating the registration of commercial videotheques without approval of the Goskino (State Committee of the USSR for Cinematography). At the same time, Goskino has not been persistent enough in tackling matters concerning the regulation of the production and distribution of video films in this country and the observance of the copyright laws in this area.

Commercialisation has affected book and magazine publishing, compelling publishers and editors to turn out products of low ideological and artistic quality and pandering to cheap sensationalism. The same is true of the concert and theatre activities. Cheap musical and theatre productions destroy the aesthetic values of multi-national Soviet culture. Last year the number of concerts featuring artistes of the Bolshoi Theatre, the Moscow State Conservatoire and other leading Philharmonic performers decreased almost two times compared with 1987. Commercial approach in the handicraft sector may have disastrous consequences for handicraftsmen and artisans.

A desire to make big profits has turned film-distribution, concert organisations, theatre companies and other cultural institutions away from the countryside, children and pensioners. The countryside with its underdeveloped cultural sector is virtually being deprived of the services of the film-distribution organisations. During the last three years the number of cinema attendances there has dropped by 172.5 million. Theatre companies of the Russian Federation last year showed 40 per cent fewer productions in the countryside than in the previous year and the number of concerts dropped by 25 per cent since 1985.

The unjustified growth of prices of books, theatre, concert and cinema tickets, the introduction of attendance fees at amateur-talent groups and clubs, of payment for getting books in demand at some libraries, and higher prices of paid services in museums in the past three years are more and more hindering the cultural education of low-income sections of the population. The cultural services in some regions have been diminishing.

The introduction of paid services at cultural establishments by the financial bodies of local Soviets irrespective of their possibilities is stimulating profit-seeking. According to the State Planning Committee, the volume of paid services will increase by 24 per cent this year, including by 40.8 per cent in Kirghizia. In the past four years the amount of paid services went up by 36 per cent in Moscow Region, 49 per cent in Tyumen Region, and 62 per cent in Chelyabinsk Region.

Inspections show that some enterprises lease their clubs and other cultural centres to co-operatives and cost-accounting associations. The councils of work collectives and trade unions in Voronezh, Kaliningrad,

Kemerovo, Saratov and Orenburg regions slashed allocations on the maintenance of libraries.

Commercialisation is demoralising some cultural workers. Many performers have joined the race for super-profits. We have uncovered unbelievable things while inspecting the situation with concerts in Leningrad, Moscow, Kiev, Tashkent, Karaganda, Norilsk and Kemerovo. Chaos in the sphere of payment to cultural figures is frightening performers away from state concert organisations, theatres, circuses, film studios, clubs, etc., and breeding in cultural workers utilitarianism and cynicism.

State social protection of creative intelligentsia and artistic collectives is diminishing noticeably. Local Soviets, which have got the right to establish lease tariffs, are economically interested in the annulment of privileges for artists, sculptors, and music and other groups who lease uninhabitable premises for artistic activity.

Commercialisation is more and more spreading to our international cultural relations. This is distorting the opinion of the foreign public about the spiritual values of Soviet society and changes underway in it on the one hand, and is filling our domestic cultural scene with far from the best examples of foreign art, on the other.

In view of the growing negative ideological, social and moral consequences of the commercialisation of culture and the diminishing role of state in the sphere of culture, the CPSU Central Committee deems it necessary to use its right of legislative initiative and submit to the USSR Supreme Soviet the proposal of the Central Committee as regards drafting and passing the law 'On the Protection of Morality in the USSR', which will guarantee the protection of citizens from works of art that can damage the health and morals of the people, social order, and the rights and legal interests of the people. It has been also recognised expedient to establish a public/state committee responsible for these issues.

The above resolution supports the proposals of the Ministry of Culture, the State Committee of the USSR for Cinematography (Goskino), artistic unions and public organisations, designed to protect genuine art, artists, and various sections of the population from the negative consequences of commercialisation.

The CPSU Central Committee thinks that the government should approve measures designed to eliminate inequality in the economic possibilities of state, co-operative, public and other organisations and centres engaged in culture and sports, meaning the system of taxation, price formation, remuneration, and royalties.

It is suggested that we should discuss the issue of stimulating various forms of allocation on culture and sports by state and co-operative enterprises; analyse the possibility of excluding from the list of planned paid services all kinds of artistic activity, with the right to determine the nature and volume of such services granted to cultural establishments; to determine the ceiling of payment for the lease of halls of offices, schools, political education clubs, etc., for cultural purposes, as well as for the use of uninhabitable housing by cultural workers and artistic groups.

The special emphasis is made on the need to develop a videoshow system in the country banning the show of videofilms and videoprogrammes having no permits from Goskino. It is intended, by analogy with the normative acts introduced in 1990 for the marketing of consumer goods on the basis of contractual prices, to fix ceilings on the prices of films and videoproducts on the market.

The CPSU Central Committee believes that it would be advisable to streamline the practice of international cultural exchanges and to grant the USSR Ministry of Culture and the Ministries and Committees on Culture of the Union Republics the right to establish the individual forms and size of remuneration for work done by the outstanding Soviet workers in culture and the arts with a view to gradually bringing their pay into line with the international criteria of evaluating their contribution to culture.

The Central Committees of Communist Parties of the Union Republics, the territorial, regional, area, city and district Party committees and Communists working in Soviets of People's Deputies, trade union and YCL committees, cultural bodies and artistic organisations have been directed to analyse the specific manifestations of unsound commercial tendencies in the activities of cultural institutions, artistic groups, youth cultural centres, co-operatives and to take steps, with the participation of local Soviets and people's control bodies, to neutralise such tendencies and to ensure observance of the normative acts governing economic activity in the sphere of culture.

The Party's newspapers and magazines and Communists employed in other periodicals, radio and television have been recommended to organise discussion on problems arising in connection with the commercialisation of society's cultural affairs and to make a principled assessment of damage being done to socialism's ideological, moral and aesthetic values.

Acknowledgments are made to TASS and NOVOSTI.

THE INDIAN FACTOR IN ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS 1941-1942

by Sarah Newman

THE Indian scene loomed large in Anglo-American relations. Even before the United States entered the war, the half-American Churchill was concerned with her support. This was indeed vital. But, despite the Premier's statement to Roosevelt, 'Anything like a serious difference between you and me would break my heart and would surely injure both our countries', on the Indian issue the two allies disagreed.

Americans, conscious of their own earlier struggle against British Imperialism, and still hostile to its contemporary manifestations, inevitably sympathised with the Indian National Congress demand for sovereignty. Roosevelt drew comparisons with the American situation of the 1770s in his correspondence with Churchill. To some it seemed that the role of India in Anglo-American relations in the early 1940s echoed that of Ireland in the First World War. Jinnah himself drew a rather different parallel between Ireland and India in his arguments for partition.

Politicians in the United States knew little of India itself. It was the relationship between Britain and India that rivetted their attention. Supporting the Americans in their view of the Indian scene was Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek.

Before 1949 Americans saw themselves as China's protectors. From 1941 they were allied with China in the struggle against the Japanese, a war of more significance for both nations than that against Nazi Germany. Chiang Kai Shek's Kuomintang Government had American support. Mme. Chiang, a Wellesley graduate, acted as interpreter for the Generalissimo. Possibly the Americans, concerned to keep China in the war, overestimated the value of Chiang and his forces. Their tendency on occasion to identify China and India added to their critical approach to Britain's relationship with India.

To Churchill it seemed that, in their anti-imperial fervour, Americans over-simplified the Indian scene. The British regretted that Americans and Chinese alike seemed to take at face value the Indian National Congress claim to represent all Indians, and to disregard the deep distaste that the idea of Hindu Raj aroused in Moslems, untouchables, and Princes. Again and again attempts were made to educate the Americans in the British view of the Indian scene.

For instance, on 4 March 1942, Churchill informed Roosevelt: 'Indian soldiers are voluntary mercenaries. They fight for their pay... also in hope of rewards of gratuities, pensions and possibly grants of land, but above all, being drawn from classes with long martial traditions, they take pride in their profession, in which a leading element is personal loyalty to their British officers, and general loyalty to the British Raj. Any indication of a fundamental change in the conditions of the authority under which they have accepted service... cannot fail to have at once an un-

settling effect... in the case of the soldier overseas at least, it is difficult to see how the effect on his morale can be anything but adverse... It may well result in a reluctance to enlist, at least in a reluctance to serve overseas'.

Again, on 31 July 1942, Churchill advised Roosevelt, 'Congress represents mainly intelligentsia of non-fighting Hindu elements and can neither defend India nor raise a revolt. The military classes are loyal... their loyalty will be impaired by handing over Government of India to Congress control.'

Again and again too the Viceroy, Linlithgow, grumbled at the interference of visiting Americans who, showing a sentimental regard to doctrines proclaimed by leading members of the INC, failed to appreciate either the complexities of the problem or the other demands on his time. Much of the British Government's concern during the Cripps Mission of 1942, its breakdown, the resultant civil disobedience and consequent repression, was for American reaction.

Even in May 1941, P. J. Grigg, Secretary for War, had written to Churchill that the only reason for any immediate change in British practice and policy 'is the suggestion that the Middle West would more easily allow the President to declare war if we had first conceded "some generous measure of freedom" to India.' In November 1941, when Nehru was detained (in comfort), the damage this did to Britain in the United States was noted.

Once the United States entered the war, concern increased. Lord Halifax, British Ambassador to the US 1941-6, informed Linlithgow, in April 1942, 'If Cripps's discussions fail, it has been suggested to me it would be of great value for United States opinion if he could return this way and explain the situation'. George VI commented on the Cripps offer, 'It has cleared up many ambiguities for the rest of the world, especially America, as to our rule in India'.

On his idea of appointing a woman to his Executive Council, Amery, the Secretary of State for India, 1940-5, wrote to Linlithgow, on 23 May 1942, 'As regards Begum Shah Nawaz you are the best judge of her administrative capacity and of effect on India of her appointment. It would... be welcome in America and in many quarters of this country. It would also no doubt be acceptable to Madame Chiang Kai Shek'.

On 25 May 1942, the Governor of Bombay notified Linlithgow, 'I saw Dr. Grady and some other members of the American technical mission... They had all been perturbed... at the amount of shipping they found in the harbour, and at the comparatively slow turn round and the considerable waste of shipping involved. Dr. Grady... was most outspoken to me about Indian industrialists... had come to the conclusion that they were out for profit and nothing else, and that to hand over to them any important element of the supply effort would be disastrous... he had come to the conclusion that Indian industrialists were a hopeless crowd... he had seen Gandhi... the old man had seemed to him to talk complete "hogwash". As I gather that Dr. Grady has the ear of the president, his impression may be of interest. I also understand the mission was hardly on speaking terms with Colonel Johnson'.

Colonel Johnson, an American sympathetic to the INC, typified the transatlantic intruders Linlithgow so disliked. As he was the president's envoy, his views were regarded with particular alarm. The Viceroy wrote to Amery, 28 May 1942, 'Nalini Sarkar mentioned that he had been asked by Colonel Johnson whether he thought Nehru was the right man to settle things with the President if invited to the United States for that purpose... it shows very clearly dangers involved in Johnson's methods of handling business here, and also brings out the extreme importance of putting a stop at once to any idea of an invitation of this type from the United States Government. Political issues involved would be of profound significance'. In fact, as late as January 1945 there was anxiety about allowing Nehru's sister and niece to visit the United States.

Following a meeting with Roosevelt, Sir Ginja Shankar Bajpai, Indian Civil Service Agent for the Governor-General in the United States, wrote to Linlithgow, on 29 May 1942, 'the President did not seem to realise Indian iron ore and manganese may tempt Japan to attempt an invasion... He seems to be toying with the idea of inviting Sir Stafford Cripps to America. As Colonel Johnson's report may be unfriendly I venture to suggest visit by Cripps might not only be antidote to such report but promote clearer and more permanent appreciation by president of complexities of Indian problems and choke off prospective embarrassing pilgrims like Nehru'.

Once the Cripps mission had failed and the INC campaign of civil disobedience seemed likely to be stepped up, measures to deal with the situation were discussed. American opinion continued to be a vital consideration, in particular, the probable US reaction to Gandhi's arrest. Would his deportation be preferable? An adequate degree of comfort and a healthy climate were thought necessary for the old man. Another dilemma was, were he to attempt a fast unto death, at what stage, if at all, should he be released? Opinion in the US, Britain and civilian India had to be weighed against that of the Indian Army, Police and Civil Servants.

The British were anxious that Americans should understand that the implications of Gandhi's statements were harmful to the Allied cause. On 30 May 1942 Amery wrote to Linlithgow: 'It is important that we should provide at the earliest possible moment guidance to the United States of America... as well as to the British Press, as to the interpretation of the situation and its implications... You yourself have taken the view that publicity for Gandhi's views is calculated to do him more harm than good at the moment... I am anxious that the public mind in this country and in America should not be left a moment longer than is prudent under any misapprehension as to the potential danger of the situation and that ground should be prepared against the necessity of your having to take drastic measures to deal with it. Judicious advance guidance to the Press here and in the United States might well preserve us against ill-informed criticism of 'repressive measures'... I should be willing to consider meeting responsible British and American Press representatives in an entirely confidential conference'.

On 1 July 1942 Linlithgow commented to Amery, 'It is clearly of the utmost importance that we should bring out for the benefit of the United States and Chinese the readiness of Congress to negotiate with Japan'. Three days later the acting-head of the British mission in the United States wrote to Eden that the President 'has taken keen interest in the Indian situation and the Prime Minister might think it well to send a message to Roosevelt making clear the double dealing of Gandhi'.

On 7 July 1942 the Secretary to the International Missionary Council wrote to Amery, 'I was in America during the period Cripps was in India. The Mission was front page news in all papers every day... The result has been immensely to educate American opinion... I think we might also remember the persistent and deep rooted suspicion not only in America but in many other countries of what is called our 'imperialism'. And since Gandhi and Nehru have far greater publicity in America than any other Indians, I have little expectation that the lesson taught by the Cripps Mission will be of permanent effect'.

Eden notified Amery on 22 August 1942, 'I am afraid we must regard it as a certainty that more or less eminent Americans will go on flirting with congress party leaders... I know you realise how vitally important it is that American ideas, and the President's too, should be guided into proper channels on this question of India'.

Not only Americans were eager to act as negotiators to ease the difficulty the British seemed to experience in handing power over to the INC. The Chinese too saw themselves as potential intermediaries. The British, lacking American enthusiasm for Chiang and the Chinese, nevertheless found it necessary to try to influence Chinese opinion.

Considering whether Chiang should be allowed to visit Gandhi, Eden commented to Churchill, on 12 February 1942, 'If things go wrong in Burma it will be most difficult to keep China in the war and Chiang Kai Shek is our only hope. Therefore it is of the utmost importance not to cause him offence'. And following the visit of two Chinese officers to India, Linlithgow wrote to Amery, on 9 May 1942, 'It seems to me of the utmost importance we should go out of our way to be as civil as possible to the Chinese. I have spared no pains over them'.

Clearly relations with the Chinese were important in their own right but the Chinese-American connection was also of concern.

In many ways India was of peripheral interest to the British Government and even in Anglo-American relations it was not of the first significance. The War Cabinet Committee on India was formed in February 1942 and was active for most of that year. It was presided over by Attlee who revived it when he became Prime Minister. On occasion Churchill attended its meetings but more often he did not. To those engaged in fighting a world war the transfer of power in India was a marginal concern.

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GLASGOW: THE CREATION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CITY OF CULTURE

by Bernard Aspinwall

'YOU do need to be very romantic to accept the industrial civilisation,' wrote G. K. Chesterton. 'It does really require all the old Gaelic glamour to make men think Glasgow is a grand place. Yet the miracle is achieved and while I was in Glasgow I shared the illusion'. Glasgow to American nineteenth century visitors was a similar striking experience. Some believed they had never seen a city so beautiful. The regular planned appearance of immaculate honey stone houses, clean wide streets, the magnificent buildings by 'Greek' Thompson and Charles Rennie Mackintosh, the impressive statues of great citizens in George Square, not to mention the department stores vastly superior to those of London: 'The houses and streets are elegant, the parks well laid out and finely cared for, the streets wide and clean and the whole city has an elegance for which I was wholly unprepared.' To Grace Greenwood, Glasgow 'as a manufacturing town, masks a very handsome appearance. Many of the public buildings are of a fine style of architecture; and the planted squares, those fresh breathing spaces off the crowded business streets are truly beautiful'. Americans invariably felt at home in the city. They found the people friendly and interested in them rather than their lineage, in their talents and abilities. They felt it was the most democratic and American city in Europe. They readily compared it to their native cities, Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia and even the levee at New Orleans. To the imaginative son of the architect of the American Capitol Building in Washington, the immensely high chimney of the chemical works, Tennant's stalk, rivalled 'the Pyramids or Strasbourg Cathedral, and even some who were merely quietly impressed felt a strong similarity between Paris and the city with the fine bridges over the Clyde. The river made the city and the city made the river. Deepened and developed the river was to be the setting for the first British steamship, 'Comet', in 1812.

An ancient city, Glasgow established its international credentials and renown in the last century. It was arguably the first industrial city in the first industrial land, Scotland, in the world. Was not Adam Smith, the author of *The Wealth of Nations* (1776), a Glasgow professor and had not James Watt first realised his steam power in his appenticeship at the university? Its professors and citizens had led the shift to enlightened modern attitudes: the father of sociology, Adam Ferguson, the moral philosopher, Francis Hutcheson and John Miller had queried the staid Calvinist moral and social tradition. In their wake Scottish Common Sense would prevail, combining the best of the old and new. In the city Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers had developed more scientific approaches to poverty, education and low attainments; Patrick Colquhoun paved the way for the modern police service. With its myriad societies for the abolition of slavery, drink and social evils, Glasgow offered adjustment, self fulfilment, respectability here and now and salvation in the hereafter. The millenarian religion of the Godly Commonwealth was transformed by Scottish practicality.

With its concern for freedom abroad, liberalism had an ideal home amid dedicated thrifty, sober, improving entrepreneurs at every level of society. It was arguably, the first 'modern' city in the world. The city motto, 'Let Glasgow Flourish' continues by 'the preaching of the Word': Christianity, civilisation and the creation of wealth were the same providential concern.

Such impressions are not the product of the much criticised hype of the revitalised city enjoying the well deserved title of European city of culture 1990. They emphasise the rich Victorian urban heritage lavishly praised by John Betjeman, and thanks to local government and EEC iniatiatives recently rediscovered by historians, preservationists and tourists alike. A Brazilian academic friend has visited me several time in preference to the overcrowded, impersonal, polluted and ever expensive south. The city free from pretentiousness, as frequently noted by many travellers in the last century, still retains a welcoming uninhibited outlook. As in the last century Glasgow, with its nearby silicon glen, populated by the serried ranks of the world's computer companies, is once more at the cutting edge. Everywhere in the city there seems to be a rediscovery of that old self-confidence and vitality: a new international airport is developing with new hotels, office buildings and a renovated refurbished inner city, allegedly gentrified with luxurious appartments in magnificent old warehouses, up-market boutiques and wine bars. With the Whistler collection in the University galleries, the substantial Impressionist and Scottish colourists in the Kelvingrove Gallery and the gigantic Burrell Collection in the grounds of Pollok House the younger — and other generations — can rediscover the quality, substance and taste of their nineteenth century predecessors. Equally with Scottish Opera, Scottish National Orchestra and Scottish ballet all based in the city, it is at the forefront of artistic endeavour with solid foundations built in the last century. Equally in its renowned Citizens' Theatre, its sparkling new Concert Hall, its young artists and designers of international renown cascading from the Glasgow School of Art, as well as its two fine universities contribute to a new respect for the former decaying old city. That one sidedness that Sydney Checkland described as the upas tree of heavy industry and Colum Brogan as the static socialist dogma have gone. As in Andrew Young's Atlanta, it is as if the pragmatic Labour dominated city in partnership with business has rediscovered its forgotten tradition of innovation and social justice.

Glasgow then is a cosmopolitan city. As H. V. Morton observed 'Glasgow is the city of the glad hand and the smack on the back; Edinburgh is the city of silence until birth or brains open the social circle. In Glasgow a man is innocent until he is found guilty; in Edinburgh a man is guilty until he is found innocent. Glasgow is willing to believe the best of unknown quantity; Edinburgh like all aristocracies, the worst! ... Glasgow is cosmopolitan ... Glasgow is a mighty and inspiring story. She is Scotland's anchor to reality. Lacking her Scotland would be a backward country lost in poetic memories and at enmity with an age where she was playing no part.'

Glasgow has played her part. Glasgow grew rapidly in the nineteenth century. The 77,000 population of 1800 quadrupled by 1850 and reached

a million by the First World War. The city had well established links from colonial days with America through the tobacco trade which later developed into a substantial emigrant traffic. By 1930 America was home for almost fourteen per cent of all Scots. More than a quarter of all Scots born in the half century from 1871 emigrated. The first Mormon converts occurred in 1837: more than 5,000 followed them to America. Other emigrant and trading links had been forged through Glasgow with British possessions: India and the Far East, New Zealand from 1833, Australia, Canada and South Africa as well as the thriving Scottish engineering and farming enterprises in South America. In the provision of material and manpower, Glasgow was deservedly known as the 'Second City of the British Empire'. The city provided the technicians and technology of modernity.

In the last century the city was indeed the workshop of the world. In the early period her textile industry boomed. It boomed with the latest sophisticated technology, and cheap, often child labour. The unparalleled quality and colour of Monteith's turkey red materials attracted Russian imperial and European aristocratic attention. Chemical industries naturally followed. The surrounding coalfields, iron, later steel works further aided rapid expansion. By mid century more than four fifths of all British shipping was built on the Clyde. To one American visitor the Clyde seemed one long twenty-four hour permanent shipyard. In 1913, three quarters of a million tons were launched by the 60,000 workforce: with pride in Fairfields, John Browns Lithgows, Henderson and the rest. With such materials and skills, Glasgow with the huge north British locomotive works was supplying vast numbers of engines at home and abroad.

The population flooding into the city was diverse. The city grew at 'an American pace'. In the early nineteenth century Glasgow matched the contemporary major American cities in rawness and undisciplined development. In 1839 a parliamentary report on housing was incredulous that 'so large an amount of filth, crime, misery and disease existed in one spot in any civilised country'. In 1842 the redoubtable sanitary reformer, Edwin Chadwick in his report on the condition of British cities described Glasgow as 'possibly the filthiest and unhealthiest of all British towns'. The contemporary death and disability rate among Catholic priests devoted to their poor was considerable. Infant mortality was commonplace: in 1821 half the population would die before the age of ten. In 1861 the worst slum area compacted some 583 people per acre.

Twenty years later, Glasgow's pioneering Medical Officer of Health, J. B. Russell, found that three quarters of the population lived in two roomed apartments: only one in 20 lived in five rooms or more. Even after zealous municipal initiatives, Hector Bolitho, *Cancer of Empire*, (1924) found two thirds of the population still lived below minimum Board of Health standards. Epidemics naturally flourished. In 1832 more than 3,000 perished from cholera. It remained a scourge until 1866. Amid such squalor, poverty, drunkenness, crime and vice flourished. In 1843 William Logan estimated that Glasgow sustained 450 brothels with some 1,800 girls. In 1871 the *Glasgow Daily Mail* claimed that 200 brothels and 150

shebeens profitably traded in the inner city. The trials and tribulations of the poor were movingly portrayed by the self taught Glasgow based novelist, Patrick Macgill especially in his *The Children of the Dead End* (1914) and *The Rat Pit* (1915). Even as late as 1914, Margaret Sanger, the pioneer American birth controller, estimated the city contained tens of thousands of prostitutes among its poor. Drunkeness was widespread among this displaced population. The Saltmarket area was commonly refered to as 'civilisation's inferno' to which respectable visitors were escorted by high minded citizens to be suitably outraged at the Saturday night degradation. If morally repulsive, such activities showed the entrepreneurial spirit at its worst and the need for social discipline.

Discipline came from several sources: from the industrial work ethic; from the churches; municipal government and respectable public opinion. Labour, as Sydney G. Checkland argued, was largely quiescent through much of the century. The firm, if not brutal repression of popular unrest in 1811-2, the 1820 rising and the 1837 cotton strike influenced subsequent developments. A booming local economy over time and the availability of allegedly cheaper immigrant labour contributed to more rational, articulate protest. Or rather alternative visions. Robert Owen had come to Glasgow, and in partnership with leading businessmen, established his new moral factory at nearby New Lanark. Some years later Chartists also presented their cause in highly moralistic terms of Chartist churches, temperance, public baths and self-improvement. That outlook might be attributable to the foundation of the practical Andersonian college, (now Strathclyde University), largely developed from 1800 by John Birkbeck before his departure for London and to the accessibility of Glasgow University to many sons of the poorer classes: John MacDonald, the Scottish coal miners leader, graduated in between working shifts down the pit in 1853. Again unlike contemporary Oxford and Cambridge, the university did not demand a religious test. Skilled craftsmen might also emigrate to more rewarding opportunities in England or abroad: they were the exportable technicians of universal material improvement. To a considerable degree, the existing social order offered some prospects of improvement, provided status in the local community and self fulfilment.

The churches also provided a means of self discipline in the traditional moral way. But in nineteenth century Glasgow they provided many other means of self-discipline. Glasgow churches performed an important role in giving an identity to the newcomers to the city. As the quotation above by H. V. Morton implied, Glasgow was a cosmopolitan city. It was like our contemporary California: comparatively few citizens had been born within its boundaries. Although Glasgow never reached the position of some American cities where over ninety per cent of the population had been born elsewhere, it did mean that the population were largely newcomers to the city and often to urban life. Glasgow never was, as H. G. Wells described Chicago, 'one hoarse cry for discipline'. In 1841 slightly over half the population had been born in Glasgow and the surrounding county of Lanarkshire: 47 per cent were born elsewhere in the United Kingdom.

A decade later more than 56 per cent were born elsewhere in the United Kingdom and abroad. Thereafter the proportion declined but was still almost 40 per cent on the eve of World War One. Glasgow then was the most cosmopolitan and unusual 'Scottish' city. That fact influenced attitudes in several ways. In particular it showed the need for a disciplined, efficient community.

Churches frequently employed moral crusades in the nineteenth century as means of establishing community, sustaining public standards of respectability and decency, and marketing themselves. Churches could ease the problems of social readjustment. In a fluid urban industrial world, the consumer, however lowly, was king and so had to be persuaded and convinced by new methods and techniques. The feats of moral athleticism undertaken by the less fortunate in achieving these high standards allowed individual members and congregations to reassuringly assert their status, respectability and civic identity.

In the early nineteenth century Glasgow churches embarked on vigorous wide ranging campaigns against various evils. In crude terms the old evangelistic impulse was mediated through the Scottish enlightened thought. It demanded rational orderly conduct in pursuit of the millenium here and hereafter. Man had to be liberated from any form of slavery: from sin, from chattel slavery, from Popery, from drink and from environments of sin. That implied a disciplined Christianised social order.

Evangelical Protestants inspired by American visitors and example established voluntary associations to promote temperance. In 1830 the Glasgow Temperance Society had vigorously distributed more than a quarter of a million tracts in a couple of months. By 1839 Roman Catholics had a lively temperance organisation, consolidated by the visit of the charismatic Irish priest, Fr. Theobald Mathew, who gave the pledge to thousands at a huge ecumenical gathering on Glasgow Green in 1842. Continued visits and support from American activists, Neal Dow, John B. Gough and many others, helped by Scottish licensing legislation (1853) placed temperance firmly on the political agenda. A reforming Lord Provost, Sir Samuel Chisholm, saw that licensed premises prevented the efficient working of religious and other improving agencies: they wasted precious human and material resources. To ethnic Scots, at times sensitive to their 'alien' city, racial or national preservation was vital. So too was the protection of an educated informed democracy.

The Catholic Church was equally active as the various Presbyterian and Congregational churches in instilling order into its flock. From an almost invisible condition in the west of Scotland in 1790, the Catholic church grew enormously until the Glasgow archdiocese ministered to half a million adherents the eve of World War One. By the outbreak of World War Two, Glasgow and the west of Scotland had 160 Catholic churches, 432 clergy and 118 schools as well as numerous other institutions. That was a tribute to community discipline which could take community pride in the accumulation of such community assets. That growth was largely attributable to the massive influx of Irish immigrants into the city. The 44,000 Irish in

Glasgow in 1841 comprised 16 per cent of the population. Not all by any means were Irish Catholics, they included many Ulster Protestants. In the aftermath of the Great Famine, Glasgow gained a third more, 59,801 or almost one in five. The total number peaked in 1871 when over 68,000 Irish were settled in the city. Since then the numbers and proportions have consistently dropped. On the eve of World War One, there were fewer Irish born in the city than sixty years earlier, or less than seven per cent.

The Irish like many other newcomers came from rural areas. With their differing religion, overwhelming concentration in the labouring classes and poverty, they presented their church with enormous logistical and pastoral problems. Revivalistic missionary techniques were mobilised to instil thrift, sobriety and order into the newcomers. The conservative Scottish born bishops found their Irish flock very trying: later temperamental and ethnic clashes between Irish and Scottish priests forced Roman intervention. That difficulty was effectively solved by the eventual appointment of an English aristocrat, Charles Eyre, as archbishop of Glasgow following the restoration of the Scottish hierarchy in 1878. He strengthened episcopal control, demanded the formation of the League of the Cross, a Catholic temperance body in every parish and supported the growth of the welfare activities of the lay St. Vincent de Paul Society. By 1914 it was dealing with some 14,000 individuals. Together with numerous other parochial organisations, social, practical and devotional, Catholics developed a disciplined sense of community. To a considerable degree, it was defensive, apprehensive body but it had survived and prospered as a flourishing community with a clearly defined sense of identity.

That identity might develop into sectarianism. Anti-popery sentiment had been an endemic element in Scottish culture. Increasingly in the nineteenth century, these battles over 'Popish' elements were fought between differing shades of Protestantism over questions of church art, vestments and organs. Anti-Popery cries were as much a means of unifying and restoring the desired order in the ranks of Presbyterianism as a direct assault on Catholicism. Clashes between Orange and Green might occur on St. Patricks Day or the 12th of July but these only became serious after 1868. The Orange walk had attracted only 600 participants that year but a decade later 10,000 were on the march. That coincided with rising tensions in the wake of Papal Infallibility, Fenianism, demands for Home Rule and the growth of Glasgow Conservatism. Ironically, the Irish nationalist leader was an Ulster Protestant, John Ferguson, a city printer and publisher. Bigotry and minor riots might persist but these were visible on annual ritual occasions. These were to become more contained on the soccer field in the Celtic (Green) — Rangers (Orange) matches. The sectarian soccer teams became part of a disciplining and maturing rather than an integrating process. They were all contributing to a new dynamic, creative society.

Sport could accommodate and discipline the masses. Both Rangers and Celtic and Hampden Park could each accommodate 100,000 spectators, the only city in the world at that time to have such huge facilities. (Hamp-

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den still holds the British record of 137,000 attendance.) That release could also be found in the numerous music halls and their comedians which further eased adjustment. Equally Glasgow invariably had more picturegoers than anywhere else in Britain. Green's Playhouse, the largest cinema in Europe, was built by an entrepreneur who learned his craft on American fairgrounds. Dreams and discipline went together.

Jews also arrived in fair numbers in the late nineteenth century. There had been a tiny Jewish presence but the Russian pogroms, the advent of tailors and London Jewish tobacco workers saw the rapid growth of the community to around 8,000 in the early twentieth century. The synagogues, welfare agencies and social organisations found themselves generally welcomed by Catholics and Protestants alike. Other smaller groups of Italians, mainly from Carrara, Poles, Lithuanians and Germans also settled in the city in this period. Their sense of nationality and religious identity similarly aided their adjustment to the imperial city.

Glasgow also vigorously championed the cause of the abolition of slavery. Her zealous citizens welcomed a host of uncompromising Americans; William Lloyd Garrison on a number of occasions; the redoubtable Frederick Douglass, a former slave; Harriet Beecher Stowe of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* fame. Glasgow later contributed money and teachers to aid the freed slaves. Equally Glasgow warmly welcomed pacifists and agitators alike throughout the century: Louis Kossuth, the refugee Hungarian patriot, was rapturously received. The first woman to speak in public in Britain on behalf of the abolition of slavery, the American Quaker Lucretia Mott, did so in 1840 in Glasgow's Unitarian chapel. She and other abolitionist women had been refused admission at the London World's Anti-slavery Convention that same year. Other Americans, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the veteran suffragist, Frances Willard, the temperance organisational genius, and the socialist theorist and novelist, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, readily won a hearing. Any local or universal initiative to ameliorate the common good was endorsed: were they not the same?

Glasgow then in the late nineteenth century presided over a thriving local enconomy, maintained international links, expanded territorially by absorbing surrounding areas and maintained an unrivalled municipal government. It was like an Italian City State, a notion reinforced by several Florentine style offices and warehouses. The province flourished like a devolved republic, far from London and vastly superior in its public services. By the time of the Glasgow International Exhibition in 1901, the largest ever held in Britain, Glasgow could revel in its municipal achievements. It provided not merely gas, water, electricity and the finest tramway system in the world, with a marvellous system of public libraries on its routes but provided free public concerts in many superb parks, two of which had been designed by Paxton of Crystal Palace fame, provided internationally renowned municipal housing for its citizens, had in Kelvingrove, one of the finest galleries in the world, aided by generous businessmen's gifts. Its ancient university (1451), housed in Gilbert Scott's neo-gothic pile, with its Bute Hall, a remarkable neo-gothic iron tribute

to Glasgow skills donated by the immensely scholarly Marquess of Bute, Disraeli's *Lothair*. It united old and new wealth. Its settlement house inspired leading American reformers. It seemed the epitome of the public service university, providing practical training and in an easy relationship with business and industry. A professor, Lord Kelvin embodied that ideal. John Buchan, one of Lord Milner's brilliant young men, Edward Caird, the Idealist philosopher, Lord Bryce, writer and diplomat, were but three of its remarkable graduates in recent times.

That municipal concern was a further form of community discipline and order. The exceptional purity of Glasgow's municipal water supply from 1859; its efficient gas and electrical plants; its hygienic wholesale municipal markets and abbatoirs, free concerts and parks and even its municipally run telephone service astounded visitors. It found many admirers among Americans, struggling with urban problems: as Albert Shaw, *The Review of Reviews* American editor noted the city had disciplined those who had plundered New York. As Washington Gladden and F. C. Howe, both Progressives, observed Glasgow businessmen served their city with pride in the council chambers, with 'something akin to religious enthusiasm for Glasgow'. The great art collector and shipper, Sir William Burrell, was among them.

The two finest examples of that sense of civic duty and pride were two Liberal Lord Provosts, Sir Samuel Chisholm and Sir Daniel Macaulay Stevenson. They embodied two sides of the great Glasgow tradition. A self made man, Chisholm, a wholesale provision merchant, was a prominent United Presbyterian and militant Prohibitionist, who had pushed municipal urban renewal through the council. Under his inspiration model tenements in 'dry' areas were built, a policy which lasted for almost eighty years to 1969. Stevenson, a cousin of Robert Louis and described by James Bryce as 'one of the most distinguished citizens of Britain', was somewhat different. He served with distinction on the city council, introducing better methods and practices, urging Sunday opening of galleries and libraries. An immensely cultivated and wealthy coal exporter, he believed the essential goodness of man could be liberated through art, literature and music. To that end he gave immense benefactions to the university in German, French, Italian and Civics as well as to Liverpool and what became the Royal Institute of International Affairs. He also lavishly supported the Glasgow School of Art and the Academy of Music. His brother, R. A. Macaulay was a fine artist and editor of the *Scottish Art Review*, at a time when Glasgow gloried in exceptional colourists and 'the Glasgow Boys'. Fra Newbery, head of the Glasgow School of Art was deeply impressed with their significance for a wider world: to another they were 'the most important movement in Scottish, perhaps, British art'. The enterprising art dealer, Alexander Reid, friend of Van Gogh, introduced much French painting to Glasgow and Glasgow artists visited Japan. Subsequently Charles Rennie Mackintosh and Art Nouveau flowered and Glasgow was prominent in Diaghilev's 1913 Moscow exhibition of architecture and design. Such endeavours, a critic noted were destroying Glasgow's 'repu-

tation as a loyal friend to orthodox opinions and beliefs'. Glasgow was truly creative and international.

Industry and art seemed entwined. After all Sir Kenneth Clark was descended from the nearby Paisley textile family. Engineering and ingenuity went hand in hand. A thriving cosmopolitan municipality with a sense of togetherness followed. The inhabitants of the substantial mansions of Pollokshields, Newlands or the West End were drawn together with their less fortunate neighbours in the inner city areas literally by the tramways, by bequests like the huge Rouken Glen park from a temperance entrepreneur, by paintings, by religion and by a common pride.

But with the declining base of British industrial spirit in the years before World War One, its bloodletting and accompanying destruction of men and community, the older sustaining economic base disintegrated. The inability to readjust heavy industry, to develop new products and new work place relationships, the retreat to sectarianism, to reactionary knee jerk political stances led to a closing of the Scottish mind. Massive unemployment, emigration and increasing class based polarisation did little to improve matters. The end of the great Atlantic liners, the decline of steel and the virtual disappearance of coalmining meant the end of an era.

In more recent times, a more imaginative city council, new innovative industries and the dilution and decline of sectarianism in the face of secularism, affluence, education, the replacement of family firms by national and international companies have gradually regenerated confidence. Again immigrants have made an important contribution: from the Indian subcontinent, from China, Greece and elsewhere. Massive restoration and cleansing work has revealed the beauty and vitality of the best Victorian city in Europe. Much remains to be done. The city and housing associations, sensitive developers have retained the best of the old in their pursuit of modernity. In his autobiography, Dirk Bogarde tells how he had some terrible childhood experiences in the city and rejoiced that he had never returned. He should. That city of aberration has gone and Glasgow has resumed its international role with nineteenth century confidence. Once again it is a model municipality. It has cleansed its buildings and its soul.

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CERTAINLY NOT BY SHAKESPEARE — BUT IS IT A LITERARY FAKE?

by David Holbrook

Is this poem by Shakespeare?

Shall I die? Shall I fly
Lovers' baits and deceits, sorrow breeding?
Shall I fend? Shall I send?
Shall I shew, and not rue my proceeding?
In all duty her beauty
Binds me her servant for ever.
If she scorn, I mourn,
I retire to despair, joying never.

Yet I must vent my lust
And explain inward pain by my love breeding.
If she smiles, she exiles
All my moan; if she frown, all my hopes deceiving —
Suspicious doubt, O keep out,
For thou art my tormentor.
Fly away, pack away;
I will love, for hope bids me venture.

Twere abuse to accuse
My fair love, ere I prove her affection.
Therefore try! Her reply
Gives thee joy — or annoy, or affliction.
Yet, howe'er, I will bear
Her pleasure with patience, for beauty
Sure will not seem to blot
Her deserts, wronging him doth her duty.

In a dream it did seem —
But alas, dreams do pass as do shadows —
I did walk, I did talk
With my love, with my dove, through fair meadows.
Still we passed till at last
We sat to repose us for our pleasure.
Being set, lips met,
Arms twined, and did bind my heart's treasure.

Gentle wind sport did find
Wantonly to make fly her gold tresses.
As they shook I did look,
But her fair did impair all my senses.
As amazed, I gazed
On more than a mortal complexion.
Them that love can prove
Such force in beauty's inflection.

Next her hair, forehead fair,
Smooth and high; next doth lie, without wrinkle,
Her fair brows under those,
Starlike eyes win love's prize when they twinkle.
In her cheeks who seeks
Shall find there displayed beauty's banner;
Oh admiring desiring
Breeds, as I look still upon her.

Thin lips red, fancy's fed
With all sweets when he meets, and is granted
There to trade, and is made
Happy, sure, to endure still undaunted.
Pretty chin doth win
Of all the world commendations;
Fairest neck, no speck;
All her parts merit high admirations.

A pretty bare, past compare,
Parts those plots which besots still asunder.
It is meet naught but sweet
Should come near that so rare 'tis a wonder.
No mishap, no scape
Inferior to nature's perfection;
No blot, no spot:
She's beauty's queen in election.*

Whilst I dreamt, I, exempt
From all care, seemed to share pleasures in plenty;
But awake, care take —
For I find to my mind pleasures scanty.
Therefore I will try
To compass my heart's chief contending.
To delay, some say
In such a case causeth repenting.

*In the original, 'Shees beauties queene in election'.

This poem was published in 1985 by the joint editor of the Oxford University Press's *New Complete Shakespeare*, Gary Taylor. He chanced upon it while checking a reference in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and it is now included in an Oxford edition of Shakespeare's work.

Hand-written by a professional scribe, it was in an anthology thought to have been compiled in the 1630s, which was given to the library from a private collection in 1775. Taylor suggests it was written in the late 1580s.

Surely anyone who has really 'possessed' Shakespeare's particular kind of consciousness must see that this poem could never have emerged from it? Could it, indeed, even be a product of the consciousness of that time? I find it difficult to *feel* that this is an Elizabethan poem: this is an intangible question of rhythm and the way the thought and feeling go, the sensibility behind the poem.

Certain literary echoes are the first aspect of the poem to arouse one's suspicions. If someone, a literary scholar at Oxford, say, were going to fake a poem of this period, he would inevitably have in mind some of the best-known poems of the time, and so his spurious creation would have a *reproduction* quality, which is just what this poem has, to my ear. It seems to me to have scraps of literary material from modern selections. The opening

Shall I die? Shall I fly...

clearly echoes songs by Donne and Ferrabosco (*Shall I Die?* is the most famous — and in line 4 this poem echoes this, with its rhyme 'shew' and 'rue'). The words 'baits', 'deceits', 'sorrow' and 'breeding' seem to echo here too evidently words borrowed from Shakespeare's *Sonnets*. The figure 'Dreams do pass as do shadows' — belongs of course to a stock simile in

the poetry of the time, but if we compare it with Shakespeare's references to an April day in *The Sonnets*, it sounds like a thin echo. The images in

> Being set, lips met,
> Arms twined, and did bind my heart's treasure

seem to be a literary echo of Donne's *Ecstasy*. Even the word *bind* coming after the reference to arms *twined* echoes, dimly, the physical feelings of his lines:

> Our hands were firmly cemented
> By a fast balm, which thence did spring
> Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
> Our eyes upon one double string.

And then, it sounds to my ear as though 'My heart's treasure' echoes Wordsworth's famous line 'Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more', from his lovely sonnet about the death of his daughter. Throughout the 'discovered' poem there seem to me further echoes of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*: my love *breeding*: 'a mortal complexion' ('and sometimes his gold complexion dimmed'); the word 'sweets' ('sweets with sweets war not') and even 'inferior to nature's perfection'.

One of the characteristics of poor verse is that, in striving to make the lines rhyme, the sense is dictated by the need to rhyme, and this happens here in a very betraying way. We encounter this problem from the beginning:

> Shall I die? Shall I fly
> Lovers' baits and deceits, sorrow breeding?
> Shall I fend? Shall I send?
> Shall I shew, and not rue my proceeding?

Here the sense is *dictated* by the rhymes. The major effort has been to find a rhyme for 'breeding', and 'proceeding' is the clumsy choice. The word is found in such a sense in writing of the time. But the use of the word *proceeding* here does not seem quite right — it has to be bent towards a meaning: for what is its meaning here? 'Going on with my courtship'?

And then, *fend* — fend what? I doubt very much if the Elizabethan writer would ever have used the word in this intransitive way, without it being clear what it is the protagonist of the song was doing — 'fending off lover's baits'? You may *fly* baits and deceits, but the Elizabethan consciousness would not have used a word like 'fend' without being more concretely aware of what kind of physical act was being used in the figure.

The problem is compounded by

> Shall I shew...

Again — *shew* what? What exactly is the singer saying? The word *shew* is there simply to provide a rhyme for *rue*. We are not to ask what it is the singer might *shew* — and it seems as though the awkward versifier hopes that we are not going to ask such questions. He hopes to get away with it. The Elizabethan consciousness would not, I feel, have left it so vague, as to what is being shown or not, fended (off) or not. The Elizabethan mind surely tended to think and feel in close unison and to give physical body to emotion and to acts in the process of love?

It is, however, with the phrase 'vent my lust' that we must surely begin to see that this poem springs from the *modern* consciousness:

> Yet I must vent my lust

And explain inward pain by my love breeding . . .

But here again the need to rhyme dictates the sense: breeding, explain/pain, must/lust. As a sentence, considered as 'prose', it doesn't make sense. Does it mean 'I must have sexual intercourse and thus turn my love into breeding, so that my pain is given a meaning'? Our problem is with the word 'explain', which is drawn in by the rhyme. Although according to Onions 'explain' appears in *Pericles*, II ii 14, he declares that this is 'not a Shakespearean word'. Again, I feel that the thinking here is not 'Elizabethan': it is certainly not Shakespeare's. If we take 'by my love breeding' to mean, by clumsy compression, 'by giving my love a child', or 'carrying my love further into fertility', then we may have a distant and musty echo of the *Sonnets* about breeding, but to anyone who knows the *Sonnets* this must seem unlikely to have been written by the author of Sonnet 129 ('Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame').

'Lust' was after all a deadly sin, and the word is pejorative in a moral way (Cf. Lussurio in *The Revenger's Tragedy*). To speak of one's lust with positive enthusiasm in this way, as something that *needs venting* seems too modern while the 'model' of the human body does not seem to belong to Elizabethan paradigms. It is true that Shakespeare does use the word as a verb in this sense

to vent
Our musty superfluity . . . Cor. I i 231

But the image of the body in the Elizabethan consciousness is of a vessel for humours, and is quite different from the model in which *lust* seeks a *vent*, surely? The model here almost seems Freudian.

The next lines, I suppose, we may grant as possible:

If she smiles, she exiles
All my moan.

Moan as a noun is possible: but to *exile* a *moan*, again, is a way of thinking and putting things which seems not Elizabethan, not realised concretely enough. *Abuse* obviously comes in to rhyme with *accuse*, and *try* with *reply*. The *'thee'* seems odd in 'Gives thee joy' until we can see it is introduced for the rhythm (rather than this time for the *rhyme*): it is to eke out a foot:

Therefore try! her reply
Gives thee joy — or annoy, or affliction . . .

Thee here means *'one'*: the writer avoids *'one'* which is modern. While some Elizabethan compressions and elisions still surprise us (and Shakespeare takes extraordinary liberties with language, as in *Othello* and *Coriolanus*) an Elizabethan writer would not allow himself to be totally inept, as here:

for beauty
Sure will not seem to blot
Her deserts, wronging him doth her duty.

'Wronging him that doth duty to her beauty' did not fit the scansion: so the 'that' is simply omitted and supposed to be there, as it were, in brackets. But this leaves the line sticking out like a sore thumb. Shakespeare used 'without desert' meaning undeservedly (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II iv 58, *A Comedy of Errors*, III i 112 and *Richard III*, II i 67). But did

he ever talk about *deserts*? 'Getting his deserts' sounds Victorian. And what does it mean to 'blot her deserts', since *deserts* means 'that which is due to her', not 'that which one might expect from her'? *'Deserts'* generally means a bad reward, rather than a due tribute or natural virtue. (Shakespeare uses it in the sense of 'due tribute' however). I find it hard to believe that a mind of Elizabethan times would have uttered that 'blot' her 'deserts'. It is for me, a question of the 'feel' of the sensibility behind these verses.

Would any Elizabethan writer have tolerated the rhyme *shadows/meadows*? The rhyme in 'With my love, with my dove' is too banal, and, like 'fair meadows' and 'dreams do pass as do shadows' seem third hand literary props picked up, dusted, and thrust in here from old stocks of outworn Rhetoric.

Still is an interesting word in this context because its meaning has changed. In Shakespeare it nearly always means ever, continually, as in 'We still have known thee for a holy man' (*Romeo and Juliet*, V iii 270) and 'Thou still hast been the father of good news' (*Hamlet*, II ii 42). In *Venus and Adonis* we have 'Still she entreats... Still is he sullen...' Here the word seems to be used in a different manner. It is of course there to rhyme with *till*, but here it has the sense 'we persisted *for a bit*' or 'on we went *for a while*'. Again, I have a feeling that I am listening to a sensibility of another time than Shakespeare's.

I have dealt with 'Being set/lips met', and *being set* is, of course, a phrase used in *Venus and Adonis* (l. 18). Of

> As they shook I did look
> But her fair did impair all my senses

one can say that the word *fair* is indeed used as a substantive by Shakespeare ('Speak, my fair', (*King Henry V*, V ii 176) but here it seems possibly an echo devised by a modern literary man of 'every fair from fair sometimes declines' (*Sonnet XVIII*, line 7).

Certainly, this is not like Shakespeare's way with words. If we tease at any word by Shakespeare, we find an astonishing insight into exact meaning, and sometimes he is involved in such a passion of imaginative heat in the exploration of reality, that he had to *invent* words ('incarnadine', 'exsufflicate') to get the meaning he wanted. He would certainly never use a word that was meaningless and only shoved in to provide a rhyme.

As Leavis once pointed out, when one reads 'When in the domeless courts of proud Olympus' one sees domes. So, when we read 'without wrinkle', we see wrinkles. If we read the lines below we do not see a beautiful woman: insofar as we can call up a picture in the mind's eye, what we see is a muddle:

> Next her hair, forehead fair,
> Smooth and high: next doth lie, without wrinkle,
> Her fair brows under those
> Starlike eyes win love's prize when they twinkle.

Brow is properly the arch of hair over the eyes. Hence it came to mean the prominence of the forehead on either side above the eyes. But we have already heard of the 'forehead fair, smooth and high'. So where ('next')

are the brows which are (apparently) *'under'* the *starlike eyes*? or must we pause after *brows*, 'Next doth lie... her fair brows (long pause)... under those...'?

It is hard to make sense, or to see a visage. The *fair brows* can only be the same as the *high forehead*: we might be prepared to see them as the *eyebrows*, but they are described as being *without wrinkle* (though we see *wrinkles*). Again, I don't feel I am dealing with an Elizabethan way of seeing a face. The words peel off the page as if they were only pasted there to look like an Elizabethan poem:

> Oh admiring desiring
> Breeds, as I look still upon her...

Again, *still* seems wrong, while to use *desiring* thus as a substantive is simply not Elizabethan.

At times the powers of composition look like giving out entirely, as now:

> Thin lips red, fancy's fed
> With all sweets when he meets, and is granted
> There to trade, and is made
> Happy, sure, to endure still undaunted.

Why *thin lips*? Thin lips belong to old or mean persons: who would write like that in a poem uttering love's devotion? Why is 'fancy' hanging upon her lips, and why is he *fed* there, and what is his *trade* there? If we compare these lines with the ineffable and tantalising lines of the song Mariana sings, 'Take oh take those lips away...' we can see that the concrete physicality behind Shakespeare's poetry has a coherence and consistency even when it is so gnomic: here there is an awkwardness which has none of that quality.

There is something wrong with the eroticism. Take

> Pretty chin doth win
> Of all the world commendations.

In Shakespeare 'commendation' means greetings, remembrances (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I iii 53), though the word is found in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in the sense it is used in this poem. ('In the first shall stonde her prayse and commendacyon', Fisher, 1509: 'You have deserv'd high commendation', Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, I ii 275). But the combination of 'commendations' with 'pretty chin' gives an air of an avuncular pantaloon addressing a favourite niece. Because of such characteristics, the poem seems to lack all the direct erotic robustness of Elizabethan lyrics.

The Elizabethan characteristic feeling for the mellifluousness of lyric poetry would surely inhibit such ugly sounds as we have in the language here? — 'Fairest neck, no speck' — which is put together with such banality from the rhymes, while *'speck'* seems not just right. Surely a *speck* doesn't spoil a fair throat (cf. cosmetic patches)? However, the word was used in this sense of spoiling:

> In beauty faults conspicuous grow,
> The smallest speck is seen on snow.
> Gay 1727

The word was used thus earlier: 'Salte doth awey speckkes in the face' 1398. There is an odd, clumsy, awkwardness about the line: 'All her parts

merit high admiration'. This is not a question of the use of latinate and elaborate words: it is a question of the different modes of language here which are not brought together by a unity of sensibility.

It is true that Shakespeare could lurch from 'The multitudinous seas incarnadine' to 'making the green one red'. But that is different from switching from a stilted language of formal abstractions: 'All her parts merit high admirations' to language of more immediacy: 'A pretty bare, past compare.' These terms are of course found in Shakespeare: *bare* as a substantive meaning a naked surface. But we fall into difficulties here when we try to 'realise' what is to be 'seen' here, and when we try to see what is meant by the subsequent line:

> A pretty bare, past compare,
> Parts those plots which besots still asunder.

'Past compare' comes perhaps from the *Sonnets*. But what is in the poet's mind by 'a bare' (and what is supposed to be provoked in the reader's?). Is it a breast? A cleavage? A bare upper bosom? And what about 'plots'? Would the Elizabethan writer use it of anything other than a *plot of ground*? Again, the word comes from the need to rhyme, while *besots* is more awkward, indeed a hopeless gesture.

Let us take *plots* to mean the bare upper bosom between her breasts. What does 'which besots still asunder' mean? It doesn't make any sense at all. To 'besot' is to stupify, to make a sot of. If it means that the 'plots' *besot*, then the verb is in the wrong tense. If it is the 'bare' (patch of naked flesh) that 'besots', then 'which' is in the wrong place. If 'besots' is a noun, meaning 'those who are besotted' by her breasts, then what does '*still asunder*' mean? — is there some elision here, in which a verb is missing? What can it be? 'besots still (part) asunder'? The OED gives no example of *besots* used as a noun. You can *besot* a mind and *be besotted*: ('It shall besot thee on some sordid swaine', Heywood, 1637). But if *besots* is a verb this must be a venture into a grammatical invention of a totally new kind. The verse seems here to break down into nonsense out of sheer incompetence.

How do we gloss the subsequent lines

> It is meet naught but sweet . . .

Do we read this thus?

> It is appropriate that no-one but a sweet
> person should come so near . .

After this the lines limp fatally

> that so rare 'tis a wonder.

Is this an echo of *Phoenix* 32, 'But in this it were a wonder'? One has to do a great deal of rescue work to make any sense at all:

> because her beauty is so rare that all we can
> do is to wonder at it, and only the sweet can
> come near it.

But is the lover-protagonist calling *himself* sweet?

Besides the crippled awkwardness of the lines, it is very strange to find the phrase 'beauty's queen' ('beauty queen' in a version printed in *The Times*) associated with the word 'election'.

> No mishap, no scape
> Inferior to nature's perfection;

No blot, no spot:
She's beauty's queen in election.

Doesn't the association reveal a modern consciousness behind the poem? It is the term 'election' that seems to belong to the age of beauty queens.

The end is strange indeed. Instead of the poem advancing to consummate a love, or to come any closer to the lover, or the woman in reality, it retreats into self-admonition as if finding that the passion was really 'scanty' after all.

But awake, care take —
For I find to my mind pleasures scanty.
Therefore I will try
To compass my heart's chief contending.
To delay, some say
In such a case causeth repenting.

Shakespeare uses both 'compass' and 'contend' as both verbs and nouns: Cf. the *Sonnets* ('Within his bending sickle's compass come'). There is Lear contending with the elements, and the word is in *Sonnets* again ('the waves ... forward do contend'). But here instead of giving sinew to emotional dynamics, the words are used in a merely ghostly way: again, we are puzzled by what the poem means. Grown careful on awakening, he has become aware of dangers (because his pleasures have come to seem *scanty* to his mind?). So is he going to restrain his heart? Is that what *compass* means? But if he does this, he may miss the boat, and lose pretty Nancy by courting too slow? The last lines say that delay in such a case 'causeth repenting'. — so what is his conclusion?

But did any Elizabethan ever write *'in such a case'* in this way? Again, this language seems to me tired, in a modern academic way: it has the air of weary reproduction.

The poem seems to me to fall so far below the common standards of Rhetoric in Elizabethan writing, that I can't believe a self-respecting poet of the time would be guilty of such a clumsy piece. The rhythm is awkward and dead, the language stilted, the figures banal, the emotion crude, and the poetic logic non-existent. There is no flow, no appropriate quality of language related to meaning, no music, no sympathetic sound or movement. The thought fails at times and the words are clapped together in a nonsensical way. What images there are are either stock figures, or ugly or gawky. The tone is awkward. All this surely means it could never have been by Shakespeare? It may be just a very bad poem of its time. But there are shiny fragments in it, and these seem to me like scraps assembled in a piece of fake reproduction furniture. I am deeply suspicious that it may be a forgery. But whose?

The worst feature of the whole business is that this poem has been put forward seriously, not only as an Elizabethan poem, but as by Shakespeare, and is actually included in a new Oxford edition of Shakespeare.

Surely, if we can read poetry adequately, this attribution must be discounted? But if it is as I suspect, a fake, what possibly could the motive be, for such a literary Piltdown fraud? A scientific test of the ink, of course, at the Bodleian, could settle the date of the artefact — and then if it were discredited we would have to guess at the motives of the forger.

SEPTEMBER GARDEN

Into the cold shadow at the deep end of September
I plunge, shivering, and then surface to the sun,
    Warm, restorative,
    A round mouth, its message 'Live'.

I watch the clouds, puffs of sunstruck wool,
Scuttle across the cobalt zenith; one of them
    Dawdles — a half-moon
    The wrong-way-round and out of tune

With the sun's theme . . . I seem to hear it murmur 'Die',
And looking up at a tangle of cobwebs in the sky,
    Remember what they are —
    Floaters inside this age-worn eye.

How neatly the scene reflects my own autumnal hours!
Untidy dead-heads of rose, marguerite, golden rod
    Echo the dead cells,
    The tired surviving miracles

Inside my skull: insidiously a dream takes shape,
That we are twins, the year and I, our births and deaths
    Destined to coincide;
    Waking, I brush such gloom aside,

For here, as well as ragged dead-heads, are late roses
And, on a raked border, seedlings of next spring:
    With luck I ought to share
    The juvescence of the unborn year —

Enjoy a vicarious birth, childhood and adolescence . . .
Dreaming again, I seem to have dropped the make-believe,
    And the dream-girl who lets
    An old man touch her hand and sets

His heart alight with an answering squeeze, is real
For an eternal moment. Waking again, I feel
    It was the sun infused
    Fresh life into depleted veins.

The shadow shrinks, the sun inches towards noon;
Topped up, those animal spirits circulate and revive
    My flagging solar cells,—
    And where is the death-watch morning moon?

Edward Lowbury, 1988

THE POLITICAL INFLUENCE OF THE 'CONTEMPORARY REVIEW' IN THE LATE NINETEENTH AND EARLY TWENTIETH CENTURY

by A. D. Harvey

THE *Contemporary Review* has never been the organ of a political party, but in the last two decades of the nineteenth century and the earlier part of the twentieth it was nevertheless very much in the front rank of the great movement of national opinion which in parliament was represented by the Liberal Party. G. P. Gooch, co-editor of the *Review* from 1911 onwards, had been Liberal MP for Bath 1906-1910 but the political position of the *Review* is perhaps better indicated by the career of Sir Percy Bunting, editor 1882-1911 and of J. Scott Lidgett, Gooch's fellow editor after 1911. Sir Percy Bunting was the grandson of Jabez Bunting, whose importance in the history of Wesleyan Methodism is second only to that of Wesley himself. A Wrangler at Cambridge and a successful Chancery barrister, Sir Percy Bunting bore no resemblance to the conventional stereotype of the small-town Methodist with a modest grocery store and a vote pledged to Gladstone: on the contrary his career typifies the final establishment of Methodism in the main stream of English social, political and institutional life. He never ceased to be active in the Methodist movement, and between 1902 and 1907 he even edited *The Methodist Times*, in tandem with his editorship of the *Contemporary Review*. In 1907 he relinquished *The Methodist Times* to his nephew, J. Scott Lidgett, a Methodist minister, and on Bunting's death in 1911 it was Lidgett who took charge of the *Contemporary Review* in collaboration with Gooch.

But of course the *Review* was no more an organ of the Methodist movement than it was of the Liberal Party: it was simply that, in this period, to an extent almost incredible in later times, engagement in ecclesiastical affairs was assumed to be as natural an expression of a sense of public duty as political activism or involvement in campaigns for social justice. Politics, in the narrower sense, was perceived as only one part of the public sphere of life: religious practice and service to religious organizations were considered no less important. Lidgett, for example, President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference in 1908-1909 and of the Free Church Commission 1912-1915, was also a member of the London School Board for over fifty years, and a London County Council councillor or alderman for 23 years: between 1918 and 1928 he was leader of the Progressive Party in the L.C.C. In secular political terms his work for the London School Board and the L.C.C. is probably to be considered as far more significant than Gooch's four years as a backbencher in the Commons. His multi-faceted career was in many ways characteristic of the period: there can be no doubt that the religious (and especially nonconformist) commitment of a large proportion of the population helped provide an electoral basis for the reformist, progressive, egalitarian programmes adopted by the

Liberal Party.

It was in keeping with the religious preoccupations of the time that a large number of contributions to the *Contemporary Review*, *circa* 1900, dealt with religious or ecclesiastical matters, but the *Review* also published on the widest possible range of secular affairs. Bunting's engagement in a variety of social reform causes in fact caused the *Review* to give more space to such issues than any of the other journals approximately identifiable with liberal politics (according to *The British Weekly* in July 1893, 'few magazines are more strongly impressed with the individuality of the editor than the *Contemporary*'). But Bunting also found space for an article by Jack London on pidgin English in Melanesia ('"Beche de Mer" English', September, 1909), for a ghost story by M. R. James ('The Stalls of Barchester: Materials for a Ghost Story', April, 1910), for W. M. Rossetti's 'Reminiscences of Holman Hunt' (October, 1910), and for the first-ever account of a psychedelic trip, Havelock Ellis's 'Mescal: a New Artificial Paradise' (January, 1898) which describes the pioneer sexologist's experiences with magic mushrooms in London in the Spring of 1897.

Essentially the *Contemporary Review* is to be seen as a forum for opinions and observations, from a progressive but not doctrinaire point of view, on just about any subject under the sun. It was not of course the only such a forum. In those days there were more daily and weekly newspapers than there are today and they were all eager to publish articles or report speeches by leaders of public opinion. There were also a number of flourishing monthly and quarterly periodicals that are now defunct, the *Contemporary Review* being today the sole survivor of an era which may be regarded as the heyday of the serious, non-specialist journal.

Though very far from exclusively concerned with politics, the *Contemporary Review*, from the mid 1880s onwards, never stinted its coverage of political issues. It was in the *Contemporary Review*, under the title 'The Boers and the Empire', that Louis Botha appealed for reconciliation in South Africa (November, 1902). It was in the *Contemporary Review* that the Labour Party leaders, Arthur Henderson, MP and J. Ramsay Macdonald, MP, explained to the nation's political elite their views on 'Trade Unions and Parliamentary Representation' (February, 1909). It was in the *Contemporary Review* that the Hon. Bertrand Russell denounced Charles Booth's proposals for a simplified tariff (February, 1904). Members of Parliament frequently contributed articles and there can be no doubt that the *Contemporary Review* was closely read in official circles. Bunting had no particular liking for anonymous contributions and it seems likely that some notably well-informed but unsigned contributions were unsigned because they actually emanated from official circles, from senior civil servants and officers high in the military hierarchy: for example, 'The Problem in the Far East' (February, 1898), 'The Arch-Enemy of England' (December, 1898 — same author, denouncing German machinations) and 'Lessons of the South African War' (September, 1902: a discussion of military tactics, at 35 pages one of the weightiest pieces ever printed by the *Review*).

Official attention given to the *Contemporary Review* was not always friendly: the Foreign Office card index now at the Public Record Office shows that in December 1916 an order was made forbidding the export of the *Contemporary Review*: the initiative for this came from the war-time propaganda bureau operating from Wellington House under the direction of C. F. G. Masterman but as the file has not been preserved it is impossible to ascertain the reason for the ban: most probably it was an article by Noel Buxton, MP, in the November 1916 issue which took the American government's support for the Entente powers rather more for granted than may have seemed discreet and diplomatic: America did not enter the war on the Entente side till the following April. But even if it is clear that the people who made the decisions at national level read the *Contemporary Review*, and were occasionally provoked by its contents, it is, in the very nature of things, difficult to find any one particular instance where the *Review's* intervention decisively influenced national policy. Even *The Times*, appearing daily with a much greater circulation, was important as voicing what top people already thought, rather than as telling top people what to think: a monthly review, with a lag of weeks between the writing and the publication of articles could have no more than a contributory influence diffused through and blended with currents of opinion developing over long periods.

The most striking and in restrospect perhaps the most significant contribution of the *Contemporary Review* to the long-term development of political opinion was in helping to prepare the liberal mind for the necessity of war in 1914. When the *Contemporary Review* had been founded in 1866 even educated Britons were remarkably ill-informed and prejudiced with regard to what was happening abroad. Lord Palmerston, who died in 1865 after having controlled British foreign policy for 25 out of the previous 35 years, had owed much of his success as Britain's foreign affairs spokesman to his ability to appeal to the blind chauvinism of his fellow citizens. In its early years, under the influence of its founder Alexander Strahan, the *Contemporary Review* showed vastly more concern for ecclesiastical issues at home than for developments overseas, thereby epitomizing and helping to confirm the insularity of its potential readership. Under the guidance of Sir Percy Bunting this parochialism was deliberately abandoned. In July 1883 the *Contemporary Review* began to publish articles on 'Contemporary Life and Thought' in foreign countries, written by citizens of the country dealt with. In 1884 France, Germany and the United States featured in two such articles each, and there were also 'Contemporary Life and Thought' articles on Belgium, Switzerland and Italy. Because these articles were written by citizens of the countries in question, they did not focus on the issue of relevance to British policy, but soon the *Contemporary Review* was publishing, with increasing frequency, pieces about overseas development written from a specifically British point of view. In the three years 1898-1900, out of 441 articles published in the *Contemporary Review*, there were (according to a quick count) 33 articles on developments in other western countries, 25 on developments in the

Far East, and five on the foreign policy of the British government. There were also eleven articles on military and naval developments. The most cursory examination of an issue of the *Review* published *circa* 1880 and an issue published twenty years later indicates the shift in the *Review's* orientation.

After 1902 there was no letting up in the stream of well-informed articles on foreign (and military) affairs by a variety of independent authors, but in addition E. J. Dillon began to write a regular contribution under the title 'Foreign Affairs'. These appeared almost every month until the outbreak of the First World War. Dillon, who also published books in Russian, German and French, had been educated at the universities of Innsbruck, Leipzig, Tübingen, Louvain, St. Petersburg and Kharkov and at the Collège de France, and had stayed at some at least of these institutions long enough to pick up two doctorates, two master's degrees and a professorial chair at Kharkov, so he was well qualified to keep the *Contemporary Review's* readership abreast of developments in Europe. And it was precisely during the period of Dillon's regular contributions to the *Contemporary Review* that the view became established in Westminster, Whitehall and at large that, firstly, the fate of Britain was inextricably bound up in the power politics of the European mainland and, secondly, in consequence would sooner or later have to fight a continental war. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this retreat from the isolationism of the later nineteenth century was that it was presided over by a Liberal government supported by (in fact including) pacifists, and committed to social reform at home. Given the *Contemporary Review's* relationship to the liberal constituency in the country, the journal's acceptance of the crucial significance of foreign and military affairs must be seen as having an important, if incalculable, part in creating the climate of opinion in which the Asquith government made the decision for war in August 1914; and it was entirely fitting that after the war G. P. Gooch, joint editor of the *Review* since 1911, should be put in charge, with Harold Temperley, of editing the officially sponsored collection of *British Documents on the Origins of the War 1898-1914.*

The *Contemporary Review* was rather less successful in keeping abreast of the most striking development in domestic politics during this period, the replacement of the Liberal Party by the Labour Party as the principal alternative to the Conservative Party in national politics. The eclipse of the Liberal Party was partly the result of the mobilization of the working-class vote, especially after the extension of the franchise in 1918, but was also largely due to the effect of the war on exacerbating the fundamental divisions within the Liberal Party that were already evident by 1914. Perhaps precisely because the *Contemporary Review* had been so far to the fore in promoting social reform since the 1880s, it failed to appreciate how far the rise of organized Labour underwent the whole basis of middle-class philanthropism, and the role of the liberal bourgeoisie as the spokesmen of the underprivileged. In fact, as leader of the Progressive caucus in the London County Council, J. Scott Lidgett, Gooch's co-editor, found himself embattled in a bitter struggle against the Labour Party, and even

went so far as to use the February 1922 issue of the *Contemporary Review* to publish, under the heading 'The London County Council Election', what was virtually a Progressive Party manifesto. It is even possible to see Lidgett's combined role as a leader of the non-conformist community and as a leader of political opposition to Labour in the L.C.C. as one of the reasons why the Labour Party in London never had the Protestant non-conformist colouring evident in the Labour Party apparatus of many northern towns. The *Contemporary Review* was equally insensitive to the real meaning of the split within the Liberal Party during the First World War. Harold Spender's article 'The British Revolution' in the May 1917 issue, a brief and congratulatory account of how Lloyd George had enlarged the power of the prime minister over the executive organs of the national government, seemed entirely unaware of the implications of these developments for liberalism as a political movement and as an ideology. The *Contemporary Review* participated with the liberal movement as a whole in simply failing to understand the fundamental restructuring of British politics which occurred in this period, though what was happening was diagnosed clearly enough at the time by certain liberal journalists such as A. G. Gardiner of *The Daily News*.

But at least the *Contemporary Review* continued to provide the most basic requirement of a liberal culture: a medium for the circulation of independent opinions proferred by individuals unconnected with any organisation. Though the great hecatomb of the serious journals was to come a little later in the century, by 1930 there were already signs that the era of the serious monthly and quarterly general interest periodical was over. The *Westminster Review* folded in 1913, the *Edinburgh Review* in 1929. Merely to survive, and to constitute an exception to the increasing cartelization of the media by political parties and publishing conglomerates, was a political achievement in itself, and an important contribution towards keeping alive the idea that there should be no institutional limit to the range of possible options in politics. The influence of the *Contemporary Review* is not to be looked for in the articulation of specific short-term issues but in the subtle and subterranean workings of a vastly complex organism: at the very least, by adding to the complexity, the *Review* has stood out against the tendency towards massive oversimplification inherent in mass politics.

In addition to the *Contemporary Review* itself, one will find useful material on this and related topics in Patricia Thomas Srebrnik *Alexander Strahan: Victorian Publisher*, Ann Arbor 1986 and G. P. Gooch *Under Six Reigns*, London 1958. J. Scott Lidgett published two autobiographical works, but both are unhelpful with regard to the subject of this essay. The intriguing question of the identity of the occasional unsigned contributions on public affairs is likely to remain unsolved as the original records of the *Contemporary Review* were destroyed in the London Blitz.

[A. D. Harvey's next book, *Britain in Three World Wars*, will be published in 1992 (Hambledon Press).]

A MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY DIARY: A SOCIAL DOCUMENT

by Walter J. Strachan

A commentary, based on entries for 1857-59 in a 'Journal', kept by a Scottish engineer, working on the Royal Naval Dockyard, Portsmouth.

'I come from Scotland, but I cannot help it'. 'That, Sir,' replied Dr. Johnson, with roguish misunderstanding, 'is what a very great number of your countrymen cannot help'. Boswell exchanged this banter with the subject of his future biography in 1762. Doubtless, a continuous influx of Scots into England at that time and, of course, including the years of my great-grandfather's *Journal*, justify the observation. The reason for the emigration was chiefly economic. It was certainly so in the case of James Strachan whose diary is my source material and who was the first of our family to cross the Border in 1845.

He was born in Aberdeen in 1828, son of James (No. 1) a leather merchant in the city who had married Margaret (née) Adam, a schoolteacher in Banchory. James was their middle son. William was born in 1827, John in 1830. More adventurous than James, they emigrated. An entry in the *Journal* for *August 27, 1857*, runs 'a line from mother with John's account of his passage to Quebec. He sailed July 2nd and arrived August 3rd...' On *September 5th*, 'Letter from William — the first since he arrived in New Zealand. Started brewing and hoped to do well... Had a letter from John who has got a situation in St. Catherine's, Canada, West'.

The frequent exchange of letters between the three brothers and their mother, widowed in 1842, provides evidence of a closely knit family. She ministered to one apparently important need, despatching parcels of oatmeal to James — by this time an engineer of twelve years standing on the Royal Naval Dockyard, Portsea. *March 16 (1858)*... 'had oatmeal 1 ga. 1/-', and, a fortnight later 'Oat Meal arrived from Scotland, carriage 4/7 qr. 16 lb.' It recalls Dr. Johnson's Dictionary definition: 'Oats, food for horses in England, for men in Scotland.' James, a frugal Scot — with outbursts of generosity — records many of his purchases and assesses his 'average income' at — it could hardly be more precise — '£114.4.1', (I began my teaching career at a salary of £230 per annum in 1924; he seems well-off in comparison).

He was educated at the well-known Gordon College, Aberdeen. He won a prize for 'Natural Philosophy'. It took the form of the book, *Treatise on Astronomy* by the famous astronomer, Sir John Herschel. The choice could hardly have been more appropriate. In 1858 the appearance in the skies of Donati's comet[1] was, literally and figuratively, the highlight of the year. With evident zest James described and illustrated with sketches the path of the Comet which obligingly remained visible for a week. *October 5th* entry reads: '... read *The Times*; Walter went with me and we saw the Comet again. Saw her *(sic)* every night for the last week, getting brighter

and brighter... a star was just on the commencement of the tail and was plainly seen as the Comet passed over it. Six o'clock, the star appeared like fig 1 (diagram) at eight like fig 2...'.

Then an abrupt switch to his professional world the very next day; *October 6.* 'Comet (HMS tugboat) getting cross-head on piston-rod and connected engines.' The glory has departed.

His technical entries can no longer be of interest except perhaps to a student of marine archaeology. His comments on political and social questions are another matter. They throw light on the period as well as on the views of a liberal-minded artisan.

He subscribed to a variety of periodicals which he sent on to his emigrant brothers. He mentions, and sometimes quotes from, the following: *The Times, Lloyds' News, The People, The Artisan, The Illustrated London News, Chambers Journal*[2] (he writes it 'Chalmers' but I cannot find anything about such a magazine — 'Chalmers' is an Aberdonian name).

James identified himself with the workers and continued to do so when twenty years later he became co-partner in the engineering firm, Calvard and Strachan, in Kingston-upon-Hull.

His sympathies were not, however, confined to the politics and social questions of this country. At the time of the Indian Mutiny he supported the Sepoy cause. We find this entry for *October 9th 1857*... 'Day of humiliation on account of the war in India. Morning: went to the Queen's rooms and heard Mr. Johnston deliver a very excellent discourse upon our sins in regard to the East Indies (one of the results of the affair was the transference of the powers of the East India Company to the Crown)... We had encouraged the cultivation and sale of opium which was degrading...'. *October 28th*... news of Delhi being taken. *November 10th* ... evening. Attended debating class, when Mr. Robertson and Mr. Tagg defended the Sepoys in the Indian Mutiny...'.

James was an active promoter of working-class reforms and frequently aired its grievances. He was a member of a delegation to Sir J. Elphinstone, MP; 'to insure that the Steam Factories were specially named in the Third Reading of the Superannuation Bill at present before Parliament.'

He mentions voting in the General Election of April 29th, 1859 (certainly 'liberal' — Palmerston became Prime Minister for the second time). It must have been a welcome half-day off to add to the meagre allotment of national holidays: Christmas Day, Good Friday, the Queen's birthday (May 15th), the anniversary of her coronation (June 28th). For most people life at that time was one of domesticity and hard work: Queen Victoria offering the ideal example of the former and Prince Albert personifying the latter. He was an unsparing worker. The Great Exhibition of 1851 — of which he was the progenitor — proved to be an inspiration to industry and scientific research. The atmosphere of serious — perhaps over-serious — endeavour in which men like James Strachan and David Maxwell felt at home persisted.

David Maxwell, like James, had been the first member of the Maxwell family (records going back to 1700) to come to England. In his case, after

serving an engineering apprenticeship with the Great Western Railway in Dundee, his native town. He had arrived at the Naval dockyard some ten years before James Strachan whom he befriended. As well as doing a long day's hard work both of them spent their evening leisure at the James Watt Institute in the town—a kind of cultural omnium gatherum of educational and social activities. It offered every opportunity for those attending lectures, debates, readings to improve their minds; an aim of which they seemed unashamedly conscious.

Indoor entertainment was limited to reading books and going to public readings. The latter were extremely popular. James, for example, baby-sat with one-year old Ada so that his wife, Louisa, could listen to extracts from *Little Dombey* and *The Christmas Carol*, and alternately with him, attend the series of Monday lectures given by a Mr. Engedine on subjects which—to say the least—suggest an empirical approach: Cerebral Physiology, Phrenology, Digestion, and, finally, Respiration. Shortly after which the versatile lecturer, as stated by James, breathed his last.

Hardly exciting entertainment. There were, however, rare red-letter days. One, when James stayed at home with the baby (William No. 2) so that Louisa could take Walter and Ada to the 'Panorama' of America and India (I myself remember seeing such a panorama entertainment of Colonial history at the Palace Theatre, Hull before the 1914 War). Another memorable evening (*March 17th 1858*) when she went in the evening to see a ventriloquist in St. George's Hall.

Throughout the *Journal*, among the concerns of his workaday life, James finds time to record thoughts and comments on broader aspects of working-class conditions. *March 17th*, 1859 '... read during dinner from *Chalmers (Chambers?) Journal* to Mrs. Strachan about cheap bargain-making (exploitation). The new shipwrights struck for more money as their task work only came to 3/11 per day. They were promised 4/6!' There were the hazards of dockyard work, as hinted, grimly in his brief entry for *February 19th* the same year... 'took Artisans down to the bookbinder to see the price of the binding . . . 3/- per volume . . . paid 6d to a subscription for a man killed in the foundry.'

James Strachan was a regular attender of classes at the Institute. He also gave lectures on the subject of his apparent expertise, boilers. He reports on a lecture given by David Maxwell for whom he had a great admiration, on 'Steam Expansion' (high-pressure steam had not been introduced into the Royal Navy until 1853—it was still the early days for steamships, and the transition from paddle-boats to propeller-driven steamships such as *HMS Victoria* launched in the last year of James's *Journal*, 1859.)

There were strange sequences of subjects treated; a lecture on 'The Spheroidal form of water on red-hot plates' was followed by a discourse on 'The Life of Warren Hastings'. James's reading list gives a good idea of the general works popular at the time, such as *Livingstone's Travels in South Africa* (published 1857), Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-worship* (1840). He was up-to-date; he borrowed a copy of Thackeray's *The*

Virginians — published in parts between 1857 and 1859 — from the dockyard library. He read Marryat's *The King's Own* (1850) — an established classic, to his wife. On a lighter tack, he read *Pickwick Papers* and a now-forgotten book by Albert Smith, *The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury.* The author, who died in 1860, was a public entertainer and editor of *Puck;* and, as if anticipating the classes he would be running for his own employees when, twenty years later, he became co-partner in the engineering firm, Calvard and Strachan in Hull, *Schools and Schoolmasters* by Hugh Miller.

Religion was important to him; he was — unusually for the time — zealous in trying out the various church and chapel services. He records, at some length, summaries of sermons in the *Journal* (a habit my grandfather, Walter Strachan, followed in my time). They show him to have been more interested in moral messages than ceremony or dogma. His outlook was broader than might have been expected from a boy brought up in the Scottish Kirk, with its legacy of Calvinism. In 1857, he and his family divided their attendance between St. John's Church, the Wesleyan Chapel and the Unitarian Chapel. The following year, he reports on a further variety of services. He took Walter and young Ada to the Bethel at nearby Southsea. He and Louisa finally settled for Unitarianism, the very antithesis of the fundamentalist creeds being preached at the time. In early years at Portsmouth he had attended a service of the Latter-day Saints (about whom Edmund Gosse writes with derisive humour in *Father and Son*). James records: *(September 6th, 1857)* 'I went to the Common to hear a lecture on Mormonism; but was disgusted with the lecturer who did nothing but show the thing in a ridiculous light . . .'. However, he pays a tribute to their success in making converts.

He did not succumb to the blandishments of Mr. Spurgeon, then touring the south-west, and if his strictures on the 'message' lack the sustained satire of Samuel Butler's *A Psalm of Montreal,* he dismisses the occasion in typically succinct terms: *February 2nd, 1858* 'went to hear Mr. Spurgeon preach but was not very highly pleased' — a nice understatement.

The sole outdoor activity available at that time was walking. The sea was there, but perhaps the water around Portsmouth at that time was not very inviting. He must have been a good swimmer. As a boy he had done the traditional swim from the mouth of the Don to the mouth of the Dee. Walking was not the self-conscious activity that 'hiking' became before 1940 or present-day jogging. People just went for walks. Virginia Woolf in her essay on William Hazlitt reminds us that women were no less valiant in taking long walks. 'Free at last from the encumbrance of home and husband,' she writes, 'Sarah pulled on her boots and set off on a walking tour through Scotland'. Nothing on that heroic scale for James to record. Perhaps, his memories of the family leather business in Aberdeen made him particularly attentive to footwear. Entries on the subject occur at frequent intervals. And how his family walked. If any of its members felt unwell, they were promptly taken out for a walk to Southsea Common, to Portsea, Landport or to the 'ramparts'. *May 23rd* (1858) 'Mrs. Strachan

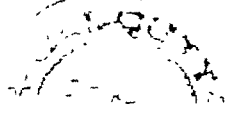
started 10 minutes past six o'clock in order to be at the station by half-past six (destination un-named). I had the three children in charge. They were very good. Took them out for a walk in the afternoon for two hours . . .'.

Perhaps it was in anticipation of such airings that James 'bought a pair of boots for William' who at the time (May 13th, 1858) was '1 year and 4 months old'. Matters concerning footwear are often couched in the peculiar language Dorothy Wordsworth used half a century before ('I sate in the orchard all the morning and made my shoes'). James did not get beyond the stage of repairing his. *July 18th, 1858* . . . 'bought 5/4 worth of shoes for Ada and W . . .'. And, for himself, *August 7th*, 'New boots staff-Wellington, price 16/-'. Wellington, who died in 1852, was still very much a memory. Eight months after this purchase he attended a lecture 'by G. Dawson of Birmingham' on 'Napoleon contrasted with Wellington'.

James was a good family man. His attitude to wife and children was enlightened. If he saw to it that they attended Sunday School, he also thought about their pleasures. *April 26th 1858* . . . 'bought a box of paints for Walter' (my grandfather who became a good amateur marine water-colourist). It was not even his birthday. He mentions helping him with his sums and notes his behaviour with apparent understanding: *October 1st*, (same year) . . . 'Walter in the habit of giving away such things as marbles and concealing what he had done' (a prophetic remark; my grandfather became generous to a fault).

The diary is disappointing in the matter of news about his emigrant brothers. On *February 3rd* (1858) James writes 'had a letter from mother informing me that she had been robbed of her money . . .'. John, disturbed by the news, returned home from Canada; possibly also because of her ill-health. *February 12*, '. . . received a letter from John stating that he expected to be in London on Friday', he then being in the English Channel . . . 'I also had', he adds, 'two letters from William informing me of his welfare.' James continues 'After going home and getting into bed, John arrived about half past eleven o'clock'. It was a fantastically brief stay, but at least it provided a chance for him to hear how his brother had fared in Canada. They had talked about it, and that was that. A laconic style belies James's deep feelings. *January 25th* 'sent to Janette a workbox 2/6 A Christmas present.' Janette, David Maxwell's daughter, was about ten years old at the time. James was like an uncle to her. I have heard from another source (the 94-year-old son, Charles, of his second marriage) that he used to take Janette in a rowing-boat on the Solent. He was no Lewis Carroll, and I imagine his chat would be about the ships they saw — there must have been some in the agreeable litany of names of ships he had worked on — *Diadem, Odin, Agammemnon, Victoria & Albert, Curocoa* (which 'ran ashore but all hands saved') — all broken up long ago. He waxed — for him — enthusiatic about *HMS Arrogant* (*April 15th* 1858) '. . . went on board *Arrogant* to Spithead. She worked very well, making 64 revolutions . . .'.

A quarter of a century later, he was to marry Janette and start a second family. James died in January 1893. *The Eastern Morning News* obituary



carries the evidence of his life as an employer. 'He took a keen interest in all movements of a liberal and progressive character... During the winter months he gathered together in his own home the young men connected with the works he was attached to to equip them more fully as engineers with theory as well as practice and to influence them to become more useful men and better citizens...'.

The work-ethic, a dominant feature of the early and mid-Victorian period, was perhaps more marked in the philosophy and life of the serious Scots that James Strachan and David Maxwell appear to have been. At least it extended beyond the Samuel Smiles gospel of self-help to working-class solidarity.

Both these men addressed themselves to the setting-up of a Burns Centenary Festival, with the climax on the eve of January 25th, with the same fervour that pervaded their 'self-improvement' pursuits. The *Journal* describes the run-up: 'It was agreed that it should be a tea-party and soirée instead of a supper'. The event included 'readings from the works of Robert Burns by David Maxwell, with music'. James reports reciting, 'Man was made to mourn' (and, for the only occasion in the *Journal*, compliments himself with a 'came off capital'). The gathering after this sombre recitation, must have been relieved when the moment came for 'a few good Scotch songs' for what he describes as 'social enjoyment, as it is called'.

The *Journal* reflects a time when very many artisans like himself and Maxwell — if not necessarily so intensively — measured out every moment of their leisure hours. Sometimes this way of life led to strangely disparate events such as an evening when James divided his attention between 'buying chairs for the Watt Institute' and listening to a lecture on Socrates at the Athenaeum.

NOTES

1. Named after the Italian astronomer Giambattista Donati (1826-1873) who discovered it.
2. *Chambers's Journal* had been founded by the brothers W. and R. Chambers and had a vast circulation.

CINEMA: A QUARTERLY REVIEW

by David Shipman

KORCZAK is the first film Andrzej Wajda has made since he returned to Poland and became a senator. As befits his new situation it is a grave, even dignified movie — and that in turn suits the subject, a hagiographical study of the distinguished Jewish doctor who accompanied the children of the orphanage he ran to the concentration camp. That is a simplification: he was a national figure, and it is not entirely clear — from the film — if he knew of the children's destination or their ultimate destiny. I do not complain that the piece seems to admire the doctor unreservedly, because Wajda has taken care of that by casting a superlative actor in the role, Wojciech Pszoniak, who was his Robespierre in *Danton*. Pszoniak can make self-sacrifice multi-headed — for this is ultimately a film about choice, since the good doctor's eminence means that he is clandestinely offered passports to enable him to leave the country. The result is moving but a bit staid — and I note that financing for it was provided by half-a-dozen television stations around Europe, including the BBC. I preferred the freewheeling, poetic Wajda, the man who made the famous trilogy — also set during the War in Warsaw, but that was over thirty years ago.

The Second World War has also been on the mind of the producer David Puttnam, and after a showing at the National Film Theatre he argued cogently as to why he had made a film about an American aircrew instead of a British one. Summed up — and he spoke at length — it is because major financing and major profits both emanate from the US. He chose the director, Michael Caton-Jones (of *Scandal*) because he would feel no nostalgia for the period, and the writer, Monte Merrick, because he is able to establish character in only a couple of lines of dialogue. Funny, some of us thought he had chosen them because they are young and would be inclined not to fight David's 'vision' of the film. Anyway, they are all to blame: the dialogue is by turns flat and coy, at its worst between the worried C.O. (David Strathairn) and the P.R. officer (John Lithgow) putting opposite points of view on war, death or glory. 'Danny Boy' pounds on the soundtrack and what other music there is is Glenn Millerish — but, anyway, historical detail is hopeless, with designer-colour balloons (there were no balloons of any sort in Britain during the War). There is a horribly cheap moment on the flight to bomb Hamburg, when a can of tomato soup, hit by a bullet, is thought to be blood. Otherwise the film does pick up towards the end, as we, the audience, reflect on the bravery of those young men who did risk their lives for freedom, in dreadfully cramped conditions — and with the possibility, say, of bringing back a badly-wounded colleague. But any admiration for the film itself is dispelled by a dedication to all airmen of any nation who fought in the War. Can't have empty cinemas in Japan or Germany, can we?

A more honourable failure is Alan Parker's *Come See the Paradise*,

which looks at the War from the point of view of those Japanese-Americans who were interned after Pearl Harbour, plus one nice guy (Dennis Quaid), who happened to be married to one of them. Parker wrote the script, which wants to be all things to all men — a nostalgia trip, a great love story and, obviously, a statement on race relations and the absurd effect war can have on rationality: but like Puttnam's film it is dull and wholly artificial, with its own 'Danny Boy' in 'Till the Real Thing Comes Along'. It also dates itself in sticking chiefly to the autumnal colours beloved by arty directors twenty years ago, but its chief defect is that it is totally uninvolving. There is more passion on this matter — internment — in any paragraph of the foreword to George Clare's 'Last Waltz in Vienna' than in the whole of this movie.

If I bring to your attention two of last year's movies it is because they do what these two films do not — raise audiences' expectations and keep them amused and engaged till their rather terrific final reels, when in each case the plotting to get there has become wild and woolly. But it doesn't matter. Jonathan Demme's *Married to the Mob* concerns a Mafia widow, Michelle Pfeiffer, who finds the ties are not as easily cut as she thought. Ms Pfeiffer is pretty and scatty, without having the charm and edge of a Claudette Colbert but, as the detective who tails and beds her, Matthew Modine has a grace and charm lacking in many of Hollywood's younger men, even if he has to act 'cute' now and them. The one screwed-up credit is surprising, but then Dean Stockwell plays much too grim as the boss with a fancy for Pfeiffer.

Working Girl struck me as even more successful, one of the most entertaining movies in an age. Melanie Griffith, secretary in a large brokerage firm, takes a hint from her new boss, Sigourney Weaver, a 'classy' lady all the way. When Weaver breaks her leg in a skiing accident Griffith steps into her shoes and into the arms of her putative fiancé, Harrison Ford, another broker. The film borrows elements from Cinderella, *All About Eve* and it makes deliberate reference to King Vidor's silent *The Crowd* — and yes, the movies of Hollywood's golden age also fed on each other: but this is very much its own thing — never, I think, uproariously funny but always gently amusing. Mike Nichols directed — from a screenplay by Kevin Wade — and it may be his most taking film since *The Graduate*.

Crimes and Misdemeanors is Woody Allen's funniest film since *Broadway Danny Rose* — or, rather, one-half of it is. There are two plots side by side and one of them is serious. That one concerns a married eye specialist (Martin Landau), whose mistress (Anjelika Huston) has become importunate and had intended to visit his wife (Claire Bloom, wasted again); he casually mentions this to his gangster brother (Jerry Orbach), who has her bumped off, sending the specialist into a spiral of guilt. Another brother (Sam Waterston) is a rabbi who is going blind. It is all very schematic, what with an optician who cannot see matters clearly, another man (played by Allen himself, and I will return to that in a moment), the seeing eye and all that. It struck me as unconvincing, a fact somewhat obscured (if that is the word) by Landau's fine performance. The

Allen character is an idealistic documentary film-maker who is terminally jealous of his brother-in-law (Alan Alda), a lecherous, self-opinionated television producer who, if he notices Allen at all, is patronising. After giving him a chance to make a documentary about him, Allen uses it to revenge himself for all the slights meted out over the years. But he has the last laugh, and the Allen-nerd has never — in all the movies in which we have seen him — been so horribly and completely skewered. As I said, it's very funny.

Peter Bogdanovich is one of those who draws on old movies, but you could not say it is much like *The Last Picture Show*, to which it is a sequel. Since Larry McMurtry wrote a follow-up novel, Bogdanovich seems to have thought it proper to film it, but this time I could hardly follow who was what or who is doing what to whom. Jeff Bridges has the leading role as a small town oil man now facing bankruptcy, and Cybill Shepherd who walks back into his life and possibly — an oven-hot ball this, and as quickly dropped — into the affections of his wife. Watching it is like chewing cotton wool for two hours, and whoever chose it as the opening night attraction of the London Film Festival should be as noisily shot as the band(s) playing afterwards at the reception. As for Ms Shepherd she shows, as someone once said of Kim Novak, that what she never had she still hasn't got.

There are old movies on display in the Allen film, and even more in *Cinema Paradiso* — though not, since this is a chronicle film, in chronological order. It is not mine to question how and when movies turned up in the cinema in question, which is in Sicily, but it is surely daft to present the coming of the wide screen after the demise of nitrate film. The director, Giuseppe Tornatore, works cleverly to show first the decline of the local priest as censor and then of the cinema itself; effortlessly he points up the changes between Sicily in the 1940s and of today. Philippe Noiret, dubbed into Italian, is nevertheless the usual tower of strength as the cinema's projectionist and Salvatore Scascio is cute as his young protegé. The whole is pretty to look at, affectionate and ambitious to the point of pretension. Oh yes, it is all of these things, but it does pass the time well enough.

Not so *Monsieur Hire*, based on a novel by Simenon in which a lonely old codger is so besotted by a girl across the courtyard that he is prepared — no more than that, as the plot has it — to appear the guilty one for a murder committed by her lover. As filmed by Julian Duvivier in 1945 with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance and Paul Bernard, it was a twisty thriller which concentrated on the pathological character of the lonely man and his neighbours' loathing for him. This version, as designed to within an inch of its life by the director, Maurice Leconte, seems to be saying that there's nowt as queer as folks: but it does it in an Alphaville-type vacuum, thus ruining the point of the tale. Michel Blanc in the title-role is such a quiet, timid type, that it is hard to see why the neighbours fear him. And why on earth does the police inspector sneer at him the moment he sets eyes on him? And why does the girl, after seeing him spy on her, decide to seduce him: because she knows he has seen the blood-stained raincoat?

Why has this wretched movie been given British distribution when we cannot get to see a revival of the much-superior *Panique*? There are further miscalculations in *The Kill-Off*, based on a novel by Jim Thompson which, as was his wont, sets a number of seedy characters at each other's throats, leading to the murder of at least one of them. The director, Maggie Greenwald, has opted for the same sort of bleakness as *Monsieur Hire*. There are powerful moments and some satisfaction in watching the whores and drifters who populate a dusty seaside (lakeside?) resort out of season. Well, one drifter and one whore, plus the self-satisfied, waistcoated bar-owner and the obvious victim, a bedridden old hag who makes poisonous telephone calls exposing the devious, secret activities of other townspeople. I cannot imagine how she knows about them, since she has surely lost all her friends years before. Ms Greenwald overstates, another who ruins her case. The *films noirs* she is emulating also allowed for balance and humour: where they were cynical and knowing she is merely sleazy. She should take a look at Bertrand Tavernier's *Coup de Torchon*, which transferred one of Thompson's novels to the screen with all its qualities intact.

Several of the better *film noirs* — and Tavernier's film — were about corrupt police officers, and *Internal Affairs* just fits the bill. Here the cop (Richard Gere) is so corrupt that he uses not only blackmail but murder to amass a million-dollar fortune in real estate. He also likes sodomising women and boasting of this to their husbands — or letting them (and us) see him at it? What is with these people? Otherwise it achieves its purpose — it does thrill — as directed by Mike Figgis, but it is also much too manipulative to achieve any sort of classic status.

Literary Supplement

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FELLOWS

Shakespeare and the Rival Playwrights 1600-1606. By David Farley-Hills. Routledge, 1990. £30.00.

Professor Farley-Hills discusses in his new book seven of Shakespeare's plays written during the period, and he argues that although the poet was not afraid of losing his popularity with his faithful audience at the Globe, he feared that the private theatres might lure away his more intellectual patrons. He therefore experimented with the new and fashionable genres. Each play is discussed in relation to those of his rivals. Several revenge plays, including *Antonio's Revenge*, lead to an interesting discussion of *Hamlet*. Marston's *What You Will* and Heywood's *Iron Age* are fruitfully compared with *Troilus and Cressida;* two of Chapman's comedies less fruitfully with *All's Well that Ends Well;* Middleton's *Phoenix* with *Measure for Measure*.

Farley-Hills argues convincingly that the unfinished *Timon of Athens* preceded, not followed *King Lear* and as Bulman had suggested, that Middleton may have been responsible for the Timon comedy before he collaborated in Shakespeare's play. Most of these comparisons prove to be a useful way of establishing the purpose and meaning of Shakespeare's plays, but Farley-Hills's book has additional merits. There is, for example, a splendid rehabilitation of *All's Well*, which goes beyond Wilson Knight's eloquent chapter on the play. There is a detailed comparison of *Basilikon Doron* with *Measure for Measure*. Above all, Farley-Hills has discovered what is at least an analogue, and probably a source, of *King Lear*. This is the third tale of the eighth decade of Geraldi Cinthio's *Hecatommithi*. All the neighbouring tales are concerned with ingratitude, including No. 5, one of the sources of *Measure for Measure*. The king in No. 3 is nearly eighty. He arranges for his two daughters to marry the sons of the previous king. The evil Osmosia is married to the mild Enomonio, and the gentle Agatia is married to the proud Anemero, who wants to depose his father-in-law. Agatia refuses. Osmosia similarly wants her husband to murder the king and he refuses. Whereupon she plots with Anemero to murder their respective spouses, to marry, and to seize the throne. Anemero does throw the king down a flight of steps and is reproved by his wickeder wife for not having slain him. As Farley-Hills notes, 'The central theme is the evil of filial ingratitude and this is specifically and powerfully associated with women. Nowhere else in Shakespeare are women presented as capable of generating so much violent and independent cruelty. Goneril not only instigates the evil, but stays in charge of the action, while her husband, Albany is presented as an essentially kindly man'. This is why Goneril wished to exchange him for Edmund.

Farley-Hills states in his introduction that he prefers the printed over the acted word. Generally speaking, this is wise; but occasionally we may feel that his reactions to a play are different from those of an ordinary audience. He is right to stress the ambiguity of *Hamlet*, but audiences do not doubt that the court is too fond of drinking. (Frank Vosper, the brilliant Claudius of the modern dress production some sixty years ago often had recourse to a cocktail cabinet and nobody thought that this was out of character). No one, I think, who witnessed *Troilus and Cressida* in the 1990 production at Stratford would

subscribe to Farley-Hills's view that Thersites 'succeeds as Ajax's fool, but not as satiric spokesman'. I have yet to meet a playgoer — one not a Leavisite — who imagines that the famous Othello music and the hero's soliloquies are used to prevent us from having too much sympathy with him. I doubt whether *A Woman Killed with Kindness* was a 'seminal' influence on *Othello*. I have never seen a Barnardine who did not engage the sympathy of the audience and of readers too. Even those directors who strive to whitewash the evil sisters in *King Lear* never pretend that their speeches in the first scene are anything but hypocritical. Farley-Hills regards them as 'properly deferential' to a monarch; but Kent, as well as Cordelia, realises the truth. To make Cordelia priggish and wrong, and Lear's anger with her fully justified, upsets the balance of the play. It may be added that it is justifiable to use the First Quarto text of *King Lear*, but not to retain its mislineation.

These are minor questions. Farley-Hills's account of Shakespeare's attempt to learn from his fashionable rivals is plausible, though it may well exaggerate his anxieties. Like most writers of every age, especially dramatists, he was interested in what his rivals were doing, and unwittingly influenced by them. Of course he perused the works of his royal patron; but the integrity of *Measure for Measure* and *Macbeth* remains unsullied by this fact, however much they were damaged by the compromises of collaboration and by some vandalism after his retirement.

KENNETH MUIR

THE STREETCAR TO GRINZING

The Play of the Eyes. Elias Canetti. Andre Deutsch. £14.95.

The Nobel Prize for Literature in 1981 was awarded to Elias Canetti: a Sephardic Jew, born at Rustchuk in Bulgaria, who, like so many of his people, has (through a long life) migrated steadily westward: Vienna, Paris, London and, now, aged 85, Switzerland. This third volume of his autobiography, with more to follow, is set in Vienna in the years 1931 to 1938.

It is, however, an intensely individualistic intellectual's recapturing of an intellectual's world: Vienna, though the backdrop to what story there is, is a reception centre only: there are only passing references to Hitler and to Guernica, the long shadows of which lay across these years, and there is no *sturm und drang*. Few books, indeed, have tried so hard to recapture the silences of a thinking man's world. In structure, it is built around the contacts Canetti made with Vienna's writers, composers and philosophers, some of whom, like the mysterious Doctor Sonne, became friends, and who include Robert Musil, Alben Berg, Hermann Scherchen, Fritz Wotruba and Alma Mahler, the musician's daughter (herself a sculptress), whose most striking feature becomes the title of his book. Canetti and his friends haunt Vienna's cafe society, but with no Third Man among them; the exchange is not of drugs but of manuscripts, and there are anxious waits until a friend chooses to offer a comment, or — more often — a rival manuscript of his own; friendships go and come in consequence.

There is no reference here to the student of crowd psychology that Canetti was to become, though much is said of his attempt to publish what, 30 years later, won him the Nobel Prize: the novel known in English as *Auto da fe* but in German as *Die Blendung*. Indeed this autobiography is but an illustration of the same theme, since the novel recounts the grotesque events in the life of a gifted writer, whose world was his library, and whose life ended in self-immolation on a great fire of all his books; his library had mattered more than

people. Here too the author presents himself only in conversation with his friends, some of whom are critics; he appears as a man — to use Robert Musil's title — with few visible qualities except a capacity to listen to other people talking, in the hope that they will talk of him. He comes to life only in his account of Grinzing, where for three years he lived, at the terminus of the 38 tramline from Vienna, up where the woods begin. No doubt the crowds dressed as storm-troopers will intrude in the next volume: but by that time, Canetti, the widow Mahler, now married to Franz Werfel, and their friends had all moved on to Paris.

ESMOND WRIGHT

THE FIRST WORLD WAR

A War Imagined. The First World War and English Culture. Samuel Hynes. xiv + 514pp. The Bodley Head. £20.00.

Most older Europeans would agree with Professor Hynes's epilogue: 'In our reality, here at the century's end, The First World War remains a powerful imaginative force, perhaps the most powerful force, in the shaping not only of our conceptions of what war is, but of the world we live in... Our world begins with that war.' (p.469).

The war affected everybody. In Britain it was brought home to all by the threat to food supplies from the savage naval carnage which took fewer lives but was as horrific in its own way as the trench warfare in which most young men were engaged. No wonder the conflict sank deeply and permanently into the collective sub-conscious.

Professor Hynes's lucid and well-documented explanation of how this happened contributes to the understanding of contemporary British culture. He traces the descent from heroic patriotism at the beginning of the war to helpless despair in the middle of the apparently unbreakable deadlock of four years in the mud of Flanders; then the sense of living in the ruins of a civilisation from which all beliefs and values had been blasted.

The arts expressed and influenced prevailing currents of feeling. Professor Hynes does not exaggerate the part they played. Nor does he confuse social history with critical evaluation; he realises that best-sellers are as significant as masterpieces. A few soldier poets and a few painters who had experience of the battlefield forged styles to immortalise the horrors of the trenches. But they never became popular. The reading public sympathised but shrank from confrontation with their sufferings. The artists who survived did not develop after the war. Most of them never fitted into post-war society. The post-war *avant garde* was drawn from those who, for one reason or another, had been non-combatants. They did not resume their pre-war revolutionary activities; indeed the Russian Revolution drove some of them — e.g. Pound, Eliot and Wyndham Lewis — into reaction as defenders of what may have been 'a botched civilisation' but whose remains were the only guides to reasonable existence. It was they who called the post-war world a waste land, the psychological counterpart no doubt of No Man's Land between the trenches.

The devastation left by the war haunted the twenties. It was only as they drew to a close that those who had fought could come to terms with their experiences and treatments of it began to appear. There Professor Hynes ends his survey. A new generation had begun to attract attention, and he has already written on The Auden Generation.

BRUCE PATTISON

THE OTHER GULF-DIVISION

Gorbachev, Glasnost and the Gospel. Michael Bourdeaux. Hodder & Stoughton. £13.95, paperback £8.99.

It is ironical that the Peace Gathering in Paris to celebrate the end of the East-West hostilities and scrapping of tanks and armaments coincides with vast war preparations for the Gulf War. But in fact there is another Gulf-Division, the struggle to fill the void left by forty years of despotic communist domination over the thinking and activities of millions of East Europeans since Stalin. Of course some wonderful changes have taken place, but how and why did these changes appear to take root and what more have the West to offer, while their leaders converse in Paris? I can well remember how in the early days of the Council of Europe at Strasbourg we left vacant seats for Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary which were occasionally occupied by a refugee Ambassador or Professors.

How much influence did the Church or Churches exercise in awakening Russians in the Ukraine or Lithuania? Michael Bourdeaux proves in this book that he and Keston College influenced scores of individuals, priests and officials, who were encouraged to persist in their dangerous heterodoxy and in practice much more was achieved.

Michael Bourdeaux took his degree course at Oxford in Russian and Theology and then was one of the first students to study at Moscow University. The experience of 1959-60 changed his life. After ordination in the Anglican Church, during three and a half years as a Curate, he waited for a chance to do something about the horrors he had witnessed not only in churches, but in schools, prisons and hospitals, especially in the time of Kruschev. In 1965 he wrote *The Opium of the People* and later several other books, and *Ten Growing Soviet Churches.*

I had known Michael for many years, but our paths divided and the next I heard of him was the creation of Keston College as a Study Centre. It now has several thousand subscribers and produces first-hand information on every aspect of religious and social organisations throughout the Eastern world with representatives in Roumania, Hungary, Poland, etc. The College itself has received The Templeton Prize for Progress in Religion and this year Michael Bourdeaux has been made a Canon of Rochester.

Michael has taken part in conferences on Human Rights, been invited to the opening of the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Vilnius, Lithuania and to re-meet Gorbachev on his visit to 10 Downing Street. But these attainments follow years of work in Russia and a unique blend of hard work and dedicated leadership in Keston College. No computer could measure the influence that Keston itself has had on the Russian awakening. Not only Michael Bourdeaux, but other authors and publicists have relied on the Keston research and library facilities for their books, as witness Dr. Buss's study of the terrible psychiatric hospitals in Russia. Gorbachev himself has admitted the help he has received from the Churches in defeating the lagging *perestroika* process and promised them in return a new law guaranteeing religious liberty. Some men formerly imprisoned in Lithuania are now, as free men, bringing the Christian message to criminals in prison, as Michael Bourdeaux reported after his visit to Lithuania.

The re-opened Churches in Russia now have a new and accepted status. My personal experience is limited to Czechoslovakia because I knew Masaryk and have long respected the memory of the great Comenius. I took a Parlia-

mentary Delegation there after the war, when Communism was in control in all but name. Democracy was fighting a losing battle. But even in this country President Havel is having difficulties, which no doubt he explained to President Bush on his recent and first visit to that country.

I mention one priest Father Maly, not only because he was a member of Charter 77, but also because he was reduced to working as a stoker. He now has a Church in Prague, after eleven years of underground ministry, not to mention secret beatings.

What do we know of all these events in other Eastern Countries, Bulgaria, Roumania and Yugoslavia? Keston College has been working in all of them. Although the Paris Conference produced some excellent resolutions about democracy and human rights and a more open market economy, it is obvious that something more will be necessary to heal the Gulf-Division between East and West.

Firstly the Soviet Union cannot change its nature in a few years and at this moment is politically nearer anarchy than one central Soviet Government. Gorbachev can issue decrees and new measures but if the shops are empty and people are starving Russia needs not only money and food but a brand new framework of law and modern management to satisfy the primal needs of the people. The most likely partner for Russia is clearly the United Germany. Anyway the West must not assume that the end of the Cold War will imply the birth of democracy.

Canon Bourdeaux mentions the word materialism only in his last chapter. Communists made a god of materialism for the Soviet people, but failed to deliver the materials. But the alternative philosophy must have moral and religious roots.

KENNETH LINDSAY

T. E. LAWRENCE REVISITED

The Golden Warrior: The Life and Legend of Lawrence of Arabia. Lawrence James. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £19.50.

It may seem odd that in the same year two biographies of the same man should appear. Earlier this year we had Jeremy Wilson's massive and 'authorised' biography which tipped the scales at 1,188 pages. This present book, at a mere 404 pages, is by comparison a light-weight. Whereas Wilson's was turgid and virtually indigestible, James's is smooth flowing, concentrated and well written. Whereas Jeremy Wilson took pages to reach the same conclusion as earlier books, Lawrence James challenges many accepted conclusions. Whereas Wilson's 'end matter' (notes and bibliography) are far more impressive in academic terms, James's are far more easily understood.

In the conclusions to these two rivals we best see their differences. After 935 pages Wilson decided to write no conclusion but to have, instead, an 'envoi' by Lawrence himself and three 'epitaphs' taken from Pliny, John Buchan and Charlotte Shaw. The reader rather feels as if he had funked the issue. For his part, Lawrence James ends his book by pointing out the ambiguity that still surrounds T.E.L.:

> *By contriving to make his life into a work of art, Lawrence had invited the attention of posterity. As a one-time student of medieval art he knew that his own life, like a painting or sculpture, would undergo unending examination and interpretation by future generations. To make certain of this attention, he offered them an abundance of ambiguities. There was, as he once remarked, 'no absolute'.*

Lowell Thomas is credited with saying that Lawrence 'backed into the limelight'. Having got there, he has never left it.

In many ways James's book is more a biographical study than a biography, as much concerned with the 'Lawrence Phenomenon' as with Lawrence the man. He divides his book into seven parts: the first four deal with the period from his birth in 1888 to the end of his involvement in the Middle East war in October 1918. The fifth part discusses 'The Legend of Lawrence of Arabia' while the sixth resumes the story of Lawrence's life from 1918 to his accidental death in 1935.

The seventh and final part is intriguingly entitled, 'The Bubble Reputation'. It is right and proper that the biographer of a self-made national folk hero should stand back to examine his subject and Mr. James suggests that the key to understanding Lawrence is his desire to be an artist. One wishes this section could have been longer than its three pages.

No where is this better seen than in the now famous story in the *Seven Pillars* about Lawrence's capture and homosexual rape at the hands of the Turks at Deraa. Other biographers have attacked the validity of Lawrence's account and it does have a *Boy's Own* flavour which strains credulity to the breaking-point. For example Lawrence wrote that in the midst of a severe flogging he was annoyed that the rhythm of the flaggellator was not in accord with the ticking of a clock. It is slightly clever in an undergraduate sort of way and in many ways T.E.L. never ceased being an Oxford undergraduate.

When Jeremy Wilson discussed this incident, which was crucial to T.E.L.'s life, he skimmed over it in three pages and left his defence of the incident's validity to the small print of an extended footnote. Mr. James argues that War Office Records show that the incident could not have taken place when Lawrence said it did, on 21-22 November 1917. He cites a Royal Field Artillery report that T.E.L. was with Colonel Joyce at the time and also uses other documents to show that the event could not have occurred.

Mr. James concentrates on this episode as an example of Lawrence's artistic temperament whereby the artist reveals himself, sometimes in order to shock, sometimes to entertain. One is reminded again of undergraduates, of Oscar Wilde's green carnation, of Lawrence's own statement that his most famous book was not meant to be seen as a *history* of the Arabian campaign and of his desire to be regarded as a serious writer, especially by other writers.

This book is a welcome addition to previous books on T. E. Lawrence because of its detachment and what we might call its indulgent objectivity.

JAMES MUNSON

A QUIET SINGULARITY

Paul Scott's Raj. Robin Moore. Heineman. £18.50.

It does appear that Professor Moore has written an unusual book, so quietly presented that its singularity is in danger of being missed. As a historian, he has approached a novelist who set his characters in real times and real (if disguised) places, and charted and evaluated Scott's historical accuracy. Scott was not what is generally meant by the term 'historical novelist' and this is discussed with reference to Scott's own abnegation of that rôle. After Professor Moore's new work, there is no space for complaints that Scott got it wrong, that he distorted or misunderstood daunting complexities of the rule of the Raj and its ending. To that extent, this study is an apologia, although it does not draw back from indicating an unfair emphasis, as, for instance, 'Scott does rather parody the ignorance of Labour politicians, failing to appreciate

that Attlee had been a member of the Statutory Commission of Inquiry that visited India in 1929 and 1930'. It is proved that Scott's 'obsession' with the Raj, its decline and its aftermath, which haunted him like a passion for a good ten years, was founded upon the most minute research in an often frustrating field. However willingly institutions such as the India Office Library helped him, he constantly sought out ordinary, 'inarticulate' people who could, say, particularise the way in which members of the ICS actually spent their working days.

It is not Professor Moore's brief to explore the psychological reasons for the evolution and the endurance of the obsession, but his study, although always that of a historian, does hold within it an extra dimension, a kind of fusing awareness of the novelists's metaphor as applied to the world which the novelist struggled to understand. In the end, Scott, in some ways a historian manqué, and he certainly became an authority on British India, scarcely knew whether he wanted to be valued as a historian or as a novelist. A complicated, porcupine character, deeply troubled, he surely knew his own worth as a serious, cerebral novelist, whose subtle, winding sentences designed to delineate intense degrees of self-searching and motivation are positively Jamesian. It was a blow to his confidence, however, that he found himself compared with Forster, always being held up against 'the greatest living novelist', in Scott's own words.

As a matter of fact, Scott won hands down on matters of accuracy; he would never have made the errors about Indian court procedure with which Forster irritated old members of the bureaucracy. In many ways, Paul Scott had the power to evoke a tone and a confused sequence of events more effectively than any non-fiction commentary. Professor Moore has checked the soundness of Scott's original research *and* tested his conclusions in writing by invoking other documentary evidence and the direct evidence of those who lived through it. It was no mean task, a strange project, to be sure, but it casts light.

MOLLY TIBBS

TRUNCHEONS AND TEST-TUBES

Murder Under the Microscope: The Story of Scotland Yard's Forensic Science Laboratory. Philip Paul. Macdonald. £12.95.

It began in a cupboard, and it was a humble constable, officially in charge of police pay-sheets, who introduced forensic science to Scotland Yard. His name was Cyril Cuthbert, and he was passionately interested in medico-legal work. At considerable personal sacrifice, he purchased, out of a shallow and scantily-lined pocket, expensive text-books by such authorities as Professor Sydney Smith, the great Edinburgh pathologist, and the chemist, Dr. Charles Ainsworth Mitchell, and spent half a week's wages on buying a secondhand microscope. Cuthbert kept his scientific apparatus in the section house. His inspector had given strict instructions that no official time or space was to be devoted to P.C. Cuthbert's hobby. However, as awareness of that 'hobby' spread, colleagues began to consult him. He scored some signal successes. All this came to the ear of the Commissioner, Lord Trenchard. He demanded to be shown the 'laboratory'. Hastily, Cuthbert's few items of equipment were put on display in a cupboard in the Yard's photographic department, and Cuthbert, in a white coat borrowed from a nearby hospital, conducted Trenchard on a tour of the cupboard! He was impressed, and, notwithstanding the opposition of a number of hidebound senior police-officers, the Metropolitan

Police Forensic Science Laboratory was established in 1935. Commented a contemporary newspaper: 'The policeman of tomorrow will lay aside his truncheon for the test-tube.' And that did not go down at all well with the old guard.

Mr. Paul's book is a very well put together monument to the MPFSL's success. It is an ambitious book, too, dealing not only with the foundation, development and ongoing contribution of the Laboratory to present-day society, but taking in also a great sweep of medico-legal history, from the time of Imhotep (*c.*3,000 BC). It presents useful summations of modern techniques. Individual specialities considered include the evolution of fingerprint identification methods — in 1976, after officers had spent a fortnight checking the entire print collection during the Black Panther murders, a national fingerprint computer, the Videofile, containing 2,500,000 prints, was installed — the investigative procedures applied to firearms (wrongly called 'ballistics'), serology, including DNA profiling, and the complexities of toxicology.

Most importantly, the book demonstrates these techniques *in action*. Mr. Paul has, wisely, excluded such celebrated affairs as those of Heath, Haigh, Hume and Christie, for the eminently sound reason that they are so well known, and that there is really nothing new to be said about them.

The twenty-eight chronicles of actual cases which are provided include a couple of relatively recent classics — Dennis Nilsen (1983) and Graham Young (1972), who died last August, aged forty-two, after a heart attack in Parkhurst, but generally they are concerned with less famous cases. This makes the book an invaluable source for the forensic detail of such modern mini-classics as the truly terrible crimes of 'Big H', Henry Jeremiah MacKenny, 'bit player' in a dreadful, literal sense (he kept the eye of one of his victims as a souvenir), Giuseppe Perusi, homosexual killer of the actor Peter Arne, and playful Mrs. Susan Barber, who baked a paraquat pie.

Mr. Paul has used his own microscope to excellent effect and brings the Laboratory and all its fascinating and highly valuable works — but not its latterday pomps — into instructive and entertaining focus.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry. (Oxford University Press, each volume £7.95, as a set £14.95.) This excellent anthology, chosen and edited by the distinguished writer and poet John Wain, contains 980 poems by 205 poets. The work was first published in hard back in 1986 in three volumes, entitled *The Oxford Library of English Poetry*. It is now published in paperback in two volumes.

The first covers Spenser to Crabbe. The second volume brings the anthology up to date, including Blake to Heaney. The object of the anthology is 'to provide a representative sample of the main course of English poetry during the last four centuries'. It does not include purely American poems. Furthermore these volumes do not, and cannot, essay to include all great poetry, although there is much such poetry included.

The Lion and the Throne. (Little, Brown & Co. $12.95.) It is good to have available in Britain this acclaimed study of the life and times of Sir Edward Coke, the great judge and promoter of civil liberties in the early years of the seventeenth century. The author, Catherine Drinker Brown, was awarded the National Book Award. This volume is for everyone concerned with the history of our democracy.

Contemporary Review

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Incorporating The Fortnightly

February 1991 Vol. 258 No. 1501 Founded 1866

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© 1991. Published monthly by the Contemporary Review Co Ltd., 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG, England, and printed in England by Mandeville Press, 136 Southsea Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 2BJ. U.S. Mailing Agent: Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 2323 Randolph Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Second Class postage paid at Rahway N.J. Annual subscription (including postage); U.K. £26.00, U.S.A. and Canada $120.00. Rates for all other countries on application. Copies can be sent by airmail outside U.S. and Canada: extra costs given on request. U.S. Postmaster: please send all address corrections to 'Contemporary Review', c/o Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 10B Englehard Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Contemporary Review.
(ISSN/0010/7565)

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 **Incorporating The Fortnightly**

February 1991 **Vol. 258** **No. 1501**

DIVIDED NICOSIA: EUROPE'S OTHER WALL

by Jan Knippers Black

ELSEWHERE walls were tumbling down. In Berlin, entrepreneurs were fighting tourists for the last chunks of that barrier that once seemed so ominous and so permanent. Even in Korea the partition appeared increasingly permeable. But the Attila Line, more popularly known as the green line, that cuts across the centre of Nicosia's old walled city and extends from there across the country, dividing Greek and Turkish Cypriot communities, was being fortified. On an island where there is no weather — only climate — where the sun smiles relentlessly on orchards, vineyards, and beaches, where every pub seems to have its own Hellenic tomb or Roman bath and tourists outnumber locals two to one, and where the spirits of Aphrodite and Dionysos continue their long reign, it is surprising to find that anger and bitterness lie so close to the surface.

The fragile détente began to deteriorate earlier in the year, when Greek Cypriot students trying to tear down Turkish flags across the green line were arrested and imprisoned. Since then only diplomats have been permitted routine crossing. But the real issue inflaming new tensions has been Cyprus's application, in July, for membership of the European Community, and the Turkish counter-measures. Since Greece has been admitted to the EC while the Turkish bid has been rejected, Greek and Turkish Cypriots alike have assumed that EC membership for Cyprus would lead to a resolution to the impasse favourable to the Greek majority. Thus, in reaction to the application, Turkish Cypriot leaders threatened to begin resettlement of Varosha, the modern sector of Famagusta, which was overwhelmingly ethnically Greek while the old centre-city was Turkish.

Greek Cypriots fled Varosha in 1974, when Turkish forces occupied the northern third (actually 37 per cent) of the island. The once bustling port and centre of tourism has since remained a ghost town and a symbol of unresolved crisis and political failure. It was reported shortly after the application was placed with the EC that telephone lines in Varosha were to be reconnected, that municipal authority now limited to the Old Town, or Turkish quarter, of Famagusta was to be extended to the New, and that control of the ghost town, now under Turkish Army occupation, was to be assumed by Turkish Cypriot security forces.

The government of Cyprus lost no time in calling these measures intended to modify the status of Famagusta to the attention of the United Nations.

The UN Security Council, in emergency meeting on July 19, passed a resolution reaffirming its resolution No. 550 of 1984 and calling attention to paragraph 5, which says, 'The Security Council considers attempts to settle any part of Varosha inadmissible and calls for the transfer of this area to UN administration.' Cyprus's permanent representative to the UN, Mr. A. Mavrommatis, was particularly pleased that the United States, which had abstained from voting when the original resolution was passed in 1984, joined on this occasion in the unanimous statement of the Council.

The climax of a long hot summer of escalating tensions was the commemoration on July 20th, on both sides of the green line, of the sixteenth anniversary of what Greeks and Greek Cypriots refer to as the Turkish invasion and what Turks and Turkish Cypriots call the 'peace operation'. South of the line, exhibits featuring towns and villages abandoned in the North appeared in parks and plazas throughout the country. A week of meetings, rallies, and religious services honouring the several thousand dead and missing culminated in a massive rally on July 20th in Nicosia's Eleftheria (Freedom) Square, addressed by President Vassiliou and by the head of a Greek parliamentary delegation.

Vassiliou drew encouragement from the UN Security Council resolution as well as from the European Community's Dublin declaration linking EC-Turkey relations with a settlement in Cyprus and from the inclusion of the situation in Cyprus among the regional disputes discussed by US President Bush and Soviet leader Gorbachev. Nevertheless, the tone of the commemorative rally was a solemn one.

On the North side of the line, by contrast, rallies marking the occasion had a celebratory tone. Canadian troops of the UN peacekeeping force maintaining a 'no man's land' along the wall told this writer that events preparatory to the major rally had included parachute drops, a violation of cease-fire rules which they had reported but to which they had no more direct response. In his major address, President Rauf Denktash of the 'Turkish Republic of North Cyprus' (recognized only by Turkey) avoided mention of the UN Security Council resolution. He insisted that his constituents were not opposed in principle to federation or confederation, but that any new agreement would require Turkish guarantees of the security of the Turkish Cypriot minority (a requirement generally interpreted by Greek Cypriots as an invitation to further Turkish military interyention). On the issue of the missing — the 1,619 — Greek Cypriots known to have been in Turkish custody after the end of hostilities in 1974 raised so persistently and urgently South of the line, Denktash said that Greek Cypriots had yet to account for those of their own number who were killed during the coup and its aftermath and buried in mass graves.

The coup of 1974, promoted by the military junta then governing Greece, toppled the government of Archbishop Makarios, who had ruled since the British withdrew and recognized an independent Cyprus in 1960. That the British held on as long as they did, against five years of continuous armed resistance, has been attributed in part to the strategic value that has cursed the island for several thousand years and, in particular, the Episkopi

Garrison, where the homes of British generals command the same magnificent coastal view once enjoyed by Roman generals. But the issue of decolonization was further complicated by the fact that the resistance was fighting not for independence but for 'enosis', or union, with Greece, a development certain to be provocative to Turkey.

The story is told in diplomatic circles that, as Great Britain contemplated withdrawal, Prime Minister Churchill asked of an aide, 'Tell me, is this Archbishop Makarios truly a humble and holy man of God, or is he an unscrupulous and opportunistic politician?' The aide responded, 'I'm afraid, Sir, that he is the latter.' 'Good,' Churchill replied, 'then he's our man!'

The role that fell to Makarios was that of 'selling out' his colleagues who had been fighting for 'enosis' and opting for independence instead. It was a role that made him a much revered father of his country; and, at least to Greek Cypriots, independence has come to be seen as a sacred right. A formula for protecting the rights of Turkish Cypriots, some 18 per cent of a population of about 600,000, was carefully worked out and incorporated into the constitution, but it was not long adhered to; after 1963 it was honoured mostly in the breach.

The Greek junta's Cypriot allies, who displaced Makarios in 1974, were the leaders of the EOKA B terrorist organization, whose objective continued to be 'enosis'. They were feared by Greek and Turkish Cypriots alike, and some observers are convinced that as many Cypriots were killed by the EOKA B gunmen during the post-coup purges as by the subsequently invading Turks. As EOKA leader Nikos Sampson, who assumed the presidency, was noted to be fiercely anti-Turk, the Turkish invasion was hardly surprising; the surprise was that the Greek Cypriot National Guard mounted such an effective resistance. In the end, however, after a thrust that came in two stages, the Turks had occupied 37 per cent of the country, from just south of Famagusta in the East to the Bay of Morphou in the West; and some 4,000 to 6,000 Cypriots, mostly ethnic Greeks, had been killed.

About 180,000 Greek Cypriots fled to the South, while 100,000 Turkish Cypriots regrouped in the North. That situation, utterly intolerable to at least half the population, has prevailed ever since, with a fragile cease-fire maintained by fresh-faced and homesick UN troops. Negotiations have taken place intermittently, but in the summer of 1990 they were stalemated, despite the persistent efforts of UN Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar to renew them.

Greek Cypriots attribute the stalemate to Turkish intransigence, which they see as bulwarked by US and British support for the Turkish stance. US diplomats concede that mindfulness of US strategic interests in Turkey affects the US position on the issue, but they see the stalemate largely as a product of an accumulation of interests and grievances by leaders on both sides with too much invested and too much to lose in a compromise settlement.

The best hope for resolution in the short term may lie in a deal permitting

simultaneous Cypriot and Turkish entry into the European Community, although Turkey's prospects are clouded by matters other than the occupation, including its human rights record. Moreover, a genuine reintegration of the island's two communities would require a new formula for power distribution that would reliably secure minority rights without allocating to the minority a general veto over policy.

Neither the Greek nor the Turkish community in Cyprus has been well served by its supposed benefactors in the exterior. The initiative of the Greek junta in 1974 was disastrous for Greek and Turkish Cypriots alike. As both Greece and Turkey were US client states, the United States should have been able to prevent such a disaster, or at the very least to play an effective peacemaking role in the aftermath. But the Greek military in the early 1970s may have been lulled by US Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's obvious affinity with the Greek junta and his annoyance with what he saw as an independent streak in Makarios into over-rating the prospects of US support and under-rating the risk of Turkish intervention. And US efforts after the invasion to bring an end to Turkish occupation have been feeble at best.

Nor have Turkish Cypriots necessarily benefited from Turkish military occupation. The economy of the northern zone has been essentially stagnant while that of the South has boomed. Such stagnation has made the resettlement of thousands of mainland Turks in the area and the less than impartial allocation of resources (including those seized from or abandoned by Greek Cypriots) even more irritating to Turkish Cypriots. Surely Cypriots of the two communities could do a better job of sorting out their own affairs if allies and adversaries could be persuaded to back off. This would appear to be one case, however, in which the post-Cold War prospects for disinterested diplomacy, exercised through such organizations as the United Nations and the European Community, might well be realised. Otherwise, resolution might have to await the coming of age of a new generation of leaders or, at least, the appearance of a new Makarios.

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A BETTER UN

by Leo Muray

THE end of the East-West confrontation and the conflict with Iraq has turned the UN from a propaganda stage where battles against traditional enemies like Israel are staged into an instrument of power politics that have led to new legal and technical conceptions of considerable importance. The Security Council resolution entitling Council members to employ 'all necessary means' to remove Iraq from Kuwait can be seen as the first instance when military force is used without such action having to be regarded as officially declared war. Of course, Iran and Iraq fought an eight year war that was never officially declared and Iraq is the only Arab country that did not even sign a 'Cease-Fire' when the first war against Israel ended in 1949. So there are interesting precedents.

Yet far too little attention has been paid to the actual functioning of the UN and to ideas about improving it. Now two veteran US officials have forcefully remedied this omission in the pamphlet, *Tomorrow's United Nations*, funded by the Ford and Dag Hammarskjoeld Foundation. They are Sir Brian Urquart who held a key Secretarial post right from the start of the UN and Mr. Erskine Childers of the famous Irish family. They also absorbed the comments of 66 prominent public figures like Lord Callaghan and Sadruddin Aga Khan.

In essence, the authors want the UN to become a far more active international body that could deal effectively with environmental and socio-economic issues vital for the well-being of mankind, and not only with political and power issues.

The UN must therefore be reformed. It is, rightly, described as the UN System. The authors concentrate on the office and appointment of the key man, the Secretary-General. It is a brisk and embarrassingly frank analysis of the functions and selection of this key figure. The absence of proper procedure for his appointment is brought out. There are no rules except that the five permanent members of the Security Council have the right to veto, blackball, a candidate and that the General Assembly should agree to the 'appointment' for it does not elect him, or her. The nomination could come from anybody but no national of the five permanent members should be proposed. No curriculum vitae is required as the case of Dr. Waldheim, the controversial Austrian predecessor of Mr. Pérez de Cuéllar showed.

The Secretary General is appointed for five years but there is the tradition that he can go on for another five year term. The authors argue forcefully that in future there should be a non-renewable seven year term so as to protect the holder from the pressures he naturally has to face when asking for a second five year term. It takes two years for the new holder to settle in, grasp the requirements of the job. The authors put up a convincing case for the Secretary-General setting up a formally established Cabinet of Deputies who deal with the growing number of international problems.

To support their argument they quote the present Secretary-General's 'Perspectives for the 1990s' where he states the common purpose of the UN agenda must be 'to forge from varied, sometimes contradictory, economic, social and political conditions, a global environment of sustained development, social justice and peace'. The UN Cabinet should make concrete proposals to member governments on such issues as they emerge. To try to deal effectively with environmental problems is regarded as vital. Governments should send experts and not only diplomats to the UN and the Parliaments of members' countries should be involved. The authors do not mention that a majority of member countries do not have democratically elected Parliaments.

At present the selection of the Secretary-General is seen as haphazard and unpredictable to the last minute, the climax of campaigning. Therefore a 'Search Group' should be set up with a balanced membership of countries that should start well ahead of the end of the seven year period to look for a suitable candidate and interview him or her. The present individual campaigning for the post should be stopped. Regional membership groups should be consulted to 'avoid a desperate last-minute search for a compromise candidate'. The present holder is a Latin American and of his four predecessors one was Austrian, one Burmese and two Scandinavian, Trygve Lie of Norway the first, and Dag Hammarskjoeld, the famous Swede, mysteriously killed in a plane crash in Africa. It is expected that the next Secretary-General will be from Africa. But nobody can tell whether he will be from North or South of the Sahara.

The authors see the tasks of the Secretary-General ever widening in the economic, environmental and social fields. The reformed 'UN System' is to find the best ways to deal with the arising issues of 'global interdependence linked with a reliable system of international security'. The prospect of North-South conflict now emerging and harder to settle than the Cold War worries them. The Secretary-General and his future 'Cabinet' should be given sufficient authority to present international programmes to public and private sectors and not only to governments. One gets the feeling that the performance of the Brussels Commission of the EC is somehow seen as an inspiring example.

The authors also deal with the 30 or so agencies set up by the UN or linked with it. The UN employs a staff of 55,000. These bodies range from the powerful International Monetary Fund, the World Bank and GATT, the body of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, to UNICEF and WIPO, the World Intellectual Property Organization. They are differently organized. The Secretary-General appoints the heads of nine, the rest being appointed by member states or Boards of Governors. Most appointments are renewable, unlimitedly. Only five have to submit a curriculum vitae before appointment, but 15 are being screened, among them the Director-General of GATT, at present a Swiss although Switzerland is not a UN member. The nationalities of the executive heads of all agencies, right from the start in 1946, are given. Western Europeans held 45% and North Americans 34% of the posts 1946-1970 and 37% and 25% respec-

tively 1970-1990. The Arab States increased theirs from 3% to 11%. The head of the World Bank has always been an American. The last British head of an organization was Mr. David A. Davies, 1955-1980, of the World Meteorological Organization. Two agencies are now headed by women: the UN Population Fund by Ms. Sadik of Pakistan and the controversial UN Refugee Fund by the recently appointed Ms. Otaka of Japan.

The authors see the Secretary-General, his Director-General for Development and International Economic Co-operation and the executive heads of the specialised agencies and major UN Funds as the 'Senior Echelon' of the UN. They therefore suggest a unified procedure for the selection and appointment of these officials with proper Selection Boards. They give carefully worded hints of wheeling and dealing in appointments by all member countries.

The authors call their memorandum *A World in Need of Leadership* and their proposals, based on experience, make sense. It is a genuine attempt to give the UN a sense of purpose beyond the manoeuvring for and against actions affecting members. There may be a positive, though necessarily somewhat erratic, response to this appeal because the overall situation has changed. The East-West confrontation has gone, for the moment at least. This means that the so-called Third World members, who are, as the authors point out, the automatic majority, are not able, any longer, to trade their support for concessions by Permanent Members, who led East and West. The Gulf conflict continues to show that. They are more on their own now. The regional groups, like the Arabs, the Latin Americans, the sub-Sahara Africans — and the EEC, remain alongside the troubled and weakened super-powers. This means, and the authors' study implies this although it was done before the Gulf Conflict, that there is likely to be real interest in the reform of the UN set out in this rewarding study. In the present situation the UN is needed as an effective authority for the first time since the Korean War so long ago.

The document discussed here has been issued by the Ford Foundation and the Dag Hammarskjoeld Foundation, Uppsala, Sweden, 1990. It is entitled *A World in Need of Leadership: Tomorrow's United Nations*, by Brian Urquhart and Erskine Childers.

DR. WALDHEIM'S IMPERIAL AUSTRIA

by James Munson

KURT Waldheim's recent foray into international diplomacy, when he went to Iraq to ask for the release of hostages and to attempt a negotiated settlement of the Gulf crisis, brought Austria briefly onto the world's stage. But what of the country he left behind? One's first impression on visiting Dr. Waldheim's Austria is of a country remarkably at peace with itself. Like most first impressions, however, this is misleading or at best, only partially true. Austria reminds one of England some thirty years ago before the era of the micro-chip, the hamburger and the PR Man. Austria, including Vienna, is a remarkably quiet country as England, without London, used to be. The streets and parks are clean and the public buildings, of which the country inherited so many from the Hapsburg Empire, are being given the attention they deserve. There is little if any graffiti which so disgraces our own country although, sadly, what little there is, is in English, the international language of hooliganism. The cleanliness is, I suppose, not surprising as the population is only about 7.5 million and is spread over 32,366 square miles. This means that there is only one Austrian for every 4,314 square miles. In England and Wales the ratio is roughly one person for every one-hundredth of a square mile. Vienna's population, not much over one and a half million, is well under a fourth of London's.

The clean and quiet atmosphere, however, cannot hide the fact that the Republic has been upset recently by a series of scandals. The owner of Demmel's, Vienna's famous pastry shop, has been involved in gun-running and there have been controversies over the administration of the capital's famous *Burgtheater*. There have also been numerous scandals about the civil service which is no small matter in a country in which the government employs so many of its citizens. Of the scandals the only one to interest us was the one largely started from outside Austria concerning allegations about Dr. Waldheim's war record. To many Austrians this was a 'got up' exercise by what they term 'cosmopolitan forces' outside the country, that is, the Zionist lobby anxious to retain influence on world events as the memories of the Second World War recede. (Similar complaints have been made, in private, about the War Crimes Bill in the UK).

Behind this, however, lies the question of Austria's involvement with Nazism, a fact of history most Austrians would rather leave alone. This was stressed in an important exhibition in Vienna to mark the fiftieth anniversary of Hitler's Anschluss or takeover. The posters advertising this, with their stark photographs of the Nazi extermination camps, insist that it must 'never happen again'. For the historian, one interesting by-product of all this is the growth of a sentimental longing among a wide variety of people for a return of the *guten alten tage* of the Empire. This ranges from the cafe owner with his snapshot album about Otto von Habsburg, MEP, the head of the imperial family, to the intellectuals who know the high

quality of public service under the Empire. It is seen in the postcards featuring the old, imperial anthem: besides German the cards show the hymn in all the languages of the old Empire: Italian, Hungarian, Serbo-Croat, Czech and, most striking of all, Hebrew. This was an empire, which makes more sense to an Englishman if described as a land-based Commonwealth, in which, unlike the Commonwealth, potentially rival races were allowed to live in peace. There were no Biafras or Idi Amins under the Hapsburgs. There were no concentration camps.

In a curious sense which the observant visitor cannot fail to note, Austria remains a Monarchy. Just as in Poland the Blessed Virgin Mary was proclaimed the country's Queen, so Franz Joseph is Austria's eternal Kaiser. There is little organised, coherent political desire for a restoration of the Hapsburg Monarchy despite the scandals alleged against Waldheim and the undoubted intelligence and European standing of Dr. Otto von Habsburg. Yet in almost every shop one finds postcards not of Dr. Waldheim but of Franz Joseph. In bookshops there are books by Otto von Habsburg and about him in addition to books about his mother, Austria's last Empress, Zita of Bourbon Parma. The postcards read, simply, 'Zita, Kaiserin von Osterreich'. These became popular when she revisited Austria a few years ago for the first time since she and her husband, the last Emperor, were driven into exile at the end of the First World War. They came to a head at her magnificent funeral in 1989. On that one day the clock was turned back to the last imperial funeral, that of Franz Joseph in 1916, and the ancient court ceremonies were revived. History stood still on that rain swept Saturday as the awesome black *Habsburger Totenwagen*, drawn by six enormous black horses, thundered through Vienna's ancient streets towards the Capuchin church. There her tiny coffin, draped in the imperial banner, rests, a place of pilgrimage for hundreds of Viennese. As the papers said, *Wien ist noch einmal eine Kaiserstadt*. Vienna was once again an imperial city.

Even more striking one finds buildings obviously erected since 1918 (when the last ruling Emperor, Karl, withdrew from government and left Austria) with carved stone coats of arms. But the arms are not of the Republic but of the Empire! In Salzburg the old, imperial flag flies from one of the city's leading hotels. But, as an acute observer of Austrian life who works in the Staatsarchiv in Vienna told me, it is sentiment, not politics. The funeral was not a state funeral. It was a people's funeral and it was paid for by the family and the church. The bulk of those in the non-ecclesiastical part of the procession were average people from the various *Ländern* of Austria, all in their magnificent local costumes. Yet, and here is the irony, President Waldheim attended the funeral and was present as Haydn's magnificent imperial anthem rang through St. Stephen's Cathedral. The Republic looked on benignly because the interment to a degree symbolised its own stability: unorganised sentiment is no threat and it was the past that was buried, not the Republic.

Austria is one of those fortunate countries that retain a popular culture. This is rather more difficult to define than to describe. Because the popu-

lation remains Austrian by race and inheritance there is what one might call a consensus which 'multi racial' societies have lost or thrown away. It is more than this because, like any other country, Austria's population is divided into classes with intellectuals at one extreme and farm workers at the other. Yet unlike other countries, especially England, there is a shared culture which transcends classes, regions and levels of education. This Austrian culture is not the sequestered holding of the intelligentsia or something served up for the tourists but remains a national legacy shared by a wide variety of people. One sees this at events like a free performance of the Viennese operetta *Der Voglhändler* which was being put on in Vienna's Karlsplatz one afternoon: here was the people's culture being enjoyed by the people for whom it was written.

Again, in a small Alpine farming village outside Salzburg a wedding party was taking place one Saturday night. People were driving up in their cars and were obviously well-to-do farmers: it is, I suppose, good to know that farmers can do well outside the Common Market. As they got out they were wearing traditional Austrian dress: the men's suits decorated according to their particular *Land* and the women in their smartest *Dirndeln*. They were not dressed for any group of gaping tourists but for themselves. From inside the inn one could hear a band playing: it was not the familiar thud of a jungle beat but traditional Austrian music, however recently the lyrics might have been composed. Here were a people enjoying their culture, in dress, music, speech and food, the same culture enjoyed by their great-grandparents and the same to be enjoyed by their great-grandchildren. It is this continuing culture that brings home the great sadness of Austrian life: that this country's political and cultural structures are not linked with the past but severed. I once told an Austrian friend that *Ohne die Habsburger hat Österreich keine Geschichte*. (Without the Hapsburgs Austria has no history.) His wife took offence but he saw what I meant: Austria as we know her today was not so much a country as a province which inspired an Empire. It was the Hapsburgs who knit that Empire together and much of the post-1918 tragedy of Europe is due to the destruction of that Empire by Welsh solicitors and American college professors sitting in Versailles. It is a Hapsburg restoration, tailored to modern Austrian needs, that would give Austria a living history and a political culture that adequately reflects her importance in European history. Without it there remain, as it were, two Austrias: one political, and one cultural.

Another aspect of Austrian life where superficial appearances do not adequately represent national reality is religion. The country's churches, abbeys and cathedrals are well cared for and filled on Sunday. In Vienna there are always large crowds anxious to get seats in the *Franziskaner Kirche* or the *Augustiner Kirche* and they come not just for the beautifully sung Haydn or Mozart Masses but for a chance to worship in traditional ways. There are many young people at these Masses and they know their Latin responses by heart. One sees evidence of a vibrant Christian culture even on a giant grain elevator which boasted an inscription in large red letters beginning *Gottes Kraft* . . . One cannot imagine a similar structure in

modern England with a sign beginning 'God's strength'. Nor for that matter can one imagine railway conductors greeting passengers with the traditional words, *Grüss Gott* — roughly translated 'God's greeting'. Our equivalent is 'Tickets please'. The Christian religion remains part and parcel of the average Austrian's daily existence.

Indeed, it is this social side of religion that impresses one: the church is still part of people's experience as it was here, say, fifty years ago. One does not sense the encroachment of a pagan society as one does in England. Unlike many Latin Catholic countries, Austrian Catholicism obviously has created a degree of 'internalised' Christianity which one has traditionally been led to associate with Protestant countries. One sees signs of this everywhere, from urban transport systems to the means for buying newspapers. One pops in one's six *Schillings* and takes a copy of that day's paper out of a plastic bag: such methods are now only history in England. When walking through a parish churchyard in the centre of Salzburg one still sees not only flowers but lighted candles left by family and friends of the departed. None was damaged.

Again, however, there is another side. Religious attendances are not what they once were and, although they far exceed England's five per cent, they are steadily decreasing as is the number of priests: only about thirty per cent of the population regularly attend Sunday Mass. The number of baptisms, however, remains high and it is still the norm to have one's child baptised. Nonetheless one must also note the growth of pornography (legalised some two years ago). This is sold mainly in Vienna and, as are most newspapers and magazines, mainly by Turks who hawk their wares on the pavement and in the underground. As the *Europäischen Bürgerinitiativen zum Schutze des Lebens und der Menschenwürde* pointed out in leaflets distributed before the Pope's visit, *Seit 2 Jahrzehnten schwebt die Pornoflut über unser Vaterland* — 'for two years the pornographic flood has swept over our country'. The number of abortions has also continued to rise and the same body points out that each year *100,000 ungeborene Kinder ermordet werden* — 'each year 100,000 unborn children are murdered'. The Guertel Ring in Vienna still has its selection of female prostitutes addressing any well dressed man as 'Herr Baron'.

For centuries Austria has acted as the border and the buffer between East and West. Thoughtful Austrians wonder if the collapse of the Soviet empire will once again give their country some international role. With its excellent banking system and well organised economy, Austria may be posed to play a vital role in the regeneration of those very eastern countries which once prospered under Habsburg rule. Influential voices in conservative circles want to see Austria join the EEC knowing that it is ludicrous for Turkey to be considered part of 'Europe' while Austria, which preserved Christian civilisation against the Turks, is not. One senses a widespread and growing desire, for example, among conservative forces like the Pan-European Union, for Austria to join. The time may well be coming when this small republic will choose between being isolated, like its President in his corner of a once great palace, or resuming its role as a bridge

between East and West. For the role of peace-maker and bridge-builder they are equipped by geography, inheritance and history.

One's abiding memory of Austria and the Austrian character, however, is not of the Guertel but of a Viennese restaurant on a Saturday evening. In a courtyard framed by pleasant but undistinguished buildings a restaurant has set up its tables under the trees. Only about a quarter of the tables are occupied by diners including families with children. There appears a group of American students, some of whom are drunk as only Anglo-Saxons can get drunk. Like English football hooligans, they are loud, vulgar and repulsive to all but themselves. A waiter appears and, bowing slightly, he utters what must be a frequently used phrase: 'It is not customary in Austria to be so loud'.

Forthcoming articles in the *Contemporary Review* include *The Commonwealth, the Baghdad Pact and the South East Asia Treaty* by Sarah Newman, *A Great German Novel* by H. P. Rickman and *The Greek War of 1940-41* by Eric Glasgow.

THE RETURN OF THE UK MANUFACTURING SECTOR: FACT OR FANTASY?

by Mark Cook

AT least with the Gulf crisis and Britain's entry into the ERM the problems with the UK trade deficit which have so long been front page news have taken a back seat. The deficit in September of £845mn. was being hailed as a 'major' success, but the accumulative deficit for 1990 is expected to be around £16bn. The aggregate figures for September, however, also showed some disarming trends. In volume terms exports actually fell. The reason why exports increased in value was primarily due to the high price of sterling which may prove to be a problem in the forthcoming months as we begin to price ourselves out of export markets. Furthermore, there was a clear indication of the slow down in UK industry indicated by the noticeable drop in both imports and exports of capital goods over the past quarter.

In the previous decade exports of non-oil goods increased at 3.7% per year in volume, slightly less than the 4.1% growth of world exports, whilst imports rose by 6.4% a year, nearly twice as great as the international norm. A more disturbing feature for the UK was that the volume of service exports, a sector which historically could be relied upon to offset the trade imbalance, rose by only 1.2% a year during the 1980s whilst the volume of service imports rose by 3.9% a year.

Therefore, what evidence is there to suggest that the UK's trade deficit in the nineties is a problem of the past? To answer this question requires us to reflect upon some of the historic factors that have led us to our current trading position. Part of the explanation for the trade deficit lies, as some commentators would have it, in the poor performance of the UK manufacturing sector. In 1980, the UK possessed a £6bn surplus in manufactures. By 1985 this had moved into a deficit for the first time and by 1988 had grown to a £14bn deficit. Of the particular sectors of the UK economy, consumer goods have for a long period been in deficit, as have food and beverages. Manufactured consumer goods have been particularly hard hit recording a deficit of over £11bn per year since 1988, of which £5bn is accounted for by cars. The changes in consumer credit that have occurred over the last decade have only exacerbated the problem, not been the root cause of the deficit in manufactured consumer goods, since in this sector the UK has not possessed a comparative advantage for some years. A major weakness, however, has been in the areas of semi-manufactured goods and intermediate manufactured goods. These goods have moved from a surplus of 2% of GDP in 1980 to a deficit of 2.2% in 1988. This problem, partly due to the strength of the pound in 1980/81, now means that the UK lacks the capacity to supply its own industrial demand.

The decline in manufacturing is not a singularly British phenomenon but one that has been occurring in most developed economies over the last 30 years. It may be slightly greater in the UK but this cannot explain

the demise in manufacturing. This is indicated in the following table.

TABLE I: SHARE OF MANUFACTURING IN GDP

	1960	1970	1975	1980	1986
USA	28.6	25.7	23.4	22.5	19.9
JAPAN	33.9	35.9	29.9	30.4	29.3
FRANCE	29.1	28.7	27.4	26.3	22.2
WEST GERMANY	40.3	38.4	34.5	33.0	33.1
ITALY	28.5	26.9	29.7	30.5	23.4
UK	32.1	28.1	26.3	23.1	21.8

Source: National Accounts of OECD countries (1988 Ed.)

As a share of GDP, manufacturing output in the UK had shrunk to around 20% by the late 1980s, though almost equally the same sort of decline had occurred within other developed nations. The decline in output is not necessarily an indication of an ailing manufacturing sector since part of the observed decline will be due to the fall in the price of manufactures relative to the price of goods and services generally. Nevertheless the UK has experienced a general fall in its percentage of world manufacturing trade, a characteristic not shown by other major trading nations. As a particular example of this fact let us take the car industry. In 1982 motor vehicles alone accounted for 44% of the £5bn deficit in manufacturing. Compare this fact with 1950. Here the UK had nearly 50% of West European car production, although by the late 1970s this had dwindled to less than 10% of the market. Between 1955 and 1986, car output in Western Europe rose by 375% but over the same period the growth in UK car production was 15%. Since 1986 UK car output has increased by over 30%, but this has been from a lower base, furthermore the UK's main competitors in the car industry have not been standing still.

Carr (1989)[1] suggests that the decline is due to three major weaknesses, which are applicable to the wider sector of manufacturing. These are; an inadequate level of investment and technological development, inadequate attention to basic operational matters and an inadequate response to internationalism. The role of multinational corporations (MNCs) on the host and home economy should also not be forgotten. A report from the Trade and Industry Committee in 1984 concluded that the policies of MNCs to concentrate their EC investment outside the UK had not only directly contributed to the growing trade deficit, but had significantly weakened the UK components industry. In the general sense two inter-linked factors are said to be the main cause of the rapid decline in the UK's manufacturing sector during the 1980s, the high value of the pound in 1980 and 1981 and the development of the surplus on the oil account which led to foreign investors having a great deal of confidence in the UK. These factors therefore led to their purchasing sterling and keeping its price high. Perhaps there is some truth in the idea that the current account deficit is partly explicable by the importation of new capital as the UK industrial sector re-tools itself for future competition. The data shows this not to be the case — capital goods imports account for less than 10% of the trade deficit.

A further argument suggested with regard to the UK is that the growth in productivity said to have been recorded by this segment of the market,

and, the 'enterprise culture' engendered by the Conservative administration, will in the long term lead to the regeneration of the UK manufacturing sector. A cynic might ask the question, 'How long is the long term?' Two, five, twenty years, and if so, what happens to the UK manufacturing sector in the short term? Cairncross[8] also casts some doubt as to whether UK production has grown more than its major competitors. He suggests that it is true only if a particular span of years is selected. These years reflect a falling-off in other countries' productivity below their long term trend, not an improvement in British economic performance. In other words in spite of all the testimony from businessmen as to greater flexibility in labour attitudes and practices and the widespread shedding of surplus man-power, industrial productivity in Britain has been improving at a rate no higher than in the 1960s.

It seems odd that if we have become a nation with a productivity rate out-stripping its major competitors that we continue to import an even greater amount than we export. Perhaps the explanation lies in the fact that if you close all your most inefficient workplaces, or leave it to market forces to take their course, then the productivity rate which is now made up from your most efficient plants will rise — the so-called 'playing your best batsmen argument'. In other words the supply-side features that have been introduced by the Conservatives have barely scratched the surface of Britain's underlying problems. These used to be placed at the door of the trade unions with their rigid working practices, then the fault was shifted to management with the argument that it had tended to distance itself from the workforce leading to low levels of motivation. The way jobs were designed in our specialist society was also blamed since it demotivated the workforce to be continually undertaking repetitive tasks without seeing the finished product. But perhaps the explanation lies with a society which is indifferent towards industry and manufacturing. This latter argument is the conclusion reached by Cairncross who suggests, 'The British . . . opted for slower growth' [in the period before 1975] 'They continued to indulge in long-established restrictive practices and habits of confrontation, feeling no need for change'. Also he notes '. . . Unless there are more fundamental changes than have yet occurred, for example in labour training and in labour relations, Britain is unlikely to show to advantage'. Even if one argues that productivity has increased for British industry, it has done so from a relatively lower base than that of our competitors.

The slower productivity growth experienced by the UK can offer advantages. During previous decades, the UK tended to have an economic growth rate around two-thirds of the major industrial countries' average which held import growth down in line with export growth. If they have slowed down to the same economic growth rate as the UK, British export growth will have been reduced falling behind import growth. The short term solution appears to be to reduce UK domestic demand so that import growth again falls in line with export growth. This poses an interesting problem in the current economic climate since if the oil price hike causes a slow down in world growth rates then the UK will have to grow even

more slowly to balance its trade.

An alternative suggestion is that the current account deficit is needed at the present time to act as a safety valve, due to the pressures that have built up in the UK economy as it has grown faster than the rates experienced by our major trading nations. The growth of domestic demand, fuelled by the Lawson tax cuts in the late 1980s, has outpaced the ability of the UK economy to provide all the goods demanded by domestic consumers. The gap has been met by increased imports and without these the main impact would have been seen in terms of inflation.

A further difficulty for the current administration is that of skill shortages in certain sectors of the UK economy. These shortages could have prevented the UK economy from taking advantage of its improved competitiveness. Additionally, with many areas of the South East still registering full employment then a number of sectors of the UK infrastructure are running at full capacity. It is no wonder that with a relatively low manufacturing base runing at full, or close to full, employment that we are importing our excess demand from abroad.

This also poses a problem for the UK industrialists who suggest that entering the ERM will help British industry by enabling them to obtain long term trading contracts, since the uncertainty of a flexible exchange rate has been removed. But if the UK economy is running at close to full capacity in some sectors then in the short run the increase in export orders, if they come, can only be satisfied by expenditure switching from the home market, and now where will the UK consumer get their goods — from abroad perhaps?

There is one way in which the manufacturing deficit could be helped, however, even in the short term, and that is by increasing the level of unemployment in the UK. There is some degree of correlation between the decline in the level of unemployment and the growth in the UK trade deficit. Perhaps it is too obvious to argue along the following lines — 'let the current wage round take settlements above the inflation rate, British industry will now become even less competitive, but whereas in a flexible exchange rate system the exchange rate could fall to restore competitiveness, entry into the ERM means that the full consequences of high pay awards will not be carried by the exchange rate but lead to less export orders, resulting in a rise in unemployment'. This will 'help' unions to moderate their wage demands and will also lead to a reduction in imports as consumer expenditure falls following the rise in unemployment.

High interest rates are also not helping the manufacturing sector. Of course some companies will be more immune than others from higher interest charges, i.e. those who can sell in markets outside the UK and those who possess sufficient market power to pass price rises on to consumers. Also MNCs may be unaffected since they can borrow outside the UK through financial markets, such as the Eurocurrency market, as well as using transfer pricing policies. Therefore, the impact of interest rates is not borne equally by all sectors of industry.

Nevertheless, even with the difficulties currently being experienced by

the UK economy there are indications that the growth in exports is now greater than the growth in imports. Imports are about 30% higher than that of exports. In other words exports will have to rise that much faster than imports simply for the trade deficit to stand still. Because of this fact, the forecasts for the current account deficit are that it will remain in double figures for some time yet.

An additional problem for the Conservatives is that they must go for re-election by mid-1992, in this case, if they 'dangle their carrot', then any increase in consumer expenditure will be reflected once more in a growth in imports. On a positive note there seems little doubt that improvements in the trade balance will occur in 1990 and 1991 as domestic demand is reduced as the UK recession bites and through de-stocking by UK industry. So long as the world economy is currently growing at a faster rate than that of the UK then this will help domestic producers as they see sales falling in the domestic market and therefore switch goods to the foreign sector. Such an argument relies on nothing untoward happening in the world economy. The current Gulf crisis means slower growth for all world economies during 1991 which will lead to reduced demand for imported goods. This may be an advantage for the UK but is bad news for UK manufacturers and their exports. Secondly, since the outcome of the current GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) Round is still so uncertain it is possible that we could move back towards greater protectionism, making it more difficult for the UK to sell products in the US, South East Asian and Oceanic markets. In addition world interest rates are likely to be affected by the re-unification of Germany.

There is also the view that the high interest rate policy being pursued at the moment does not get to the underlying problem within the UK and that is, the UK's manufacturing base is too small and uncompetitive. We cannot rely on oil forever to mask the UK's underlying problems. Nor will the service sector rise to compensate for the decline in manufacturing. Some argue that the halcyon days of manufacturing will never return. They point to the lack of 'good talent' entering this sector because of its poor image and that there are greater rewards to be earned elsewhere, as in banking, accountancy, and finance. Furthermore, as salaries in the UK lag further behind those of our major competitors some of our best candidates are going abroad. The manufacturing sector, like many others in the UK, lacks a well trained workforce. Until the government steps in to encourage greater skill training and investment in education and helps us to move towards the production of higher value added goods then we shall continue to experience a decline in our percentage of world manufacturing. For example, in Germany the equivalent of the UK's chambers of commerce handled 1.8 million apprenticeships in 1989 on behalf of the government, whilst in Britain the chambers provided about 23,000 Youth Training and Employment Training places.

Moreover, although British exporters may be more competitive than they were in the early 1980s they are still 20% less competitive than they were in the 1960s and 1970s. It is the underlying labour costs that are

currently the problem. The coming of 1992 may also not see the advantages that we are expecting for UK industry. It is quite possible that goods which form the main bulk of UK exports to Europe are those facing lower barriers to trade. If this is the case then removing these barriers will not lead, greatly, to rises in UK exports to Europe. Conversely, if imports into the UK face high barriers, then their removal through the 1992 legislation will lead to increased competition in the UK market for indigenous producers, again leading to increased pressure on the UK's manufacturing base.

Some of the problems that will face British industry in the run-up to 1992 can be seen in the growing gap in support from the government which British firms receive compared with their European competitors. In one important area, advising on how to export, Britain has 33 full-time export advisers under the Government's Active Exporting scheme whilst in France, perhaps at the other end of the spectrum, the *Chambres de Commerce et d'Industrie* have over 600.

There is also the problem of the oil market. The continued conflict in the Gulf may see the emergence of the UK Pound, once again, as a petro-currency. This may lead to upward pressure on Sterling and to exports being made less competitive. Sterling is probably responding now not so much to the fact that oil prices are higher but to the possibility of a further escalation of the crisis which benefits countries self-sufficient in oil — the so-called 'peso problem'. This problem could have affected the timing of the UK entry into the ERM. The strength of Sterling is a false one which could have long term consequences for the UK's manufacturing base.

So what about the question of the return of the manufacturing sector? It took until 1989 for the UK to regain the competitiveness it possessed in 1979 and it is too easy to blame the high exchange rate in 1980/81 for the demise of the manufacturing sector. It appears to be a combination of many factors some of which have been discussed here. A factor easily seized upon by politicians is that British labour costs are too high — workers continue to seek pay rises in excess of inflation. But there is clear evidence that unions in other countries do exactly the same, except that in their cases the inflation rates are much lower. The real question is why is the UK's inflation rate high, is it a trade union problem, is it due to government policy or are there other factors in play? Although this is an important question, the rules of the 'economic framework' have changed with entry into the ERM. Previously under a flexible exchange rate regime the exchange rate could fall to restore UK competitiveness. Such a policy is not open to us now. The government must be hoping that entry into the ERM will result in companies bearing-down on high pay awards. If they don't, further export markets will be lost and higher levels of unemployment will ensue.

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1. Carr, C. (1989). *British Competitiveness: The Management of the Vehicle Component Industry*. Routledge.
2. Cairncross, A. (1988). 'Britain's Industrial Decline', *The Royal Bank of Scotland Review*, September.

A POLYGLOT POPULATION?

by Elizabeth Gardiner

LEARNING language went very smoothly in the old days. Only pupils who were deemed intelligent enough were allowed to learn a language to start with. And, of course, they were mainly taught a modern language as if it were Latin — 'learn the verbs, the tenses, the adjective endings, etc'. 'Turn to page 41 and do exercises 1 and 2 — and don't talk!' A strange instruction for those learning a modern language!

Things started to change as the absurdity of the situation became clearer, and as it was realised that intelligent people could spend five years and then be quite incapable at the end of that time of uttering anything useful with any degree of fluency. *La plume de ma tante est sous le lit de mon oncle* couldn't get you far in most imaginable situations.

So new methods were tried with varying degrees of success. But it was Mrs. Thatcher's government, expressing, as usual, deep concern for all levels of society, which decided the less-intelligent were not to be deprived of the opportunity to learn a foreign language. The new rules were set out for the benefit of all — including the under-privileged. They might not be able to join in the general rush for shares in privatisation programmes, but equality should prevail in the essentials of life. They would all be obliged to learn a foreign language. While employers complained about the number of pupils who left school illiterate and innumerate, scarcely able to spell in their own language, while other countries offered courses after the age of 14 to enable pupils to learn some skills, the Government would show how deeply it cared for the 'under-privileged' by inflicting upon them meaningless sounds and ungraspable constructions — not just for three years with the option of choosing to do something more useful, and in which they would get, what all educationalists believe is so important — a sense of achievement — but a full five years, during which they would come to realise more and more their own limitations and develop a greater sense of inadequacy and frustration.

Then, of course, they had to have a certificate to prove their proficiency — the GCSE. A certificate within the reach of all! Understand five sentences and you get a Grade G certificate! Five years of study, five years of paying trained linguists, of buying expensive resources, of viewing the same five sentences from every angle! And, of course, this new 'available to all' certificate would prove the success of the Government's ideas. In the first year of GCSE, it is a fact that one board made the deliberate decision that 57% of candidates would be given grades A, B or C in French. The Education Minister then claimed that the new examination was a brilliant success with the percentage of Pass marks which was higher than the previous O Level results. Those in the know — and my sources are among them — knew that it was sheer political manipulation of results. Teachers felt in their bones that the pupils knew less than for O Level — although they liked the greater emphasis on oral proficiency.

They also knew the range of vocabulary was more limited, the degree of accuracy reduced, and the knowledge of culture obliterated.

No more *La plume de ma tante*, thank goodness! Now it was to be all realistic situations — nothing else. Cafes, post offices, banks, etc. — all covered. This was a real breakthrough, although good teachers had already covered these ideas as 'asides' — but now they were to be the core. Five years of study would now turn out the complete 16 year old tourist. In theory one of the aims was 'to understand the cultures'. In practice all they'd learn would be every day situations.

Of course, teachers who had been trained to teach grammar, couldn't be trusted to just use their intelligence and adapt to the new ideas. A whole new system had to be set up to retrain them. Down from the heights of Olympus came the saviour of the day — the Advisor! He would organise in-service courses to illumine the dull wits of teachers. What matter if this meant teachers had to leave their classes with supervisors (who had to be paid a comely sum), what matter if the Advisors themselves were just ordinary teachers who fancied the job, but had no more intelligence or experience than those they were enlightening? Now the Advisor became the omniscient one who would tell teachers what wonderful materials they could use — inter-active videos, computer programmes, direct link satellite TV — if only they could get enough money to buy enough of them to use them effectively with classes of 30! The Advisors then descended on the schools. To advise? Rather to find fault with others, because it is a well known psychological phenomenon, that if you find fault with others, you thereby prove your superiority and consequently justify your higher salary. In order to prove that you are also superior in literacy, all the faults have to be detailed in reports, which can then be made available to the school governors and parents, thus proving, without the slightest doubt, that most language teachers were getting it all wrong and that only Advisors knew what was right.

Not surprisingly language teachers are now in short supply! Graduates do teacher-training and realise that a mad jungle awaits them, so they seek employment in other areas where good linguists matter, and where they are treated as intelligent individuals with ideas of their own. Experienced teachers who have developed their own methods successfully over the years, leave the profession because they are fed up being treated like morons, as they know there is more than one right way.

The Government continues to insist, with its usual vision and flawless logic, that although there is a shortage of language teachers, all children — including those with 'Learning Difficulties' — must learn a language for a full five years. At the same time, ways must be found of encouraging non-linguists in the Sixth Form, to continue language studies. The gap between GCSE and A Level is now a ravine, but woe to the school that doesn't have a constant increase in the numbers of those taking up A Level languages! Its all the fault of the teachers, who are obviously not obeying the infallible dictats of the Advisors.

The psychology of the adolescent is completely ignored in the GCSE.

There is no scope for the imagination, for simple literature. The children themselves notice it, 'Miss, why do we always do situations? It's boring!' Then at A Level they are beaten over the head with the problems of the world to-day for essay-writing preparation. No more scope for writing an imaginative story. 'Why does it have to be so depressing?' they ask. Only the omniscient Examination Boards can answer that.

But hope is at hand. At last a group of eminent individuals have combined their brilliant minds — and produced a suggested National Curriculum in languages. They have realised how prosaic the programme is for GCSE. The swing of the pendulum is like an earthquake. By level 10 — The Fifth Form at the latest — pupils should be able to write dramas and poetry in the foreign language! Such vision! A Utopian dream at last! The reinstatement of the imagination!

If I could find the opium den they were in when they wrote this, I think I'd go there — and my pupils would probably come with me!

CAN SCOTS MAKE A COMEBACK?

by R. D. Kernohan

'TWA days efterhin there wis a waddin at Cana in Galilee... Whan the stewart preed'd the watter turned intil wine, onkennin whaur it cam frae, tho the servants at hed drawn it kent, he turned tae the bridegroom an said: "Aabodie pits doun his guid wine first and keeps back his puirer wine till fowk is fu, but ye hae hained your guid wine till noul".'

For help with the difficult words see any English version of the first few verses of the second chapter of Saint John's Gospel. The quotation is from the New Testament translation into Scots by Professor W. L. Lorimer, who had died 16 years before its publication in 1983.

It is a good point of departure for a look at the Scots tongue at a time when in various ways, political as well as sporting or cultural, a Scottish sense of nationality is being vigorously asserted. First, because the scholarly, critical acclaim Lorimer's translation received showed recognition of his work as a major literary achievement and not merely dialectal curiosity.

Secondly because unlike Dunbar, Ramsay, Fergusson, Burns, or MacDiarmid, he had made his literary impact with Scots in prose. Scots is a language rich in poetry, relatively thin in prose. And thirdly because some of the characteristics of the New Testament to which Lorimer responded so effectively lead naturally into further stages of a debate about the potential and relevance of the language. Had he, from whatever judgement or compulsion — he came of a line of ministers but lost faith as a young man — turned to a book especially suitable for a rendering in Scots?

Scotland is a country of three native languages: Gaelic, English, and Scots. All three have to be taken into account, although less than 100,000 Scots now speak Gaelic, in any consideration of the country's linguistic future as well as its traditions. It is only in comparatively recent times that Gaelic (a Celtic language close to Irish but distant from Welsh) has retreated to the Western Isles and fringes; for several centuries the linguistic frontier had roughly been the Highland line. But there has never been a clear frontier, territorial or cultural, between Scots and English, which are closely related: so much so that Scots has mistakenly been regarded as a dialect of English, and was often referred to by its medieval writers as 'Inglis', to distinguish it from Gaelic, the tongue of the original 'Scots'. Sir David Lyndsay, author of the triumphantly revived 'Satire on the Thrie Estaitis' wrote of 'our Inglis retorick', and William Dunbar called Chaucer, a century before him, 'of our Inglisch all the lycht'.

Scots developed in the Middle Ages as a literary language, close to Northern English and to the spoken dialects of Lowland Scottish speech (which had, and still have, variations among themselves) but a little apart from the standard English emerging further South. Its relation to English is roughly comparable to that of Scandinavian languages to each other. Like English, it was enriched from Latin and drew in some French, traces

of which survived in common speech long after Scotland was writing and even speaking English. When I was a boy, I was warned on a cold morning to be sure I wore my grovet, which the Scots dictionary renders as gravat: but that cravat was a scarf and not a tie. And in Scotland a pie-dish is still an ashet, a rather specialised form of assiette.

By the sixteenth century the languages were just distinct enough for some Scots to maintain that 'Scots' was the pure language and English a dialect, and a corrupt one at that. The great Reformer John Knox was chided by anti-Protestant opponents, trying to play a nationalist card on the Pope's behalf, for forgetting the plain Scots his mother had taught him. Henceforth, said one Roman Catholic critic, he would conduct the controversy in Latin, as he couldn't follow Knox's 'Southern' ways. This was tongue-in-cheek stuff, as until the eighteenth century (when Boswell and others tried to learn English elocution and pronunciation) Scots who wrote and read widely in English continued to speak a form of Scots among themselves, modifying it a bit on formal occasions and for visitors. Modern parallels would include the vigorous survival of spoken Swiss-German beside High German books and newspapers or the South African situation up to about 1925 when Dutch was still used in Church and State by the Afrikaans-speakers.

What settled the direction of Scottish cultural history was the decision by Knox and the other reformers to use the English Bible, comprehensible enough to meet the reforming parliamentary demand for Scripture in 'the vulgar tongue' (as distinct from Latin). In doing so they set aside the option of building on the Scots New Testament which the early reformer Murdoch Nisbet adapted from the English Lollard version about 1520. They had strong national feelings but lacked the concerns of modern cultural nationalism. In any event, although influenced by experiences shared with English exiles, they were pre-eminently concerned with religion, recognising both the quality and the potential influence of the English translations which culminated in the publication of the Authorised Version of the Bible. It was to be the most influential book in Scottish history, shaping the speech as well as the life of the people, not only through the Church but in a system of popular education in the parish schools.

From then on one has to think of English, though Scotticised a little in writing and very distinctively in speech, as the most important of Scotland's native languages. Beyond the Highland line Gaelic co-existed with English, not with Lowland Scots, and then retreated before it.

But for four centuries Lowland Scotland has experienced a form of bi-lingualism involving two closely related tongues, one taught in the schools and the other used in the playground; the one almost universal in print, law, church, and business, the other widely spoken on the farms, at the market, in the shops, the pubs, and the workplace — though in very varying forms. Because in its popular forms it has been so pre-eminently a spoken language, and one virtually untaught in school, it has been under little pressure for standardisation. Lorimer and other enthusiasts, especially the scholarly compilers of the Scottish National Dictionary (to which he

himself was a major contributor), tried to achieve some standardisation in spelling and style. The most immediately apparent to the new reader is the omission of the spluttering of apostrophes which formerly seemed to imply that many Scots words and usages were just English ones with letters omitted. But rules have a limited effect when so little used. In any event, one of Lorimer's own enthusiasms was to try to render his Scots translation to reflect the differences he found among the original New Testament writers in Greek. Although he had also taught Latin, he was very much a Greek scholar, latterly as professor at St. Andrews.

The Scots of Angus (which first influenced Lorimer) and even more the still thriving Doric of Buchan are appreciably different from the rural speech of Ayrshire or the Borders. The Aberdeenshire speech, probably used over a wider social range than other spoken Scots, seems more distinctive in Scots forms and richer in vocabulary.

But are they the same language as the speech of humbler sectors of Edinburgh society or, distinctively, of industrial Glasgow and Lanarkshire?

Most of Scotland, like the rest of the English-speaking world, is conditioned to think of this proletarian patois as crude and uncouth, though some writers (notably Edwin Morgan) have tried to shape literature from it and reflect its pith, idiomatic vigour, and occasional inventiveness. For example it has stumbled, in its defiance of English grammar, on a solution to the modern problem of distinguishing between the second person singular and plural (as in a way the Southern USA has done with 'you-all'): Glasgow singular form, 'you are', pronounced roughly 'y'urr', but plural form, 'youse is'. Some purists might hesitate to recognise this Glasgow dialect as Scots at all, claiming that it is no more than a corrupt English, stirred in a melting-pot in which Highlanders one generation removed from Gaelic and the Irish were more prominent elements than Lowlanders. But all languages change and (as English discovers in different parts of the world) breed new dialects in new situations. A kind of Scots, in its forms and some of its vocabulary, it undoubtedly is, and not just, in John Buchan's phrase, 'a broadened and dilapidated English'.

Nearly 70 years ago Buchan, who loved Scots and like Scott used it with great power and skill in dialogue, set out the classical elegy for the lost language, in his introduction to his anthology, *The Northern Muse*. He lamented that the Tweedside speech he had learned as a boy was comprehensible only to a few old men. He argued that 'Scots can survive only as a book-tongue' and that 'though the dwellers north of the Tweed will be eternally distinguishable from their neighbours by certain idiosyncrasies of speech, these idiosyncrasies will be of voice and accent, not of language... To restore the Scots vernacular is beyond the power of any Act of Parliament, because the life on which it depended has gone'. He claimed that Scots had ceased from the sixteenth century to be 'a language in the full sense, capable of being used on all varieties of theme'. He wrote before Lorimer had shown that it could be used at least for the different varieties of theme apparent in the Gospel narratives, Paul's Letter to the Romans, and the Book of Revelation.

Despite his surname, Buchan's profoundest Scottish attachment (as his choice of his Tweedsmuir title showed) was to the Southern Uplands, though he also grew up in Fife and Glasgow. He might have been less sweeping about Scots being only a 'book-tongue' if he had developed a stronger personal connection with the rural North-East. He was also a Tory and a Unionist at a time when Scots took an intense pride in the British Empire and did not foresee that by the end of his century there would be a substantial force in Scottish life which wanted to change things.

Scottish nationalism, although mainly a mixture of political pragmatism and emotionalism, has a cultural fringe which would certainly become more assertive if its political goals were wholly or even partially achieved. An independent or autonomous Scotland would be under considerable pressure (by no means only from extremists) to encourage Gaelic. It could hardly do less for Scots, whether through cultural subsidies or forms of symbolic recognition. This has already happened on Scottish Television, the Lowland commercial station, which has experimented with programmes in Scots and has others planned, reckoning that they have appreciably more viewer appeal than the Gaelic ones demanded by concepts of public-service broadcasting. (Scottish TV channels have long provided token Gaelic programmes but the audience switch over when they come on.)

It is not self-evident that the Scots cause is as hopeless as Buchan insisted. His confidence in it as a 'book-tongue' was to be vindicated, first through writers like Hugh MacDiarmid and Douglas Young whose opinions were very different from his own, and then by that other lad o'pairts and son of the manse, William Lorimer. All over Europe small languages have been asserting themselves, probably because there is no other way to survive: not only those which so obviously contrast with the cultures which have almost absorbed them, whether Basque, Breton, Welsh, Erse, or Scottish Gaelic, but those whose problems lie in their affinities, for example Frisian (which was another enthusiasm of Lorimer's), Provencal and the 'langue d'oc', Sicilian, Scots and, by far the most successful, the Spanish languages which survived Franco and resist Castilian: Galician, Mallorqui, and Catalan, which resents being called a 'small language'. The list can be much extended in Eastern Europe.

Nor is it necessarily clear that linguistic currents all flow in predictable directions. Who a century ago could have predicted the successful revival of Hebrew — another 'book tongue' par excellence — as a modern language for an advanced country? A small but intensely dedicated group of political and cultural nationalists in South Africa not only supplanted High Dutch by Afrikaans but so far have resisted the absorption by English which many of their own people thought inevitable. Although the world now thinks of Afrikaans as only the language of apartheid, it owes much to the Cape Coloured community who defied Dutch grammatical forms in ways comparable with the lower-class Glaswegian indifference to the English ones, as in 'me and him had went to see Celtic but were fair scunnered because they done so bad against Rangers'. Some elegant Afrikaans, now a language of poetry and theology, can seem scarcely less uncouth in the Netherlands.

The Irish Gaelic experiment has disappointed its enthusiasts and shown the limitations of linguistic engineering through political machinery, but it has saved something that would have been lost. And the linguistic and political map of modern Europe reflects one successful nineteenth-century linguistic revolution, the revival of Czech which in 50 years changed the German face of Prague and other Bohemian towns into a Slav one. That revolution was completed by the post-war expulsion of Germans but there was more to it. Large numbers of Bohemians (many of them with German names, as a glance down a Prague directory will show) reverted to Czech in a process led by people who at first found it easier to express intellectual and philosophical concepts in German, as even Thomas Masaryk once did.

Is all this as remote from contemporary Scotland as it seems — even to most Scots, never mind the English? The polyglot Lorimer at least raised the question, though he didn't answer it. If it was possible to render Pauline theology into Scots is it necessarily impossible to develop a flexible Scots prose for all purposes? Hebrew had far more problems. Afrikaans shaped a rural dialect into a modern language by turning to German for help, partly because it deliberately eschewed English words and terms in a way that Scots would never do. It is close enough to English simply to use a technical English vocabulary as Lorimer does in a sense when he translates Paul on justification or the corroborating testimony of the Spirit.

But Lorimer's achievement cannot entirely settle the question of the Scots tongue's modern potential. He happened to choose the book which of all books was not only most worthwhile but most suited to his task as well as his background and temperament. Some of the characteristics of the New Testament which cause problems in modern urban Christian communication were a stimulus, challenge, and opportunity to Lorimer. But they often produced what reads like a personal literary and scholarly tour-de-force rather than a pattern for the future of the Scottish language. Most Scots no longer have a girnel-bassie or mealtub under which to hide their lichts. They don't set their hands to the pleuch. Few of them have to try tentin the swine outbye in the fields. Those who enjoy veal at a party for a prodigal don't usually have practical experience of felling the fat mairt stirk. It was with the Gospel narratives and the parables that Lorimer was probably most successful.

A vast array of Scots words, a higher proportion of the total than in English, relate to the ways, techniques, implements, and relationships of a vanished agrarian culture — closer in some ways to the Palestine of the New Testament than to Edinburgh suburbs or Glasgow council houses. At times Lorimer may have revelled too much in these riches, looking for a distinctively Scots phrase when one closer to English would have done, perhaps even been more natural. Indeed a possible criticism of his New Testament as a pattern for modern Scots prose is that it takes no account of the way in which for three centuries the Authorised Version of the Bible entered into the vernacular speech of the Scots people, not only in quotation and allusion but in influencing speech patterns.

But his New Testament is an achievement. Whether it is an achievement

that will have great influence is another matter. It has encouraged others to produce popular Scots paraphrases of New Testament passages and to devise Scots orders of service for Holy Communion and marriage, quoting his New Testament in the way a traditional service would quote the English Bible. Yet Lorimer is not read aloud much in Scots churches, and when the attempt is made it has variable results. An Aberdeenshire-born reader may render it with gusto, caring not too much about Lorimer's rules for pronunciation but reproducing the speech-patterns of his own vernacular. But many educated Scots encounter problems, strangely reminiscent of their experience with foreign languages. They are easier to read and understand than to speak or read aloud.

Has Scots then become a foreign language in its own country? That would be pitching it too high. But most of those who could speak it or read it, could not attempt to write it and would see little point in trying to do so when they can use English in ways that still assert their Scottishness but communicate with the world far beyond London.

Perhaps the poetic Scots revival of the mid-twentieth century and Lorimer's dramatic extension of the revival into prose show that if the will were there the language could be modernised and adapted for as many purposes as, say, Norwegian or Hungarian. But the will is not there at the moment, political nationalism notwithstanding; and if it were, the resuscitated Scots would have to take account of that lower-class Glaswegian which so many Scots despise — and so many others speak.

What Lorimer has probably done is to add to the Scots poetry of Burns, and perhaps of MacDiarmid, something too formidable for Scottish education to ignore and which even if it were ignored in formal education would retain a niche in a national culture. He will make some cultural patriots sigh for what might have been if the Reformation had opted for a Scots Bible. He may even help to strengthen the foothold which the Bible retains in the life and culture of an increasingly secular Scotland. Like the language in which he wrote, his book is much more than a literary curiosity. It is both an achievement and an influence.

He will probably also encourage a trend with Scots which is already apparent in Gaelic. The Celtic language is losing ground to English even in the remote Highlands and Outer Hebrides. But it gains some support and reinforcement in the cities from what is sometimes derisively called 'hobby Gaelic'. Serious adult learners, usually but not always of Highland descent, have acquired the language without having the opportunity or even inclination to substitute it for English as their primary medium of communication. Something similar could happen with Scots, as in a sense it already happens when Scots readers struggle with the obscurer words in MacDiarmid or the obsolete ones in Burns, or in the dialogue of the Scots novelists.

There may be a future for serious 'hobby Scots', or to put it more respectfully, a renewal of the concern which produced Buchan's essay and anthology, the Scottish National Dictionary, MacDiarmid's poetry, and Lorimer's New Testament. What those who care for Scots as this 'book tongue' will have to ponder is the relationship between it and the spoken dialects, and the great gap between the lively remains of the old rural speech and the very different liveliness of Glasgow dialect.

A.R.S.J.: AN UNKNOWN ACRONYM

by Francis Edwards

WE live in a world of shorthand where time is scarce, the urge to escape the boring and repetitive paramount, and where every printed word costs money — and more as time goes on. The use of the acronym is therefore almost forced upon us. The advantages are undeniable but sometimes we can get tangled in a thornwood of abbreviations so that progress through the word jungle becomes difficult and the unknown monogram clutches at our progress like briars at a trouser leg. But the use outweighs the disadvantages and certainly to write Archivum Romanum Societatis Jesu every time we wished to refer to a certain archival collection in Rome would be insupportable. When Rome is mentioned in connection with archives everyone thinks of the Vatican archives, and reasonably enough, since far and away the most important collection of documents in the city, at least as far as church collections go, are to be found there. But the Vatican Library too has important collections of original documents. The Fondo Barberini, for example, has much to interest historians concerned with the British scene in the 16th and 17th centuries. Outside the Vatican all the international religious congregations have their headquarters or representation of some kind in the Eternal City and with them records grow naturally like resin exuding from the bark of a tree. Not least in importance among these are the surviving records of the Society of Jesus of which I was privileged to be the director for over three years before leaving Rome in December 1989.

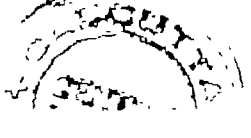
Like many another venerable institution in Church and State, and in many places, the ARSJ is due and overdue for an overhaul of its premises and even a resiting. At present it is housed in a semi-dungeon some fifty yards long lying next to the General's library. Above it is the refectory and below it the garage from which a rare assortment of smells and noises ascends from early in the morning until long after what would be normal hours of employment in most places. There is no double-glazing. There is no system of air-conditioning and so not only our own domestically produced effluvia are constantly with us but also those of Rome which enjoys, as I remember, the dubious reputation of being the third or fourth city in the whole peninsula with the dirtiest air. Sometimes Rome smells at the end of a long, traffic-burdened day like the London of my boyhood, always ready to dissolve in smog. True, there is no smog as such but I have also noticed a resemblance between a dull, wet night in Leeds just after the war and this city which can be uncanny.

Alas, this is not all. During my time we had a visitation from rats which came in from the kitchen and garden. It seems they were attracted by the glycerine in the bindings of the codices. One would have thought that Rome had more appetising things to offer even to rats; but perversity, of course, is not confined to the human race. Fortunately, my good colleague, Fr. Victor Gramatowski, a resourceful Pole with marked practical gifts

who has since succeeded me as director, found the entrance hole and effectively stopped it. Not to be thwarted or outdone, Mother Nature — I do not like to speak of Providence in such a connection — followed this up with a plague of beetles. These make a discreet visitation during the hours of darkness and disappear at first light. One morning, however, they were not quite quick enough in beating a retreat. My predecessor, Fr. Edmund Lamalle, a Belgian who had been dying for a lifetime but indefatigable in his devotion to duty and more than duty, arrived on the scene early enough one morning to notice the last departing. Beetle traps were laid, Japanese devices containing a scented substance which no scarab could resist and a sticky mat to catch his (or her) feet. It was all contained in a neat, brightly-coloured, jolly cardboard box, somehow slightly sinister; like a 'Welcome' sign posted up at Elizabeth I's Tower of London. When I left Rome my colleagues were awaiting the next of Pharaoh's plagues.

And so to the subject proper. If you have the sort of mind which likes to wallow in the *Guinness Book of Records*, you will probably ask how many manuscripts or codices there are altogether. The question is not as fair as it sounds, as any archivist will tell you. In any case, I am not statistically-minded, and having a lifetime hatred of mathematics and even of arithmetic, which is a poor relation, I cannot tell you. One could say six or seven thousand perhaps. Even Fr. Lamalle shied away at this question. He was archivist for some seventeen years before I came to succeed him and no man living knew more about them. He died in his ninetieth year the week before I left Rome. If the total number of documents is somewhat vague, their division into fonds is more precise. There are six in all, but they divide easily into two main groups namely those of the 'Vecchia Compagnia' — the Italian is admittedly atrocious but like the language of the primitive liturgy is sanctified by long use and no one would dare alter it — and the records of the 'Nuova Compagnia' which rose phoenix-like from the ashes in 1815 after its universal suppression in 1773. The quite considerable records of the (mainly) Russian interlude from 1773 until 1815, when the world had to manage without the formal presence of our 'least Society', are included with the refounded institution.

The best-recorded period of the Society's history outside modern times is, curiously enough, the more remote period from its formal foundation in 1540 until 1600. There are no less than 46 bulky volumes of original letters from Germany to the General for the period 1558-1610. These are in addition to the registers of the Generals' letters in reply and two volumes of the letters of St Peter Canisius. The French did well if not as well as the Germans, but their most interesting contribution, perhaps, was the collection of letters from the Levant, Ethiopia and Egypt. It is possible that much of the material, apart from its connection with the Jesuits as such, is substantially duplicated in the archives of other Orders, but it does seem that the Society made a greater contribution than any at this time in the Far East especially up to the mid-17th century. There are several volumes of original letters from the Japanese martyrs, mainly 17th century, and the earliest annual letters and other documents from China.



The latter mission contributed several hundred printed works in Chinese which came off the Jesuit presses. They include not only theology but also materia medica and scientific treatises. There are also works in Japanese but these are far fewer.

From about 1600, and apart from letters coming from the Far East it is sad to relate that for the most part incoming letters from Europe were no longer preserved, so that for the European provinces from this time until the 1770s there are only some 150 volumes, an average of about three or four for each province. Records of South America and the Philippines are relatively few although the surviving catalogues, for example, give a reasonably complete idea of the names of the Jesuits at least working in those places. The main difference between the posts in the 17th century and the 20th was that the 17th century posts were often more reliable and did not necessarily take much more time to arrive — a fortnight from England to Italy. Some of my own took longer! One does not dare to think what would have happened to a courier who went on strike! True, matters were very different concerning correspondence to and from the East. Jesuits like others could only write when a ship was leaving, and letters like men, if they were not lost on the way, could take at least three years to arrive. Their rarity doubtless explains why they were preserved when missives from nearer home were treated more cavalierly.

Office work in the Society began at an early date. The first register of letters sent out from the General is for all the Provinces combined — not that many — and runs from 1547 to 1553. From 1552 to 1570, the letters are registered by Assistancy — groups of Provinces — while from 1570 every Province has its own register. There have inevitably been losses. The register of the General's letters to France ceases in 1700 although for Italy and Germany they continue right up to the suppression in 1773. The registers for Spain finish about 1637. Alas, all the replies to the letters from the East have been lost as far as the central archive is concerned and no clear reason has come to light. However by no means all the loss was accidental, due to time's caprice or even to destruction by those who had access to its records after the Jesuits were suppressed.

The Congregation — or general meeting — of the Toledo Province sent a postulate to the General, Claudio Aquaviva, dated May 11, 1615. It asked that all record of crimes (delictorum!) in the Society be destroyed to preserve the organisation's good name; also that all the writings in the Roman archives should be gone through and carefully weeded, disedifying items being committed to the flames. General Aquaviva replied that the request pleased him and this would be done as soon as possible. Indeed, he would make it his own personal responsibility. Aquaviva died the same year before he could implement this threat or promise. However, his successor, Mutio Vitelleschi, took up the matter with no less gusto. He reported a 'purge' in a common letter to all the Provincials of April 20, 1617, and five days before this in a letter to the Roman Provincial. 'For the consolation of many who asked it of me at the time of the 7th General Congregation [November 5, 1615 to January 26, 1616], I have now stolen time *(rubato*

tempo) from my other occupations to go through the Secret Archive myself and put on one side all that could be useful for history and edification, and I have burnt the rest without anyone else seeing any of it. I tell your Reverence this so that you can communicate it to the rest of your Province for the consolation of those who asked for it' (ARSJ, Rom. 3, f.20, original signed autograph).

Not only different persons but different generations derive consolation and edification from different things. Fewer of us Jesuits, if any one hopes in this generation, would take much comfort from this piece of information. Some of us would be aware of T. S. Eliot's dictum, 'Mankind cannot bear very much reality', and those of mankind with a metaphysical commitment, ironically enough, less than most, it seems. Perhaps there will always be a certain tension between administrators, politicians and historians; and this is not only a Jesuit problem of course.

Every year for some years, newly appointed Provincials have been coming to Rome for an intensive training or briefing course. They visit the various offices and works of the Jesuit Curia to receive what is hoped will be useful instruction and guidance to help them in their work. One of their appointments, admittedly not among the most important, is a visit to the archives. In the course of an informal lecture which I did my best to make mercifully brief, I related the above episode with an appeal not to destroy but to preserve. Admitting fully that any administration must keep its hand over what it writes about the contemporary scene, and that no one outside a very small circle of the privileged can expect to know the full truth about the present anywhere in the world, the business of an archive, certainly as conceived nowadays, is to preserve evidence of today's facts for the historians of tomorrow. Destroying evidence, even if it is unpleasant or 'disedifying', is in the long run self-defeating and counter-productive. Where there are gaps caused by such well-intentioned if misguided zeal, the future historian will merely conclude that the truth was far worse than one need presume it was. Even if he cannot prove them, his infilling assumptions will pass for fact. In any event, sad cases touch individuals and not the Society if matters are properly understood. This does not mean that if an individual leaves behind something marked for destruction his wishes should not generally be respected, but nothing should be destroyed before prior examination. Admittedly, the ground here is delicate and moral theologians of a previous generation were not always as appreciative of the demands of truth as one might have wished. How fortunate it was that it did not occur to the Evangelists to do a cover-up job where the Gospels are concerned, especially with regard to the Passion narrative, in order to save their own reputations for wit or virtue!

There was a time and not so long ago when it was as difficult to gain access to our archives in Rome as it was to get at the State Archives in Moscow. Now things are much changed and as many different kinds of people visit the Jesuit archives as go to the Vatican. Indeed, they are often on the same scholarly shopping list. However our 'caginess' was not simply due to fear of the truth or obscurantism. The danger of loss and destruction

at the time of the Suppression is obvious, and the marvel is that so much remains. There was another scare after the final occupation of Rome by the secular power in 1870 when it was feared that the forces of light and liberty would be tempted to liberate our records yet again. To save our own for ourselves some very agile footwork was called for. In fact the archives were moved to a place so safe that even now we are not sure where it was since no record was made or left of the event. It was probably the Palazzo Torlonia or else the cellars of the Austrian Embassy, and wherever it was not even the archivist was allowed access without the General's express permission.

Nowadays virtually anyone with a bona fide reason for consulting them can make use of our records. Among the principal users are our own secretaries and Generals' Assistants. There are also the Postulators or investigators into possible Beatification processes. These work in direct collaboration with the Vatican. Fr. Vincent Blehl, SJ, for example, has made several visits looking for more evidence on the cause of Cardinal Newman. The Jesuits attached to our *Istituto Storico* make a fair demand on the archivists' time especially in connection with Fr. C. O'Neill's forthcoming historical biographical dictionary of Jesuits which inches its way towards completion. From further afield come university professors and lecturers researching books written, or due to be written, or exploring the possibilities of research by their advanced students. One of the best-known, perhaps, is Professor Richard Bösel of Vienna who published there in 1985 *Jesuitenarchitektur in Italien 1540-1773* in two volumes forming together Teil I, the 'Textband' and a separate volume of 340 photographic illustrations. This first part deals only with Jesuit artistic and architectural efforts in Rome and Naples. The rest to follow. Students on lower rungs of the ladder preparing their *laurea* or doctoral theses are also fairly frequent visitors. Most of these come from Italy but there is a fair sprinkling from the rest of the world.

Although not particularly extensive, the catalogues and other records from Central and South America, especially Mexico, Peru and Ecuador attract visitors, including those commissioned by State or public educational authorities. The far eastern collections draw especially the Japanese. One diminutive Japanese nun, Sister Ignazia, who had studied theology at the Gregorian, arrived appropriately one Lady Day with an entourage of some thirty bright young ladies from the Tokyo Junior Women's University. She knew what she was looking for since she had used our Japanese holdings for her own thesis. We spoke in Italian but Fr. Joseph Pittau, a fluent Japanese speaker, was also at hand to reach the majority who spoke no English. Rector of Santa Sophia University, Tokyo, in a difficult time he had learnt in a hard school. He was obliged on one occasion to take refuge under his desk to avoid the attentions of a student riot gang.

The long arm of international television has also arrived. Two German teams are interested in the commemoration year 1991, the fifth centenary of the birth of St. Ignatius. Granada Television has discovered our maps, though not many, for use in a forthcoming series while, once again, the

Japanese are preparing a programme on the Jesuit reports on their cuisine in the 16th and 17th centuries; something the Japanese took too much for granted at the time to record themselves. Nor is it all completely in the past. A young man who was having trouble with his Roman landlord came to investigate the terms of a holding of the Jesuit Roman College back in the 18th century. He found what he wanted including a beautiful drawing of his *palazzo* prepared in the 1730s. Rome can also be eternal in its problems.

[The Rev. Francis Edwards, S.J., archivist and historian of the British Province S.J., residing at Farm Street, London, 1959-86, was archivist of the Archivum Romanum S.J. in Rome, 1986-89. He retired from formal archival work in 1990 to join the parish staff of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, and also to continue writing and lecturing. His books, mainly on 16th and 17th century history, include *The Jesuits in England*, an overall history of the British Province.]

RECLUSIVE ART — THE BÜHRLE COLLECTION

by Muriel Julius

FOR many seasons past it has been in vogue to reveal private art collections to world audiences. The stunning modern masters amassed by Heini von Thyssen: Ian Woodner's scholarly drawings: the all but forgotten Pont Aven painters lovingly unearthed by Samuel Josefowitz and the modern European art so perfectly selected by Jacques and Natasha Gelman are but some of those recently shown at the Royal Academy.

From February 1st one of the most important but least known collections of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings in the world will be shown there. It was made by the Swiss armaments magnate, Emil George Bührle. Part of the fascination of such collections, I think, is trying to fathom the personality of their owners. Very little is known about Emil George Bührle, and his collections were never exhibited publicly during his lifetime, yet for thirty years he reigned over an industrial empire which extended to Sweden, Italy, Germany and later, Japan. *Werkzeugmaschinenfabrik* Oerlikon E. Bührle & Company manufactured armaments, missiles, machine tools and plastics — a Swiss Krupp.

He was born in 1890 near Baden in Germany. His studies at university were interrupted by the 1914-18 war, and he was twenty-eight and jobless when demobilized. By chance he was in Berlin in 1913 and visited one of the first exhibitions of Impressionist paintings — paintings denounced by Kaiser Wilhelm II as 'decadent' — to be held there. Bührle had never been to France. The lyrical landscapes, the light, colour and charm of these paintings captivated him. According to Pierre Cabanne, from that experience sprang Bührle's intention to cover his walls one day with as many Manets, Monets and the rest as he could. But first to earn a living he joined a small machine tool firm in Magdeburg. Serious, dignified and hard-working, within four years they made him managing director of a modest Swiss firm they acquired near Zurich. It was Bührle who introduced the manufacture of armaments, who wooed governments, expanded and finally bought controlling interest in the firm.

He had not relinquished his passion for art, and began slowly to collect. The bulk of his purchases was made in the decade from 1946 until his death in 1956.

The exhibition at the Royal Academy includes works by Manet, by Monet and Renoir; by Edgar Degas and Paul Gauguin; seven by Cézanne as well as works by Pierre Bonnard, Gustave Courbet, Canalletto, Ingres, and Goya. There are six paintings by Van Gogh.

Bührle lived with his wife and family in a magnificent white lakeside villa. As his collection grew he built a second villa beside it to house his paintings and sculptures. In 1952 Bührle did a brave thing. He commissioned Oskar Kokoschka to paint his portrait — Kokoschka whose early fame was based on the penetrating psychological insight of his portraits.

The artist left this account of his sitter: '... he was a lonely man who often stayed in his office until daybreak, unless he happened to be host to a chief of state, a government minister or an ambassador ... and they would come from all over the world. He would almost shyly invite me once in a while to walk over to the neighbouring building with him and look at his collection. With his brown eyes he could truly see, which is not generally the case with collectors.'

The exhibition is remarkable for the number of portraits it contains, almost as if this collector wished to surround himself with unchanging, silent friends. There are self-portraits of many of his favourite artists — Eugene Delacroix who painted himself with extraordinary cat-like eyes, Gustave Courbet, larger than life, dressed as a hunter with a jaunty hat; Cézanne at work at his easel, Fantin-Latour, Vuillard, the handsome Alfred Sisley painted by Renoir and Bonnard's portrait of the famous art dealer, Ambroise Vollard.

The earliest portrait is 'Laughing Young Man' by Frans Hals (1660-66) displaying that master's superbly spontaneous brushwork and his wizardry with blacks and whites. A self-portrait by Jacques-Louis David (1748-1825) whose works typify the sentiment of the French Revolution to an extraordinary degree is followed by a portrait of Monsieur Devilliers by Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres (1755-1814), a pupil of David. Monsieur Devilliers was a recently elevated Napoleonic functionary in Rome during the French occupation. How ill at ease he is in his new dress uniform, with its gold embroideries and lace cuffs. He has no idea what to do with his hands, yet there is something very human about his uncertainty.

In 1881 Cézanne painted Madame Cézanne in a blue dress seated in a red armchair. Unlike Ingres, Cézanne disregards all details of the sitter's dress and concentrates on the structural reality of the figure. It is a short step from here to the early Cubist paintings of Picasso. Why is it that Cézanne's Mont. St. Victoire — a subject he returned to time and again never bores? Was it his original realization that the eye, by following the direction of surfaces into a tight continuum of frontal planes, could appreciate the aesthetic coherence of what it discovered?

In 1869 Edgar Degas (1834-1917) painted his doctor's wife. 'Madame Camus au piano' is magnificently assured. In an elegant dark gown she has turned away from the piano and regards us with bored composure. A music score in place and others stacked nearby are formal signifiers of a serious talent; and the rich rug and velvet cushion at her feet let us know that this is no struggling musician. It is Degas' innovations, his method of placing the figure off-centre, of putting emphasis on an inert accessory to accentuate by contrast the expression in a face, that makes his work stimulating.

Claude Monet's (1840-1926) wife, Camille, appears in three paintings. In a half-length portrait holding a puppy; with her baby son and a nurse in a garden, and as one of four figures at table in 'Supper at Sisley's House'. The Sisleys then lived in the rue de la Paix, and the spacious room, with maid servant, allows us a glimpse of comfortable bourgeois

family life. Monet was the first Impressionist to tackle a scene lit by artificial light, an experiment followed later by both Bonnard and Vuillard.

One of Alfred Sisley's landscapes in the exhibition — 'Summer at Bougival' painted in 1876 has had a hazardous life. His paintings, mainly landscapes, are among the most lyrical and harmonious of all Impressionist works. This particular painting was one of many stolen from a French Jewish collector in 1941 by Einsatzstab Rosenberg. It was sold in Switzerland by Field Marshal Göering, and Monsieur Bührle bought it from a Zurich dealer in 1942.

Other portraits include Corot's delicate 'A Girl Reading', painted in 1850, Degas' 'Count Lepic and his Daughters', Paul Gauguin's unhappy wife, Mette Gauguin, painted in 1878, George Roualt's 1909 portrait of Guy de Charantonay.

Without question the most exquisite portrait is 'La Petite Irène' by Pierre-Auguste Renoir (1841-1919). The sitter was Irène Cahen d'Anvers, the daughter of a Parisian banker. In 1880 she was in her early teens, with perfect features, long blonde hair and a sweet expression. An ideal Renoir subject, one can almost sense with what sensual pleasure his brush caressed her form. Was Renoir, like today's Balthus, in thrall to feminine puberty?

Unlike Renoir's painting, Cézanne's 'Boy in a Red Waistcoat' of 1894 is cerebrally conceived. It was posed in Paris by an Italian youth, Michelangelo di Rose. His name has come down to us because he must have had superhuman patience. Cézanne painted with agonizing care. He is said to have abandoned a portrait of Vollard after more than one hundred sittings. One wonders if Monsieur Bührle's dealer mentioned that there were three more paintings and a watercolour of the 'Boy in a Red Waistcoat'. (One of them bought by Mr. Paul Mellon for the National Gallery in Washington, D.C.).

All the works by Van Gogh (1853-1890) in this exhibition were painted in the last three years of his life. The most passionate and powerful is 'The Sower', a subject inspired by Millet. Against a brilliant sun a youth scatters seed in a field, the painting held in tension by a black tree that slants diagonally across the foreground. Van Gogh made seven oil paintings and twenty-two drawings of this subject, those drawings that are so expressive of his tormented sensibility. The theme had a semi-religious significance for him. In a letter to his brother Theo he wrote: 'I feel so strongly that it is with people as with corn; if you are not sown in the earth to take root there, it does not matter, because anyway you will be ground for bread'.

In a collection that is neither provocative nor sensational there are some surprises. A dazzling 1912 Cubist portrait, 'The Violinist', by Braque, the year Michel Seuphor refers to as 'perhaps the most beautiful date in the history of painting in France'.

The nearest hint of life's tragedies is Edouard Manet's (1832-83) 'The Suicide', a subject unique in his oeuvre. It was Manet's contribution to an auction in aid of the composer, Cabaner, who was dying in poverty. A male corpse lies slumped across a bed. His white shirt and black trousers are

perfect foils for Manet's brilliant technique, founded on the opposition of light and dark tones, and the seemingly rapid brushwork creates a dramatic intensity. The merest frisson of sexuality might be gauged from Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec's 'The Two Friends', except that his acceptance of the lives of prostitutes is too full of compassion to be erotic.

For me the most exciting painting is by the German painter, Franz Marc (1880-1916). 'Hund vor der Welt' loses its cosmic resonance when translated as 'Dog Before the World' as it is here. We see a white dog, its whiteness probably connoting a proto-Christian purity of spirit, confronting a landscape of molten rocks in rainbow colours that suggest some luminous dreamscape. Marc, whose own dog this was, was a mystic who found in animal life the core of all that was pure and honest. In his disarming book, *The Dog in Art from Rococo to Post-Modernism*, the art historian Robert Rosenblum describes this work as 'a painting that reaches the ultimate extreme of empathy between man, beast and landscape in a world that has never known human greed and folly'. He continues: 'With grim irony Marc's quest for purification through a total destruction of the corrupt, materialist world he was born in was a goal to be realized all too soon and all too literally... Marc was killed at Verdun halfway through the war'.

One discovers no frivolous lapses in these carefully selected paintings, yet Bührle was only sixty-six when he died. He was obviously clever, certainly clever enough to take advantage of a country that had the perfect perquisites for making such a collection — peace and financial stability; but passion is not the mood it evokes. One wonders if subconscious feelings of guilt for making armaments, the instruments of death, could only be alleviated by the constancy of imperishable beauty. We shall never know.

The exhibition, sponsored by Glaxo Holdings plc, at the Royal Academy, Piccadilly, London, will close on 9th April, 1991.

THE SLUMBERING WORLD OF A NEGLECTED GENIUS

by Jill Burberry

'WHEN you visit Vienna, whatever else you do, you must not miss the Richard Teschner puppets.' This was the advice of an elderly feet-on-the-ground Scotsman just before I left England. It was such an unexpected statement from such an unlikely source that I decided to follow it up.

The puppets, it transpired, were not on view to the public. Special arrangements had to be made to see them. Thomas, my host in Vienna, obtained the telephone number of the *Theater Sammlung*, which houses Austria's National Theatrical Library, from the Tourist Office. We telephoned the custodian of the collection, Frau Weisenberg. Fortunately she could speak English. I quoted my Scottish friend, and that was all I needed to do. She was amazingly welcoming for someone about to be gate-crashed by strangers in the middle of a busy working day and invited us to see the puppets the same afternoon.

The office where we awaited Frau Weisenberg was decorated with old circus and music-hall posters. She arrived sparkling with enthusiasm and told us how she longed to restore the theatre to the heights of its former glory, as she led us down a narrow gloomy gallery lined with dusty cases of ancient manuscripts to a pair of heavy doors. These she unlocked with the air of a magician muttering 'Open Sesame!' Inside were high glass cupboards closely stacked with almost life-size figures propped on sticks. But it was only when Frau Weisenberg opened the cupboards that those sleeping dolls awoke and we began to appreciate something of the master-craftsman's genius.

There were legendary creatures in exotic garments, monsters, a ghoul, princes and princesses from the orient, an idiot, a Spanish inquisitor, a golden angel, three wise kings, Mary, Joseph and the Christ-child, a Persian cat, an orangutan, a unicorn, and giant insects that might have sprung from modern space epics had they not predated them by half a century.

Richard Teschner was a contemporary and friend of Klee and Klimt. He was born in 1879 and died in 1948. He taught graphics, worked in Prague and Vienna and eventually became Professor of the Viennese Academy of Fine Arts. The first marionettes he originated were operated in the conventional manner by strings. However in 1911 he married Emma Bacher Paulik and they honeymooned in Amsterdam where he was fascinated by Indonesian shadow-shows and acquired a pair of Javanese Wayang flat leather shadow-puppets which were operated by sticks. Javanese legend inspired his next production and its characters which he also made from leather and operated by sticks, but they were not flat. After that he always used sticks rather than strings. They are attached to the hands, head and body of each doll and can effect simple movements,

for the limbs and necks are jointed. Teschner considered the human voice unsuitable for puppets so they have to express themselves totally through body language.

Viennese folk-tales inspired most of the plays. Others, the sorcerer dreamed up. He formed the dolls' bodies from linden wood, their heads from wood-maché lacquered many times. Their eyes are vividly alive, almost hypnotic, despite the fact that their faces have no eyeballs, only holes with eyelids painted above them. He always enjoyed working with leather and cut it into fine strands to simulate hair; animal fur, a dandy's coiffure or an ogre's tangled locks.

One or two of his characters have features that are unique to them. Invisible thread is used to twitch and twirl the eyebrows and moustaches of a swashbuckling cavalier. A sad old man, who is made of glass and has a stomach filled with a complexity of electric wire entrails, loves a glass duck. She does not reciprocate his affections. When he eventually wins her heart her drooping tail springs up, she brings him flowers in her beak and his heart glows red.

The puppeteer studied problems as they arose in depth, learnt any necessary new skills, then added his individual stamp. In that way he became an expert in character creation, make-up, carpentry, lighting, scenery. He also had commissions outside his hobby and designed a full-size stage set for the première of Debussy's *Pelléas and Mellsande*. He was a photographer, cinematographer, enamel-worker, gem-cutter. When he wanted a crown, he learnt to set gem-stones. He made a sword with a pearl in the handle, rings, necklaces and wrought metal belts. One costume is set off by a high lace collar, another by ruffs. A King's robe has ermine tails on the fur trimmings. Turbans, tiaras, wigs and amazing hats are complemented by boots, turned-up slippers, shoes, bare feet, a bandaged limb, claws. Teschner's wife made up the costumes to his instructions in colourful brocades, silks, satins; plain, patterned or sequined. He was a musician and made lutes, a sculptor, graphic designer and architect. He was engraver, blacksmith, poster-artist, wig-maker, weaver of tapestries, inventor, poet, biologist, astronomer, occultist, art connoisseur and researcher into lost and rare cultures. Thomas and I admired some glass-work; a plate that effervesced into flowers and a stylised mosaic 'Art Nouveau' door. They too were Teschner's. And he was a sensitive portrait artist. He would sketch members of the audience through the character of Harlequin and present the sketches to them after the show. A beautiful study portrayed one of his assistant puppeteers as she looked into a crystal bowl, and there is a self-portrait that shows him at his work-bench as he lovingly imbued an angel with life. He cut a large crescent from the middle of a piece of wood to make the bench so he could work surrounded by everything he needed. It incorporates a structure that still holds an eccentric miscellany of tools.

The audience viewed the show through a large lens that was suspended in front of the stage. It transformed the performances to the realms of myth and magic by subtle distortion. Viewed from behind, it was a concave mirror through which the operators watched their own show. The lens

inspired the company's name *Figurenspiegel* which means looking-glass figures. A few years ago the lens was shattered. There has not been enough money to replace it.

Prior to the advent of the lens the plays were performed in a small theatre that Teschner built and decorated with golden sunburst doors. Back-stage the dolls were supported in a wooden rack, leaving the animators' hands free to operate them. Black stained polished boxes had handles on all sides for easy adjustment of working height. A tug of a cord switched the nickel-odeon musical accompaniment on or off.

Frau Weisenberg ran two original Teschner black-and-white film productions for us. *Der Traum im Karneval* (The Dream Carnival) and *Der Drachentöter* (The Dragon Slayer). They had brief sub-titles. Their subjects are archetypal fantasies, curiously adult and erotic despite traditional fairy-tale themes. In 'The Dragon Slayer' a pretty girl is terrified of a dragon in a Buddhist shrine until it saves her from a demon. She caresses him to show her gratitude and he turns into a handsome prince. A combination of cymbals, hammer and tuning fork form Eastern musical accompaniment and Teschner filed down notes on a nickel-odeon disc to produce the sound he wanted.

People came from all over Austria to see *Figurenspiegel*. Teschner had and still has, admirers in France, Czechoslovakia, Germany and England. Unfortunately lack of funds means the puppets no longer perform. There is a 'Richard Teschner Evening' on the first Wednesday of each month. Afficionados listen to lectures, see films, have discussions. The collection is open to the general public on the Austrian National Holiday. Occasionally puppets are sent abroad for exhibition at foreign festivals. That is all. The looking-glass figures are still-born for there is no lens. The sorcerer's progeny sleep.

Yes, Vienna has much to attract the tourist. The opera was exotic, the palaces magnificent, the Lippizaner horses a dream of controlled power sublimated into grace. But none of these delights equal the fascination of the sleeping dolls. Surely somewhere there is a master lens-maker who can recognise their potential and play the prince who gives the kiss of life to the slumbering world of a neglected genius?

MARIO VARGAS LLOSA

by Eric Glasgow

CONTEMPORARY writers in the Spanish literature of South America must inevitably have a basis and a character essentially different from that of Spain itself, or of Western Europe in general. This is a reflection of the very nature of the South American societies, with their frequent political instabilities, and their customary differences in wealth, prosperity, and hope. The very widespread social and economic inequalities, in such countries as Peru, Chile and Colombia, for example, have yielded in recent years an output of literature — especially the novel — which is dedicated to 'political liberation', rather than to any sort of 'art for art's sake', or aesthetic goal or pursuit. Therefore, it is impossible today to study the Latin American literature in Spanish, without at the same time becoming involved with the political and social issues of those diverse countries; and we must find here outstanding examples of the literature of political involvement, the artistic counterparts, perhaps, of the 'liberation theology', which has so affected the Roman Catholic Church, within the same regions.

We may well have been reminded of this important fact, about contemporary writings and writers from Latin America, by the recent episode of the Presidential candidature in Peru, of the internationally famous novelist, Mario Vargas Llosa. His novels are already widely available in translations, in both Britain and America, so we have no excuse for not having encountered them. Llosa is now by far the most important and recognisable of the contemporary writers from Latin America. He must illustrate and embody the entire development of 'modernism', in the Spanish literature of Latin America: its absorption within politics and social reform; its commitment to change; and its rejection of 'art for art's sake'.

Mario Vargas Llosa, born in 1936, has been published since 1958. He has already established a firm reputation as a leading Latin American novelist; and his literary renown goes today much beyond the confines of his native Peru (from which he has been for so long an exile). The latest of his numerous novels, *The Real Life of Alejandro Mayta*, was published in English translation in London in 1986; and it has also been much praised in the USA. His is a chaotic world, where reality is fragmented or non-existent, and the individual consciousness and experience is all that does or can matter. So, in his novels, Llosa is essentially an existentialist. This is also reflected in the structure of his novels, which often defy conventional techniques by being scattered in both form and plot, several different stories being described in parallel. This makes them often difficult to read or to understand; yet, they have recently gained a wide international reputation, and they have been read all over the world.

Llosa's novels generally deal with the explosive situations of conflict between the individual and society; personality and authority. His *Mayta* book is essentially the novel of the Latin American revolutionary. Its

central theme is that of the revolutionary sensibility, and its story is based upon the social conditions of Peru. Llosa, therefore, may be described as the Hemingway of South America. He shows great vividness, and great feeling for language; his style is vibrant and explosive. He is essentially a 'social realist' in the novel. In 1958, he began with the short story, soon however moving on to the full-length novel, which has already become his great forte. His first full-length novel was *La Ciudad y los Perros* (1963). He has been the first Peruvian novelist to become a genuinely international figure, alongside Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Julie Cortazeo, and Carlos Fuentes.

He sees life always as hard, complicated, and inexplicable. Only the experience and the consciousness of the individual is real, and it matters. Exploitation and corruption he sees everywhere around him, especially in his native Peru, whose society he so often attacks in his novels. All is kept subordinate to senseless authority. The individual is crushed by force beneath it. The system works by injustice and by oppression. This is a society which is fundamentally rotten and dishonest. Patriotism, duty, discipline in themselves make for corruption and power-seeking. There is just no room for the honest, the genuine, or the sensitive. Yet this was apparently the system by which the young in Peru were reared, within the author's own youthful experience. Much of his writing has always been autobiographical.

In *La Casa Verde* (1966), Llosa contrasts life in the capital city of Peru, with life in the province of Pura on the north-west coast, and in the jungles of Amazonia. Again, the emphasis is upon the poor and the deprived; there is a great gulf between the poor and the rich, alarming and unjustifiable. But the jungle itself encroaches, so as to render even the prized civilisation of Lima unsound and insecure. There is something about this picture which resembles Rousseau's cult of nature, and reminds of the 'noble savage', in the France of the eighteenth century. Indeed, all of Llosa's work is imbued with a pervasive sense of the insecurity of traditional 'civilisation', its unfair and precarious foundations, and its constant tendency to be overwhelmed by what is primitive and elemental.

Los Cachorros (1967), by contrast, deals with the corruptions of wealth, in a prosperous part of Lima. The story is narrated by a collective voice, that of a group of schoolboys now grown to middle age. Tragedy, of a very personal sort, mostly besets them. But today we must remember Llosa chiefly for his big novel, *Conversacion en la Catedral* (1969). This is certainly the nearest he has come so far to his grand image and concept, of the 'total novel' (emulating, perhaps, the grand design of Balzac in nineteenth-century France). It is altogether a splendid piece of work, done with consummate skill and artistry. It deals with the evil effects on society of a cruel military dictatorship, evidently one of fairly recent years. Oppression is everywhere; and there is a general sense of helplessness and of hopelessness. Life itself is being slowly but surely destroyed. The human condition, in itself, is becoming vitiated, depraved, and reduced to nothing.

In his later works — those published since 1973 — Llosa has developed further his own very distinctive literary traits: those of disconnected narrative, complex structure, and introspective vision, almost defying all the previous literary conventions. So he has effectively created for himself his own sort of literary genre, related especially to the social and economic milieu of his own South American country. This has been a great service to literature, and not only to that of the Spanish-speaking countries of South America.

Llosa's most recent work is *La Guerra del fin del Mundo* (1981), translated as 'The War of the End of the World', a fantastic if complicated and diffuse achievement. It is mostly set in Brazil, among the poverty-stricken, oppressed peasants of the Amazonian rain forests. Here, if anywhere, Llosa is able to demonstrate his extraordinary effectiveness as a writer about human suffering and oppression. The book, therefore, becomes in some sense a culmination of all his literary endeavours; although there is surely no reason now to suppose that it will be his last, or the end of the long and constructive sequence of all his prolific writings, since 1958.

The English version of 'The War of the End of the World' was published in London in 1984. It has been aptly described as 'a most fantastic, thunderous novel'. Its 568 pages, all crowded with incident, are stirring, masterful, and brilliant. Above all, Llosa is able to re-capture the confusion of battle, and the total inability of the participants to understand what is going on: epitome for him of life itself. It is thrilling to read, and the scope of the book is both absorbing and intimidating. This is a novel of surpassing power and significance. We cannot be surprised to discover Llosa's increasing international reputation as a novelist: the more remarkable since he is a Peruvian, writing in the idiomatic Spanish of South America.

Llosa, therefore, appears in the world today in the specific role of a novelist of the oppressed and dispossessed. He regards even patriotism as discredited, certainly as highly suspect. One must always, instead, take the side of the poor, the forgotten and the rejected. The novel itself must be socially committed to change, if not to revolution. It must have a social gospel to expound; social evils to denounce and to expose. Such is its inherent social usefulness, validity, and justification. Llosa, therefore, would have nothing of 'art for art's sake'. For him, the task of the novelist should always be 'to remind people that the world is always wrong, that life should always change'.

In a nutshell, his novels depict various forms of conflict, between the individual and his environment, society, authority, power, the establishment. He always takes sides with the captive and perplexed individual, against all forms of authority. His work, therefore, is far more that of 'social realism', than any conscious kind of art. He does not greatly expand his Spanish language, nor does he question the idea of language itself. But he relentlessly probes and investigates, more for the objectives of social reform than for those of linguistic embellishment, development, or enrichment.

The fact of the social commitment of his novels largely dictates their literary style, which is extraordinarily stark, simple, and direct. It is

designed, in itself, as if to cast out the hypocrisies of language, all sham and pretentiousness. He adds stature to the human condition because he expands the potentialities of ordinary folk. His concern is invariably with all sorts of downtrodden individuals, oppressed by poverty and by lack of power or resource. Disorder and distrust very often pervade his novels. His view of society is Darwinian ('Nature *is* red in tooth and claw'). But the individual must save himself; there is nobody and nothing that he may otherwise safely look to for support or for defence. Llosa, therefore, ends with a curious gospel of 'self-help'. Despite his pervasive sympathies for the poor and the oppressed, which may seem almost to be Marxist, Llosa has evolved a distrust of all the apparatus of the State, and an emphasis upon the personal responsibilities of the individual, which may become (in the British terms) more akin to 'Thatcherism' than to 'Socialism'. But this is the gospel of the novelist, which it must always be very difficult to transmute from British into South American terms; and in any case fictional literature is a hazardous and uncertain guide to political practicalities.

ICELAND JOURNEY

by Muriel Barnett

SUNDAY, 26th June, 1983, I spent in a spectacular nine-hour coach drive from Akureyri on the north coast of Iceland to Reykjavik, the capital on the west coast. There are no railways in Iceland. That era has been left out. Straight from road-travel to plane-flights. Few stretches of the road except near settlements were tarmac-ed, but we made good speed on Route 1, stopping now and again for fifteen minutes and being allowed half-an-hour at Stadur where we indulged in bacon and two eggs. At Melstadur I said farewell to the waters of the North Atlantic dipping my hand in the shore-ripples regretfully.

On our way we passed many boulder-strewn fields of old hardened lava covered in moss, grey-green when wet, but almost white when dry. One of the largest stretches of lava in Iceland is south-west of Reykjavik. It destroyed many farms in A.D. 1000 the very year that Iceland by an Act of Parliament in the Althing, the law-making area, declared itself as Christian. The people joined the Roman Catholic Church automatically from that day until 1550 when the national church became Evangelical-Lutheran. Icelanders, by and large, are not church-goers. They admit to superstition, believing in trolls and elves.

That the eruption of lava coincided with the declaration of Christianity was a fact duly noted by those who wished to cleave to the old faith in the early Scandinavian gods, Thor, Woden, Frey and Loki. 'You see! The gods are enraged,' they scoffed. And to this day there are still about seven hundred Icelanders loyal to the old religion.

In bright sunshine at 9.30 in the evening we arrived at Husabel, No 1 Flokkagate, Reykjavik. Next day it bucketed with rain. We got soaked several times trudging through the city centre to get our bearings, and to check our travel arrangements at Sammvin, the travel agents. That was where we met the very helpful Hjalmar. When shyly we asked for his second name, he instructed us just to use his personal name 'Hjalmar'. He explained how each person in Iceland is given his or her own name which he uses on all occasions. The second name is made up of the father's own name with the addition of 'son' or 'dottir' according to sex. The mother's name can also be incorporated, and indeed, was more often used in earlier days. When a woman marries, she inserts her husband's given name before her own patronym. Even the telephone book works on this system. I worked out that I would be known in Iceland as Muriel John Keithsdottir, which I rather liked.

In Reykjavik, I swam every day, in an indoor pool since the outdoor ones were too far away for me to reach without transport. It was much the same as in Akureyri, water heated geothermally.

Icelanders indulge in lots of outdoor activities in the long light summers. They swim, sail, ski, ride horses, fish for salmon trout, go camping, climbing, play football and much else besides.

When I was there, Iceland had no unemployment, priding herself on her educated work-force, and in being the only country to be importing labour. Yet, at the same time, there was 100% inflation — why I cannot understand. Wages are based on the cost of living, and this is controlled. Milk is sold at less than the price paid to the farmer to keep the basic figure low. Although Icelanders own their own homes, I did see holiday chalets belonging to the Trade Unions which are rented out to workers for vacations.

Education is universal, country children spend five days a week in the large boarding schools, used in the summer as Tourist Hotels. In the summer holidays the pupils are given work experience tending public gardens, helping with planting schemes, etc. And they look very happy in the doing of it. So pure is the Icelandic language since the days of the first settlers that they say that any child of twelve can read the Sagas in the original. Icelanders consider the present-day Scandinavian languages, Norwegian, Swedish and Danish as mere dialects of Icelandic.

Icelanders are very law-abiding people. When I was there, their President Vigdis Finnabogadottir lived just outside the city in a house unguarded, and she moved freely without police escort. A single woman with an adopted daughter, she was elected in 1980 after eight years as manager of the Reykjavik Theatre Company.

The streets of Reykjavik are clean and narrow. The shops well-stocked. I found the Hand-Knitters' Association's Headquarters and bought for myself an Icelandic sweater for about £15 made from yarn spun from Icelandic sheep fleeces. Other woollen items, scarves, gloves and knitted caps were also purchased by me as gifts for members of the immediate family at home.

One of the oldest houses still standing near the city centre is called Lakjarbrekka. It now serves as a restaurant where we had lunch most days enjoying a great variety of fish dishes, at fairly reasonable prices. The bus company issued tickets at special kiosks which did for several trips, and thus we were able to see much of the city's outskirts. A tourist bus trip let us visit the art galleries and museums.

One evening around nine o'clock in blazing sunshine and wearing a thin cotton frock I rang the bell of a flat, the address of which I had been given by a friend in Edinburgh. I was to deliver her regards and bring news. In the event no one was in, so I was not privileged to see the inside of one of the very modern new housing schemes that surround the city. On the way back to Husabel, I watched fascinated while motorists drew up at a petrol station, and after taking on fuel at prices comparable to those in Britain, availed themselves of the free car-wash facilities to remove the mud that the dirt roads spread over the window-screen and paintwork. This is to ensure safe driving.

I saw only one dog in Iceland, although there are others registered as farm animals. Pet dogs are not tolerated on grounds of hygiene in city streets. In the country areas there are lots of little horses, where the riders' feet dangle below the horse's belly like an adult mounted on a seaside

donkey. There are as many of these little horses as people on Iceland, about 230,000, not counting those unregistered animals who run wild. There are two million sheep. Mutton is often smoked and makes delicious eating.

The polar bear does not inhabit Iceland, although a stray one drifts in on a detached ice-floe on occasion, only to meet an early death as soon as spotted. The arctic fox is the only indigenous mammal. Man has brought in pigs, goats, cats, horses, sheep, rats and field mice, as well as hens, ducks, turkeys, and in 1930 mink for furs. At sea there are seals and whales, still hunted despite protest from NATO. There are one hundred and fifty species of fish in Iceland's waters. Two hundred and forty kinds of bird fly overhead, the gyrfalcons being reckoned the most important on land, with puffins, razorbills, kittiwakes and gannets at sea. Besides mosquitos that beset dwellers in Myvatn, there are eight hundred types of insect and butterflies. There are no reptiles or amphibians. No snakes or frogs. Perhaps the early monks were privy to St. Columba's potent spell which banished snakes from Scotland.

Arable fields are few and mostly used for grass and root crops. Little grain is grown. But fruits and tomatoes — even bananas which I saw near Geysir — are cultivated in hot-houses, free-heated from underground natural fires.

We visited Geysir, the original spouter of hot steam, which gave its name to all the others, especially those in New Zealand. Geysir is now quiescent unless stimulated by unbelievable doses of powdered soap. Stokkur, nearby, blows its top every three or four minutes. One stands fairly close and watches while its vivid turquoise-blue restless waters heave in turmoil, then swell up high as a dinner-table. With horror one wonders if all that scalding water is going to cascade over one's feet and ankles. Then, suddenly, the great dome explodes throwing a column of fine steam thirty feet above one's head. You can't really photograph it. You and your camera jump each time. While I was there I heard that a new hot spring had broken through the ground under an inhabitant's kitchen, so that he and his family had had to vacate it in its favour.

That day too, we visited Gullfoss (The Golden Waterfall). It was bigger than any waterfall I had ever seen, and plunges over three mighty steps filling the air with misty spray. I edged my way along one of its ledges and let the pure water from the Lanjokull glacier revitalise my hand.

On the way home we visited the site of Iceland's first Parliament, the Althing. It was set up in A.D. 930 in a vast natural amphitheatre, part of an ancient geological fault, which is still widening and deepening. Annually, the people used to congregate here to hear the laws recited and new ones made, voting for or against in a clan system. Business deals were struck. The strong showed their prowess in tests of skill, much like our own Highland Games. This event went on until as late as 1800 when Danish rule was centralised in Copenhagen. In 1874 the parliament was reconstituted in a handsome building in Reykjavik under Jon Sugurdsson who won a measure of independence for Iceland.

Icelanders are well aware of their early history written in the Sagas. They know full well how Ingolf Arnarsson arrived with his retinue of slaves and casting his 'house-pillars' on the surface of the sea coasted round the shores of the new land until they were washed up on the beach in a bay that was 'smoking'. It was Reykjavik — Smokey Bay. In Scotland 'reekie' means smokey, and 'wick' means bay.

A glance in the fashion magazines, written in English, showed a high standard in clothes design. Reykjavik's art galleries paid tribute to the excellence of Icelandic art. And browsing in the city's many bookshops will convince you of her high standing in the field of literature, as the Nobel Prize judges demonstrated in their selection of Halldor Laxness for the award in 1955.

We flew back to Glasgow from Reykjavik's Keflavik Airport to which we had to travel across the large lava-field which destroyed so much land in A.D. 1000 when Iceland turned Christian.

Sad to leave. Longing to be back — goodness knows when. Still I have my dreams. I should like to visit the farmlands in the south of Iceland whose fields are heavily watered from the melting of their largest glacier, Vatnajokull; and to experience the long night of winter when the sun never appears over the horizon. I could eat more halibut, fish crisps, and smoked mutton. And I long to see the film on the thirteenth century Saga of Gisli, under the title of *The Outlaw*.

Literary Supplement

THE SHORT LIVED REPUBLIC

The Weimar Republic. Eberhard Kolb, translated by P. S. Falla. Unwin Hyman. Paperback £9.95. *Weimar Culture: The Outsider as Insider.* Peter Gay. Penguin. £5.99.

Now that we are about to see a Gross Deutschland re-emerge, and as the ugly memory of the Third Reich fades after forty years, it is good to have these reminders of the 'golden twenties'. Each book is a piece of thorough scholarship: in each, a volume of approximately 200 pages, there is a 25 page bibliography; moreover, almost every paragraph in Professor Kolb's text is buttressed with evidence from his sources, which are clearly particularised, and Peter Gay's bibliography is enriched by his own assessments of each source used. And happily the two books are complementary, not duplications.

Professor Kolb of Cologne has written what is in effect a textbook on the political, economic and social history of the Weimar Republic: probably for its size the best introduction that exists to a vast field; students and researchers will find it indispensable. His survey of the problems of writing on Weimar during the Third Reich is itself an apt comment on the impact of the Nazis on historical scholarship, since in their view the Weimar Republic was the work of 'the November criminals', the result of 'the stab in the back', the work of 'Jews, Marxists and cultural bolsheviks'. Again, just as Peter Gay, in his mainly cultural history includes a brief historical-political survey, so Eberhard Kolb includes a short guide to cultural developments in his political-diplomatic-ecnomic canvas. Just as Peter Gay singles out Karl Dietrich Bracher for favourable mention, so he is the source cited most frequently by Professor Kolb.

Peter Gay, now 67, is himself one of the many Weimar exiles — exiled, however, when he was 10; he is now, and has been for the last two decades, a professor of Intellectual History at Yale. His study is not a complete survey of Weimar, since he excludes the role of the churches, of the universities, and of science. He attempts only to write an essay on the major themes that dominated the fevered and vulnerable life of the Republic. His survey is the more easily readable of the two. He follows the conventional wisdom, that Weimar was 'born in defeat, lived in turmoil, and died in disaster', but, following Bracher, he holds that its collapse was not inevitable. The political institutions of Bismarck's Germany were but 'fig leaves for absolutism'; the 'outsiders' of the years before and of the First World War — the radicals, socialists, Free Thinkers and Jews — became the 'insiders' of the days of Weimar. But they were never far inside: the so-called Weimar Coalition was immensely fragmented, and if there was a legion of 'movements', many chose to reject politics altogether, like Thomas Mann, Hannah Arendt and Ludwig Marcuse, or thought of Heinrich Mann as an alternative to Hindenburg for President. But the Weimar years were also the years of the Expressionists, of the Bauhaus, of Martin Heidegger and Albert Einstein, of Marlene Dietrich, and of 'the hunger for wholeness'. There were, as there are still, many Germanies, and many free corps. Peter Gay's sparkling survey is a superb introduction to the Germany that Madame de Stael called the land of *Dichter und Denker*, and to the overthrow of the poets and thinkers by the men who burned not only the books but millions of other men and women.

ESMOND WRIGHT

SIR PETER MEDAWAR: INCOMPARABLE SCIENTIST

A Very Decided Preference. Jean Medawar. Oxford University Press. 1990. Hardback. £15.00.

The Threat and the Glory. Peter Medawar Ed. David Pyke. Oxford University Press. 1990. Hardback. £15.00.

Sir Peter Medawar, OM, CH, CBE, FRS, (1915-1987), was a remarkable man. The son of a Lebanese father and a British mother he was awarded a first-class honours degree in zoology at Oxford and 11 years later a D.Sc. He became Professor of Zoology in Birmingham University in 1947, in University College London in 1951 and Director of the National Institute for Medical Research at Mill Hill in 1962. In 1960 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for medicine jointly with MacFarlane Burnet. With his pupils and collaborators he created a new branch of science, the immunology of transplantation, which led to the successful transplantation of kidneys, hearts and other organs to the great benefit of many. He was one of the greatest biologists of his generation, but much more than that. He was a splendid lecturer, lucid, witty, and able to convey his enthusiasm to a wide range of audiences, scientific and general. He became widely known through his broadcasts, books, articles and talks in many parts of the world. He was interested in philosophy and was passionately fond of music, especially opera. Six-foot four inches tall, good looking and lively, he had a real presence. When at the height of his powers disaster struck. In September 1969 while, as President of the British Association, he was reading the lesson in Exeter Cathedral he collapsed with a massive stroke, and thereafter was utterly dependent on his wife, Jean.

Jean's book is a charming, well-written and sometimes moving account of their life together since they first met as Oxford students on Peter's 20th birthday. They married in 1937. Early in the war Peter helped H. W. Horey with the testing of penicillin, but soon afterwards, shaken by seeing a badly burnt airman, he tackled with great vigour the problems of skin grafting and why skin could not be accepted by one individual from another, beginning the work that led to the Nobel Prize. Jean describes their increasingly busy life at Oxford, Birmingham, UCL and Mill Hill, the growth of their family (four children), their wide circle of friends and, above all, the astonishing amount of productive work Peter managed to achieve by his concentrated efforts and deep thought, and by relying on Jean to order their lives outside his work. His unstuffy approach and care for others, his sense of humour and exceptional vitality secured the loyalty of colleagues and staff. Then came the dreadful stroke in Exeter which left his left arm and leg virtually useless, and, what I had not realised until I read this book, reduced his left field of vision. Jean's account of the next 18 years is an inspiration to us all. Their determination, courage and sheer hard work, aided by some devoted medical care, enabled Peter gradually to be able to resume scientific work and to write, lecture and travel. In 1980, while in New York, Peter suffered another stroke, and the long process of rehabilitation had to begin again. Later he lost one eye. But he struggled on, not complaining, and enjoyed meeting friends and listening to music. After further strokes he died in October 1987. This book will be treasured by Peter's many friends and admirers, and our deep gratitude to Jean for all she did for Peter is enhanced. The title comes from Peter's emphatic statement that he had a very decided preference for continuing to live.

The second book contains some of Peter's essays, articles, book reviews and lectures, including his Reith lectures delivered in 1959, collected and edited

by David Pyke. Some of them have not before been published and others in not easily accessible places. They show his interest in the philosophy of science, the nature of scientific discovery and the importance of imagination. They combine clarity and rigour of thought with the ability to write elegant prose enlivened by flashes of humour, and yet most of them were written after his first stroke and some after his second when he was partially paralysed and more than half blind. Though much has happened in genetics since his Reith lectures they are still worth reading. To Peter science 'is incomparably the most successful activity man have ever engaged upon' and he enlarges on this. The book's title is taken from the second essay 'It is the great glory as it is also the great threat of science that everything which is in principle possible can be done if the intention to do it is suffiently resolute. Scientists may exult in the glory, but in the middle of the twentieth century the reaction of ordinary people is more often to cower at the threat.' Peter considers why this is so and what to do about it. The essay on animal experimentation in a medical research institute is just as relevant today. The last two are quite different, 'Son of Stroke' (1972) and 'The Life Instinct and Dignity in Dying' (1983). The book would make a splendid present to a young person wondering about science, and it should be widely read.

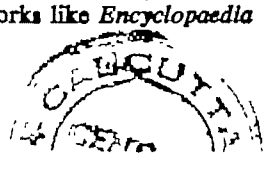
ARTHUR VICK

A GIFT FOR BIOGRAPHERS

Charles Darwin: A Biography. John Bowlby. Hutchinson. 1990. £19.95.

Charles Darwin has always had a fascination for biographers and there are several reasons for this appeal. One obvious reason is that the concept of evolution changed man's idea of himself and his place in nature almost as radically as when first the earth and later the sun were discovered not to be the centre of the universe. Also a wealth of material is available for the historian as he lived in an age when letters tended to be kept for posterity — and he was a prolific writer of letters as well as books. The facts of his life have a natural attraction: starting with a wild voyage of discovery, he achieved distinction first as a geologist and later as biologist and finally as botanist; his later years were devoted to writing and study, interrupted by the battle against ill-health, but ended with worldly fame and success.

The author John Bowlby, who died shortly after the publication of this book, was not only a distinguished psychiatrist but a life-long student of Darwin. He has produced a scholarly and comprehensive though readable book. The 28 chapters deal with topics such as his two distinguished grandfathers — Dr. Erasmus Darwin of Lichfield and Josiah Wedgwood the famous potter—; science and natural history at Edinburgh; sport, beetles and philosophy at Cambridge; a voyage grievously too long; from prospective parson to aspiring scientist; Darwin's revolutionary ideas; and 'awful battles and staunch friends'. Darwin was born into a family whose background was religious and politics liberal (they were Whigs), both his father and grandfather were doctors of medicine. On leaving the public school at Shrewsbury, Charles went to study medicine at Edinburgh University but became bored with the lectures and never qualified, and then went to Cambridge where his family intended him to be a parson. At 22 he joined the *Beagle* as geologist to survey the coasts of South America to look for possible harbours — his remarkable work on animals and plants being a spin-off. The *Beagle* was a small ship, 90 feet long, and he boarded it with 245 books (some being multi-volume works like *Encyclopaedia*



Britannica), and shared a small cabin with Captain FitzRoy, a strong Tory; in spite of living in confined quarters on the *Beagle* for nearly five years never a bad word was said against Charles. After marriage, the family lived in Gower Street, Bloomsbury, London (it now contains a lecture theatre attached to University College) but moved to Down House, Downe, Kent in 1842 where he spent the rest of his life (this is now a museum and his study is preserved).

The detail — for a book of this size — is remarkable and the bibliography contains 139 references. Yet the style makes easy reading. Take, for example, the account of the famous debate on evolution that took place at the British Association meeting at Oxford where Huxley opposed the Bishop of Oxford, 'an able man who knew nothing of science'. Huxley was aroused 'to the devastating retort that he was not ashamed to have an ape as an ancestor but would be ashamed to be connected with a man who used great gifts to obscure the truth'. The book is illustrated with maps, places, pictures of the family — and the photograph of Darwin taken by the eminent Victorian photographer Julia Margaret Cameron in 1869.

Yet is another study of Darwin needed? A computer search (from 1972) in the University library listed 132 items and two excellent biographies have been published in the last ten years: *Charles Darwin: A Man of Enlarged Curiosity* (1981) by Peter Brent and *The Survival of Charles Darwin* (1984) by Ronald W. Clark. This one however, is well worthwhile and is immaculately produced at reasonable price. The author has provided a meticulous study of the family background and Darwin as a person, and a definitive account of Darwin's health, which has perplexed many scholars. Most of the time he was a workaholic and showed the intense activity that explains his prodigious output in research and writing; but he suffered periods of complete prostration when he was unable to do anything for many months. He also had symptoms affecting his heart, digestion and breathing; these — now regarded as psychosomatic — would be precipitated by stress such as related to criticism of his theories or, as he wrote, 'I have been bad, having two days of bad vomiting owing to the accursed proofs' — a reaction that may be met with sympathy by other writers.

Dr. John Bowlby was a pioneer in putting forward the hypothesis that bereavement in childhood or its consequences leaves a scar of vulnerability which may cause depression and other trouble in later life. Hence it is inevitable that the writer uses the book as a vehicle for his ideas, and he may be correct as Darwin's mother died when he was eight years old and there were other problems. However, much evidence is given for an hereditary depressive illness apart from such a possible precipitating factor: his somewhat manic father suffered from 'dark moods', his elder brother had periods of depression, and his uncle Erasmus committed suicide after a depressive illness lasting two years. Today, most physicians would have prescribed an antidepressive drug.

The book is 'reader-friendly'. The inside covers provide maps of the *Beagle's* voyage and a brief chronology is given at the start followed by a prologue which is an overview of the contents. Moreover a useful innovation is the section at the end entitled 'Who's Who' for it lists brief details of the 167 people — his family and famous friends such as Lyell, Hooker and Asa Gray — referred to on previous pages. Reading time, in this electronic age, is limited and unless one can spend time reading each day, it is easy to forget who is who.

CLIFFORD HAWKINS

A VICTORIAN MESALLIANCE

The Pimlico Murder: The Strange Case of Adelaide Bartlett. Kate Clarke. Souvenir Press. £14.95.

One by one the old Victorian mysteries are coming under the sharp, bright scrutiny of a new, and extremely bulldoggish breed of factual crime writers, who, unlike the old Gribble and scribble brigade, eschew scissors and paste in favour of sweat and toil. They are even known to have the 'get up and go' to do some original fieldwork research.

The latest *cause célèbre*, as the old hackneyed hack phrase would have 'dubbed' it, to undergo the modern in-depth treatment is the bewhiskered Bartlett case, contemporaneously famous as the Pimlico Mystery. It is twenty-eight years since the last, highly unreliable, book on the murder of Edwin Bartlett appeared, so Miss Clarke's is both timely and welcome. Carefully put together so far as the known facts are concerned, it contains also a great deal of new material, and unquestionably supersedes Yseult Bridges' *Poison and Adelaide Bartlett* part but only a small part of which it inevitably takes on board, just as, in its turn, Mrs. Bridges' book had to take a part, a large part, of Sir John Hall's seminal *Notable British Trials* volume on board. Where Miss Clarke's book cuts clear ahead of any of its predecessors is in the totally new light it brings to bear upon what one may call the central mysteries of the affair; not on the 'if' she did it (answer taken for granted now) or the 'how' she did it (administration of liquid chloroform is now recognised to be a far easier feat than it used to be thought), but in its grappling with such ongoing perplexers as Adelaide, *who* was she . . . and whatever became of her?

Miss Clarke has most vigorously tackled the thoroughly awkward problem of Adelaide's parentage, and feels able confidently to put forward the name of her possible father — Sir Edward Clarke's 'Englishman of good social position.' She has produced also a most persuasive answer to the whatever became of Adelaide riddle. It is an answer backed up by impressive visual evidence for the reader's consideration.

As a matter of fact, the absolutely splendid collection of hitherto unknown, or certainly lost and forgotten, illustrations really do add yet another dimension to the volume's value.

Miss Clarke's clear, factual style of writing is well suited to cope with her complex subject, and the description of the death scene in the cosily-cocooned, first-floor flat in Calverton Street, as Edwin and the Old Year pass, is beautifully evocative, tinged with just the right tincture of atmosphere. The author's notion of Adelaide as an ally of feminism is a novel but deserving one. There are some interesting new titbits, such as that relating the untimeous end of poor, ill-used young Dr. Leach. One would like to know what became of the Reverend Mr. Dyson, Adelaide's duped lover, according to the authorised version, but elsewhere hinted to be 'something else', as they say. And I was never quite happy with Mrs. Bridges' tranquil coda of the ivory-tickling Madame Blanche of Boston, going 'gentle into that good night'. Neither, to be fair, is Miss Clarke.

While I would not necessarily find myself in agreement with all the author's speculations, I hope that I have made it obvious that I consider this book to be an extremely significant addition to the literature of murder and feel that its publication as a classic in a classic crime series is not only completely justified, but also very proper.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

EDMUND SPENSER'S VIEW OF IRELAND

Spenser and Ireland: An interdisciplinary perspective. Edited by Patricia Coughlan. Cork University Press 1989. 127pp. £IR10.00.

This slim volume had its origin in a symposium of the Medieval and Renaissance Society of University College, Cork as part of the celebrations of Cork's city charter, eight centuries old last year.

There are five papers; two by the historians Nicholas Canny, Professor of History at Galway and the Trinity College scholar of sixteenth century Ireland, Ciaran Brady; the former writes on Edmund Spenser and the reform of Ireland while Brady develops his already considerable work on Spenser's *View of the Present State of Ireland* — a controversial treatise which emanated from Spenser in his official capacity as clerk to the Munster council and wherein he justified his case for the abandonment of persuasion and reform in dealing with the Irish to favour a violent solution in a scorched earth policy. Such a harsh prescription for the land and people of Ireland is so greatly at odds with the sensitive poet of *The Faerie Queen*, itself mainly composed in County Cork.

The other three essays are by literary specialists of Spenser. Patricia Coughlan writes on Ireland and incivility, Anne Fogarty on the colonization of language, and Richard McCabe on Spenser and political violence. The line of development is clear from Patricia Coughlan's examination of Spenser thought about Ireland as a totality to Anne Fogarty's balanced treatment in comparing narrative strategies in both Spenser's *View* and *The Faerie Queen, Part VI*. The final essay is a tour de force which will probably help historians more than literary critics of Spenser to understand the renaissance ideology of conquest in which Machiavellian echoes come through loud and clear, though muffled in the argument that it was the duty of the new Tudor monarchy to drag Ireland into the new age of Protestant enlightenment. It is the avowed aim of these essays to break down the conventional division between history and literature. Certainly the prose and poetry of Edmund Spenser and dual role in Ireland, like so many others of the very literate Elizabethans who served in Ireland, and who left a literary legacy, Sir Geoffrey Fenton, Sir John Harrington, Sir John Davies, not to mention Sir Walter Raleigh, to name but a few, raise important and significant problems about both literature and the history of colonialism in early modern Ireland. No longer can we, for example, treat Spenser's creative and polemical writings as discreet entities; even on the superficial level these papers admirably demonstrate the benefits to be derived from a joint enterprise of historians and literary critics. And while an older generation of scholars found genuine difficulty in reconciling Spenser the gentle poet with Spenser the ruthless advocate of extermination, the group of scholars represented by this volume of essays more readily accept that Spenser, like so many of his class and generation, showed an abounding enthusiasm for renaissance humanism in thought and letters and yet pursued a militant protestantism in their lives as early colonists in Ireland. In such closely related themes it is also admirable not to find repetitive ideas; perhaps we should have had five more of these excellently balanced and erudite literary-historical essays from Cork University Press.

JOHN MCGURK

PAGING MR. GOODFRIEND

Wilde's Devoted Friend: A Life of Robert Ross 1869-1918. Maureen Borland. Lennard. £16.95.

Every man is not (thank God — for our sakes) a Shaw, or (thank God — for his sake) a Wilde, but, to adopt and adapt the words, in another context, of Mrs. Borland a convention has arisen whereby the critics of biographies will decry the necessity for those of men judged by them to be less than illustrious. Up goes the parrot cry — this man or that woman is hardly important enough to warrant a biography. The remark has already been applied to Robert Ross, and the notion that it is only what the prevailing fashion of intellectually squeaky-clean posterity decides to be a man's achievement that provides the justification for the writing of his life, is a concept narrow, inept and as positively harmful as those who, wilfully purblind, begat it. Its translation into practice would have ruled out of print such altogether rewarding life studies as *The Quest For Corvo* — what did Fr. Rolfe ever achieve beyond the development of a superlative talent for the biting of the hands that fed him? — Hugh Trevor-Roper's *Hidden Life* of the enigmatic Sir Edmund Backhouse, and that also of Raleigh Trevelyan's delightfully disclosed hermit, not to mention Arthur Calder-Marshall's two religious candidates — the Reverend Alexander Riall Woods and the Reverend Joseph Leycester Lyne, alias Fr. Ignatius OSB.

Happily, Mrs. Borland has not been deterred and has laboured mightily and brought forth this altogether worthwhile celebration of the 'Friend of Friends', the man whom Arnold Bennett was to describe to Siegfried Sassoon as being, because of his catalytic qualities, one of the most indirectly creative men he had ever known. If Wilde put, as he claimed in that once-shining aphorism dulled and staled now by repetition, his genius into his life and only his talent into his writing, Ross put his genius into his friendships and only his (slender) talent into his life.

Although it is chiefly in his relationship to Oscar Wilde that he is remembered — the late Micheál Mac Liammóir contributing his Thespian's mite with his theatrical enshrinement of the incident of the magenta wall-paper of the death-bedchamber of the Hôtel d'Alsace in the rue des Beaux Arts, the last station of Wilde's cross... 'It's killing me, Robbie! Killing me!' Then, 'Yes, of course. One of us had to go.' — he was also, it should not be forgotten, Aubrey Beardsley's friend.

It was the newspaper editor (among so many other things), Frank Harris, who spread the tabloid news that Oscar and Robbie met, importuning, in a public lavatory. Most likely a Harris invention, although Robbie is said to have been Wilde's seducer, or *vice versa*, his seducee, and, at Wilde's behest, came under another Oscar's (Browning) motherly wing when up at King's, where he was ducked by lustier Cantabrians for his long hair and aesthetic mannerisms.

Wilde died in 1900. Robbie survived another eighteen years. Other friends came and went — Gosse, Henley, George Moore, Sickert, Shaw, Bennett, Wells, Graves — their passages faithfully recorded in this most interesting study. Latterly, Bosie Douglas hounded Robbie in a mode reminiscent of the scarlet screaming marquess's hunting of their mutual friend. He and T. W. H. Crosland determined to visit upon Robbie the same fate as Queensberry *père* had visited upon Oscar, and for the same reason. Private detectives were hired, whimsy young men put under pressure, the search was on in earnest for an *agent prévaricateur*. It failed, but left Robbie pretty jaded. But his was to be

the last triumph. It was he whose ashes were, in 1950, placed in the special chamber which he had had Epstein design for him in Oscar's tomb at Père Lachaise. There, until the day breaks, they now lie commingled, and one recalls poor, brave Oscar's words: 'When the Last Trumpet sounds, and we are couched in our porphyry tombs, I shall turn and whisper to you "Robbie, Robbie, let us pretend we do not hear it".'

Oh, it is all an old, old heartache now, but Mrs. Borland's sensitive book provides a stirringly sympathetic anthem.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Sun in the Morning. (Viking £16.99.) M. M. Kaye is best known for her *The Far Pavilions*, and she reveals here an account of her early years in India and England, some of the sources and the originals on which she drew in writing it. She is now an 82-year-old, who has lived for 40 years in what for her has been exile, not in the land of her birth and of her affections, but in a farmhouse outside Farnham. There she can indulge herself by recalling 'a fabulously beautiful land . . . as peaceful and unspoiled, as Eden before the Fall', and 'the hills that lay like wrinkled folds of grey velvet in the moonlight.' She can be savage with those who see it differently, like E. M. Forster, with his 'virulent attack on his own race' in *A Passage to India*. Not so with Rudyard Kipling, whose *Kim* was clearly, and rightly, for her a major treasure trove. The most vivid person in her story is her father, and almost the first quarter of her tale is really his: a gifted linguist, scholar and code-breaker, a member of a long-serving Anglo-Indian family — one of them wrote a still valuable near-contemporary study of the Mutiny; his long spell in the I.C.S. at Simla, where she was born, shaped his daughter's life. Old India hands will enjoy her autobiography which might be called Memories of Simla in the Raj. Not for all of them will the memories be of the heady fragrance of the frangipani nor of the thrills of going down the dusty Grand Trunk Road to the dustier and dirty plains. As she recognises, New Delhi is a very different place from the Old City she remembers. This is a pleasant tale of an India that never was — except as an elderly lady recalls a privileged childhood, and as the passing of the years dims all discordant notes. Well: almost all. Mollie Kaye can — though rarely — add a touch of acid. But for the most part this is 'roses everywhere', a tale of sugar and spice and all things sweet-scented. (R.W.)

World Leaders Past and Present. (Harrap. £4.50 each volume.) Welcome will be given to two English paperback editions in this American series. Each biography is designed to outline the life and achievements of the individual concerned against the background of the period in which he lived. Each volume is profusely illustrated. Dennis Wepman writes on *Adolf Hitler* and Dorothy and Thomas Hoobler on *Joseph Stalin*. These are basically popular introductory studies which the general reader will appreciate particularly.

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© 1991. Published monthly by the Contemporary Review Co. Ltd, 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG, England, and printed in England by Mandeville Press, 136 Southend Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 2BJ. U.S. Mailing Agent: Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 2323 Randolph Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Second Class postage paid at Rahway N.J. Annual subscription (including postage); U.K. £26.00, U.S.A. and Canada $120.00. Rates for all other countries on application. Copies can be sent by airmail outside U.S. and Canada: extra costs given on request. U.S. Postmaster: please send all address corrections to 'Contemporary Review', c/o Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 10B Englehard Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Contemporary Review.
(ISSN/0010/7565)

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 **incorporating The Fortnightly**

March 1991 **Vol. 258** **No. 1502**

HONG KONG AND CHINA: A DIFFICULT COMBINATION

by S. F. Bailey

HONG Kong is a relatively tiny area of a little over 1,000 square kilometres on the southern fringe of China, once a completely unimportant part of what is now Guangdong Province. It consists of a bit of the mainland and over two hundred islands. The largest of these is Lantau, sparsely inhabited because of its lack of water, and the second largest is Hong Kong Island, which is densely inhabited. What is commonly called Hong Kong is at first sight two cities, one on Hong Kong Island, called Victoria, and Kowloon opposite it on the mainland. The reality, in terms of government and administration, is that the whole 1,000 sq km should be seen as a single large city with 5.8 m inhabitants, but with more open land and comparatively wild areas dotted about than is normal in a large city. As far as density of population is concerned, this single city has about 5,800 people per square kilometre, compared with about 4,500 for London. By any standards it is a formidable city.

Hong Kong harbour and its anchorages were first occupied in 1841 as a by-product of the Opium Wars of 1840, and was formally annexed in 1843. More was added after the sack of the Summer Palace in Peking in 1860, and still more after the end of the Sino-Japanese War of 1894/95. It is this last acquisition which has given the Chinese government the necessary leverage to re-acquire the whole area. All the acquisitions were made at the point of a gun, but that of 1898 was more obviously inspired by greed than was decent even then, and the acquisition, perhaps in recognition of this, was expressed as a lease instead of a mere seizure. It was a lease of territory with an inadequately defined northern border, without a rent being specified, and indeed without a rent ever being paid. Nevertheless, it was officially a 99-year lease of an area of the mainland, later to be called the New Territories, scheduled to expire in 1997.

As 1997 came over the horizon, the realisation grew in Westminster of something that had been known in Hong Kong for a long time. Even with the New Territories Hong Kong was not defendable, as the Japanese proved in 1941, and without them its viability could be measured in days. Moreover, Hong Kong gets about 40% of its water from China and Beijing has only to order this to be turned off for the place to be ruined. In any case relinquishing the lease, whether or not the water was turned off, would

have much the same effect as selling London south of the river and the whole of Kent to the French. Westminster and Whitehall had therefore to come to terms, no doubt reluctantly, with the unavoidable.

The city of Hong Kong is ethnically far more Chinese than London is English. About 98% of its inhabitants are Chinese, and only about 2% non-Chinese. In Hong Kong's three economic foundation stones of the port, the manufacturing sector, and the banking and financial sector, the first two are almost wholly managed and manned by Chinese, and although non-Chinese are more visible in the third, they are still a very small minority. Only the government of the city has been retained in the hands of non-Chinese, and even this is now changing. The ruling gwailos (a slightly rude Cantonese term for Westerners) may not like the idea, but if the non-Chinese in Hong Kong left tomorrow it would not make all that much difference.

The city has the largest and busiest container terminal in the world, and it is still growing; it is the world's largest exporter of garments, of toys, of watches and clocks; it is the world's third largest international financial centre. Despite being almost wholly export-oriented and subject to the vagaries of international trade it has over the last twenty years maintained an average annual growth in the economy of 8% in real terms. It is ranked the eleventh largest trading economy in the world, and in a 1989 survey its foreign exchange market with an average daily turn-over of US$49 billion was ranked sixth. It is China's largest trading partner and also China's largest single market. It is the largest external investor in China and accounts for about 70% of their external investments; and China earns about half of all its foreign exchange from its investments and trade with Hong Kong.

Considered simply as a city in which to live and work, it is an astonishing place. About half the population lives in subsidised housing and about 40% of households own their own homes. The city builds, and plans to go on building to the end of the century, about 70,000 flats per year, of which about 40,000 are financed from the public sector. The health service is good, as witness the fact that infant mortality in Hong Kong at 7.4 per thousand live births has for many years been lower than in Britain, and also the fact that the expectation of life is better in Hong Kong than in Britain (80 for women and 74 for men, against 78 and 72 in Britain). This city, smaller than London, supports 63 newspapers and 598 periodicals of one sort or another; twelve radio broadcasting channels of which seven are operated by the government, three commercially, and two by the Forces network; four broadcast TV channels, with a cable TV channel being installed and over 150 cinemas despite widespread ownership of video cassette recorders. Subsidised by the public sector it has a professional Repertory Theatre working in Cantonese, a professional Chinese Orchestra, a professional Philharmonic Orchestra playing mainly western music and up to recording standard; the Hong Kong Dance Company; seven museums including a Space Museum (planetarium); excellent Zoological and Botanical Gardens which are active and successful participants

in the International Breeding Programme for Endangered Species; 1,052 public parks and gardens of various sizes; and an exceptionally wide range of other public recreational facilities. The infrastructure of transport and communications is as good as can be expected, and on the whole better than London.

Unemployment is about 1.5% and under-employment about 0.5%, and one might well wonder how so expansive an economy manages to hold back galloping inflation. Until recently it appeared to do so mainly by attracting extra workers and, of course, finding work for them to do. In the last few years however the trick seems to be to take work north to workers across the border in China, to the Special Economic Zone of Shenzhen. Twenty-five years ago this was no more than the rural area on the other side of the flimsy chain-link fence which is Hong Kong's border defence. Even fifteen years ago it was not much more than that. Now, by decision of the Chinese government, it is a large, exceedingly active township all but indistinguishable from the big townships of Hong Kong and the New Territories. Hong Kong is exporting its work, its management expertise, and its investments directly into China; and with them it is exporting its ethos and its enterprise. Shenzhen has become a transfer zone, for the transfer to China not only of technology and management skills, but of the attitudes and life-styles that go with them. The current estimate is that about 80% of all investment in Shenzhen has come from Hong Kong and that Hong Kong directly employs about 2m workers there in manufacturing industry, compared with about 800,000 employed in manufacturing in Hong Kong itself. Most of the workers are no doubt operating at a lower level of technology, and of wages, than would be possible in Hong Kong; but it is the fact, and the scale, of their employment which is important. Shenzhen has become the placenta through which the West in the form of Hong Kong is now feeding the twentieth century into Guangdong Province (with a population larger than the UK) and through that Province into the enormous infant of China.

China will, for a very long time, need a lot of feeding. Its major problem, apart from poverty, is its size, both geographically and in population. It has a total area of 9.5 million square kilometres, very slightly larger than the USA, but its population, now standing at about 1,170m, is five times that of the USA. Only between ten and fifteen per cent of the total land area is cultivable, and the density of person per hectare of cultivated land is over seven times that of the USA, although less than half of that in Japan and very slightly less than that in the UK. Density apart, the sheer numbers are what dominate; and, within the total numbers, the breakdown between urban and rural. After Mao's achievement of power he and the Party struggled to maintain the dominance of the rural population over the urban, and the policy has been continued since his death. The growth rate for the urban population has more than halved since 1949, and although it is probably still higher than that for the rural population the figures are now also probably fairly close to parity. Of the total population of 1,170m about 80% are reckoned to be rural and about 20% urban, and the ratio

is unlikely to change very much for some time to come.

TABLE 1

Approximate populations EC, USSR, USA, China and Hong Kong — 1990.

Country	Population m	Area in m./sq. km.	People per sq. km.
E.C.			
France	54.5	0.55	99
Germany*	78.1	0.35	223
Italy	56.9	0.30	190
Belgium	9.9	0.03	330
Netherlands	14.4	0.04	360
Luxembourg	0.4	0.002	200
UK	56.8	0.24	237
Ireland	3.4	0.07	49
Denmark	5.1	0.04	128
Greece	9.8	0.13	75
Spain	38.2	0.50	76
Portugal	9.9	0.09	110
Total EC	337.4	2.342	144
USSR	276.3	22.40	12
USA	234.3	9.36	25
Total EC, USSR, USA	848.0	34.102	25
China			
Rural	936	—	—
Urban	234	—	—
Total China	1,170	9.56	122
Hong Kong	5.8	0.001	5,800

(Guangdong Province, adjoining Hong Kong and the fifth largest in China, has a population of 60.0m, i.e. it is larger than the UK.)

*Federal Republic — 61.4m: Democratic Republic — 16.7m: total 78.1m.

The significance of this is important, because the Party was built on the foundation of support in the countryside. The total of about 936m rural population is larger than that of the total combined population of the European Community, the USSR and the USA (see Table 1). City-oriented Western commentators tend to look at the cities for their social and political reports on a country, and the 234m urban population of China is, after all, the same as the total population of the USA; but it is misleading. The political centre of gravity in China is the rural population. That is what matters, and no one should have been surprised (although we all were) that once the leaders in Beijing realised the Tiananmen demonstrators of 1989 were supported only by urban workers, forcible dispersal and subsequent suppression were the answer. Putting it crudely, the maintenance of political stability and economic development in the countryside were far more important than the killing of a few, or a few hundred, or a few thousand, students in Beijing. Since at least 1976 the peasants have been better off than perhaps they have ever been, and have better prospects than they ever had. No one will willingly endanger that.

Perhaps no country, not even China, is really ungovernable; but some are more difficult than others. China certainly has its difficulties. In addition to its physical size and population size, there is the lack of a common language, masked by the use of a common script which can in theory be understood by all because it is pictorial rather than alphabetic. There is the fact that personal allegiances, deeply influenced by Confucius, are

primarily to the family and the clan, only remotely to the local government area, and still more remotely to the Province and to the country as a whole. On the other hand there is indeed a common script understandable by all who are literate; and there is a strong tradition of over two thousand years of central government of sorts, frequently interrupted though it might be by long periods of chaos and government by local war lords.

More important than anything else there is the unshakeable conviction that, whatever the differences between themselves, they are at least all Chinese and in the last resort better than any non-Chinese. This is the real unifying factor which will ensure that whatever else happens China is unlikely to fall apart in the welter of nationalist and religious factions that appear to threaten the USSR. Still, they know, and have known for two centuries or more, that despite their own intrinsic superiority the gwailos from the Mediterranean and northern Europe have surpassed them in the use and application of technology, and are now so far ahead that minor adaptions are not possible. They know that the fact that those technologies often had their origin in Chinese developments has long been irrelevant. They know, and have known for more than a century that, as the common slogan puts it, they must learn from the West. The problem is, precisely how will they learn from the West? What exactly, in practical terms, must they do? They can now see an answer of sorts — it is down there on the far southern border, in Hong Kong and Shenzhen.

TABLE 2:

Percentages of relevant age group in education — China & Hong Kong.

CHINA		HONG KONG	
Primary (4 years)	75%	Kindergarten (3 years)	75%
Junior Secondary (2 years)	7%	Primary (6 years)	100%
Senior Secondary (2 years)	2%	Junior Secondary (3 years)	
Post Secondary (all types)	0.5%	Mainstream	85%
		Full-time Craft	10%
		Special Remedial	up to 5%
Illiteracy:		Senior Secondary (3 years)	30%
All China	24%	Post-secondary	
Guangdong Province	16%	Degree courses	7%
Beijing (most literate)	12%	(rising to 18% in 1995)	
Tibet (least literate)	52%	Sub-degree courses	approx. 7%

The first nine years (Primary and Junior Secondary) are compulsory and free in Hong Kong, although there are fee-charging schools as well. There are no official illiteracy figures for Hong Kong, but the rate will be less than 5%.

The transfer of technology depends as much as anything on the development of an educated population; and not just an educated elite, but an educated whole population. The position in which China now finds itself is summarised at Table 2, together with the comparative figures for Hong Kong. Even this summary does not show how bad the position really is, because it does not show the effect of the steady deterioration post-1949 followed by the almost complete blockage of higher education caused by the Cultural Revolution in the mid-60s. I have been told that after Mao's death the Royal Society was asked to sponsor a group of the most promising post-graduate students; and discovered that instead of being in their early

or mid-20s they were in the mid or late 30s. There simply were no adequately educated graduates in their 20s.

Hong Kong visibly has the technologies and is capable of handling them. The people there are willing to play their part if the price is right, and it has been right so far. Above all else, Hong Kong is Chinese and will be part of China. There will be no need to kowtow to the bitterly resented foreigners, it will not be necessary to strike unequal bargains, there need be no loss of face. Hong Kong can be the conduit for the West. The question now being asked is whether the leaders in Beijing, and in Guangdong Province, will be able to understand the nature and size of the gap between the way things are currently done in China and the way things are done in Hong Kong.

The omens have not always been encouraging. The instinctive reaction in Beijing is to control pretty well everything controllable, whereas the Hong Kong style is to let things run and only apply controls if social or financial policies require it. Beijing, for example, tends almost automatically to apply exchange controls: Hong Kong, with greater self-confidence, assumes that freedom of movement for money means that if there are no restraints people are as likely to move money in as out, and that despite occasional panics, all will be well. A similar confidence guides Hong Kong policies on the movement of people and goods. In general, the instinctive Hong Kong reaction is that common sense freedom is best, and that controls should only be brought in when needed, and for specific purposes.

The problem of the economic and development gap is exacerbated by the very fact that Hong Kong people have regained, and developed, the self-confidence that was once the hall-mark of classical China, whereas the major Chinese leaders seem to have retained the self-doubts, near-paranoia, and sense of isolation more characteristic of nineteenth century China. The most recent example is both indicative and important. Hong Kong people have long dithered over the fact that their airport is not merely dangerously sited but also incapable of further expansion on the scale needed. The dithering was mainly inspired by the knowledge that doing anything about it would mean spending very large amounts of money, an activity not lightly to be indulged in. Once fully persuaded that something really would have to be done if economic expansion was to continue, the reaction was characteristically decisive. A new airport would be built on a better site, the adjoining harbour and port facilities improved, transport and other links put in, and the old airport redeveloped as a building site to help pay for the scheme. It was the sort of thing that had been done before, although not on this scale, and there was, and is, plenty of confidence in the elaborate engineering and financial planning needed. The new airport can be in operation before the hand-over in 1997, but the financial and economic consequences of a US$16 billion scheme will go well beyond that date.

The Beijing reaction to this was equally characterisic. Lacking the self-confidence of Hong Kong they want more talk and brooding, more elaborate calculations of possible consequences; they want to examine,

and re-examine, and re-re-examine all the arguments and considerations on which the scheme was based. A decision of this magnitude, they feel, should not be taken at so lowly a level as Hong Kong, and in any case they could smell a conspiracy to exhaust Hong Kong's reserves in a last spurt of colonialist spite. In short, faced with the need for a late-twentieth century quick commercial decision, they have retreated into a late-nineteenth century mess of doubts and worries. Beijing acquiescence in the project, however, is necessary and it will be interesting to see how far the Hong Kong negotiators can get.

China has so far appeared to be more flexible and understanding in economic policies than in political developments. The long-term difficulty is that if experience in the West is any guide economic development requires an input of knowledge and understanding that is likely to lead to political questioning. In the end, smothering political discontent may block economic development. It remains to be seen whether the Hong Kong example of a relatively free-wheeling society which has what Beijing categorises as political opinions all over the place, but with as yet no significant political parties, will slowly and probably painfully persuade them that a multiplicity of ideas may be no more dangerous than the mixed economy they already accept.

[S. F. Bailey spent some years in colonial service, particularly in Hong Kong as Secretary to the University Grants Committee (from 1967) and later as Secretary to Council at Hong Kong Polytechnic until 1983.]

THAILAND: THE FIFTH ASIAN TIGER

by Keith D. Suter

THE four Asian Tigers are Hong Kong, Singapore, South Korea and Taiwan. All of them have followed similar roads to riches: using low-wage, skilled, hardworking employees to produce goods for the consumers in developed Western nations, with an undervalued currency that has made exports attractive to foreign buyers.

Thailand is emerging as the Fifth Asian Tiger. This article begins with a brief account of Thailand's history. It then looks at both the nation's political instability and the two stabilizing influences: the Royal Family and Buddhism. The nation is certainly making economic progress — but at great social and environmental costs.

Thailand is about the same size as France. The word Thai means 'free', and it was a desire for political autonomy that led the earliest Thais to migrate from southern China, bringing with them an advanced rice technology. Sukhothai, in northern Thailand, founded in 1238, was the first Thai kingdom. Freedom has come at a price: Thailand has had perpetual problems with its neighbours.

The Sukhothai kingdom quickly expanded its sphere of influence, taking advantage not only of the declining Khmer power to the east but the weakening Srivijaya domain in the south. The second Sukhothai king, Ram Khamheng, organised a writing system which became the basis for modern Thai. He also codified the Thai form of Theravada Buddhism, as borrowed from the Sinhalese. The Sukhothai period is now viewed sentimentally as a golden age of Thai politics, religion and culture — an egalitarian, noble period when everyone had enough to eat and the kingdom was unconquerable. Under Ram Khamheng, Sukhothai extended as far as Vientiane and Luang Prabang in Laos and Pegu in southern Burma. Thai expansion continued in the next three centuries by absorbing Khmer territory in the east and resisting Burma to the west.

The present capital of Bangkok and the present ruling family began at the same time. Bangkok used to be a fishing village dominated by a fort that served as a warning post for the city of Ayutthaya, upriver to the north. In 1767 the fort's garrison failed in its duties and Thailand's perennial enemies, the Burmese, descended upon Ayutthaya and destroyed it. A few months later, a Thai military commander, Taksin, beat the invaders and moved his capital to Thonburi, a small town downriver. In 1782, after Taksin apparently began believing in his own divinity, he was overthrown. One of his generals, Phraya Chakri, was declared the new monarch and became the founder of the present Chakri dynasty. The new King, who would later be known as Rama I, moved his capital across the river to the hamlet that would later be known as Bangkok. The new ruler erected a new capital centred upon the Grand Palace and the adjoining Wat Phra Keo, a temple housing the Emerald Buddha.

King Mongkut, Rama III, introduced modern western ideas to the nation

in the second half of the 19th century. In 1932 a revolution by young intellectuals and the military established a constitutional monarchy. Thailand is, then, similar to the United Kingdom. The reigning monarch is King Bhumibol Adulyadej (in the Chakri Dynasty, King Rama IX) who ascended the throne in 1946. The King is Head of State and is head of the armed forces. He exercises legislative power through the National Assembly, executive power through the Council of Ministers and judicial power through the courts. But for over 50 years, power in Thailand has been held by various military regimes alternating with short periods of civilian rule. The King may reign — but the military usually rule.

A survey of the last 40 years alone shows Thailand's political turbulence. A military leader who came to prominence in the 1932 revolution, Phibul Songkhram, was still dominating politics two decades later. In 1951 power was wrested from Phibul by General Sarit Thanarat, who continued the tradition of military dictatorship. However, Phibul retained the position of premier until 1957 when Sarit finally had him exiled. Elections that same year forced Sarit to resign and go abroad for 'medical treatment'. He returned in 1958 to launch another coup. This time he abolished the constitution, dissolved the parliament, and banned all political parties, maintaining effective power until his death in 1963 of cirrhosis.

From 1964 to 1973 Thailand was ruled by army officers Thanom Kittikachorn and Praphat Charusathien. In June 1973, reacting to political repression, 10,000 Thai students demanded a real constitution. In October 1973, the military suppressed a large demonstration at Thammasat University in Bangkok, but King Bhumiphol refused to support further bloodshed, thereby forcing Thanom and Praphat to leave office.

An elected constitutional government ruled until October 1976 when students demonstrated again, this time protesting against the return of Thanom to Thailand as a monk. Thammasat University again became a battlefield and a new right-wing government was installed with Thanin Kraivichien as premier. In October 1977 another coup ousted Thanin and installed Kriangsak. In 1980 the military-backed position changed hands again, with Prem Tinsulanonda as Prime Minister.

Following elections in July 1988 for Thailand's National Assembly, a new government was formed under Major General Chatichai Choonhavan, a Deputy Prime Minister in the outgoing Prem government. Chatichai became Prime Minister after former Prime Minister Prem Tinsulanonda declined a nomination to head a new government. Prem said that it was time for an elected Prime Minister to take office. Chatichai was, then, the first elected Prime Minister in Thailand for 12 years. The new government has not instituted major policy changes. Prime Minister Chatichai promised that his government would pursue policies broadly consistent with those of the Prem government. The government has, then, encouraged the private sector to play a major role in national economic development and pursued a policy of decentralisation of government administration.

In 1988 Bhumibol (King Rama IX) became the longest-reigning monarch in Thai history. In a nation which has had 13 constitutions, 16 coups and

46 changes of Cabinet since the absolute monarchy was abolished in 1932, the king has been the unifying influence which has seen Thailand through its difficult times. The level of respect the Thai people feel for their royal family, and their total loyalty towards the king, is inconceivable in the West. There is hardly a home, shop, or school in Thailand which does not have a portrait of the king or members of his family. And far from prying into the lives of royal family members for salacious titbits as UK papers do, the Thai press covers royal events with an enthusiasm that might be considered sycophantic in other nations. An article in *The Bangkok Post* about one of the king's visits to tribes in a remote part of the nation is likely to be mainly about the energy the monarch displayed in oppressive conditions and his profound wisdom in making the journey.

Another important aspect of Thai continuity and stability is Buddhism, which is followed by over 90 per cent of the people. The lasting impression for many visitors to Thailand is the central role that Buddhism plays in Thai life, especially the presence of the monks — for 300,000 of whom it is a vocation for life. Early every morning in every Thai village or town a ritual takes place. A line of saffron-robed monks all bearing brass food containers walk among the streets. In front of most houses a man or woman stands respectfully waiting behind a small table on which freshly prepared food is set out. The monks stop on reaching the table, one of their number accepts the food, and then the line continues.

Theravada Buddhism, which became the dominant religion during the Sukhothai period, continues to permeate Thai life. Buddhism inspired most of the classical Thai art: the temples of Sukhothai, Ayudhaya and Bangkok, their mural paintings, and countless Buddha images. It provided the earliest forms of education and directly or indirectly influenced almost every aspect of a Thai's existence. This influence has not declined. In the countryside where most Thais live, the Wat (or temple) is the centre of village life, a place where people come for spiritual inspiration, for counselling, and for pleasure at numerous Buddhist festivals throughout the year. Moreover, ordination as a monk for a period of time is still one of the major rites of passage for almost all males.

The distinction between the Sangha (the Buddhist clergy) and the State as separate entities is not easily made. The Sangha sought to secure the adherence of the political rulers (that is, the King, dictator or government) to Buddhist values. This would guarantee their virtual monopoly as spiritual leaders of the State. The political leaders needed to ensure the co-operation of the Sangha, for this would provide the State with moral legitimation and could assist in matters of social control. The apex of the Sangha hierarchy is the Supreme Patriarch who is appointed by the King. Below him is the Council of Elders responsible for the administration of the Sanghra. The Director-General of the Department of Religious Affairs is the ex-officio Secretary-General (and his department is the General Secretariat Office) of the Council of Elders. Thus the whole of Sangha affairs are closely controlled and supervised, through the Secretary General by the Government.

Both the Thai Royal Family and Buddhism have contributed to Thailand's current economic boom. Japan alone has provided half of the foreign investment. The Thai monarchy is a symbol of political stability and the continuity of economic policies. Despite Thailand's history of military coups, the stabilizing influence of the monarchy ensures that politics does not swing to extremes. Buddhism, being the core of Thai culture is more understandable for the Japanese than other cultures. The largely Islamic culture of Malaysia and Indonesia, for example, is more alien to the Japanese mind.

Thailand and Japan have a 600-year history of relations, sharing a legacy of being the only Asian nations successfully to resist Western colonialism. While Japan subjected other Asian nations to its own designs before and during World War II, Japan and Thailand were military allies.

But Thailand also has a long history of preserving its independence by balancing carefully between competing powers. In the postwar period, Thailand turned to the West, allying with the US. During the Vietnam War, Thailand was host to American bases and troops and gained financially from doing so.

Thailand's Sixth Social and Economic Development Plan (1987-1991) has sought to expand and diversify the country's industrial base, moving into more advanced export-oriented industries. The previous technical and vocational education programmes were designed to meet the standards of industry in the 1960s and 1970s. The need is now for export-oriented production.

A 1989 World Bank Study, *Educational Development in Thailand: The Role of World Bank Lending*, examined the impact of six education loans totalling US$154 million made between 1966 and 1982. With its population having almost doubled since 1960, fast-developing Thailand has attained nearly full enrolment in primary schools and a high 86 per cent literacy rate. About 30 per cent of its youth are enrolled at the secondary level, which is comparable to higher-income nations like Paraguay, Brazil and Trinidad and Tobago. With 23 per cent enrolment in higher education programmes, Thailand is ahead of European nations like Switzerland, the UK and Yugoslavia. Though that represents a ten fold rise in 20 years, it is said to be inflated by Thailand's 'open university' system of correspondence courses and part-time classes at rural sites. The report calls the Bank-financed education programmes 'on the whole successful'.

But is Thailand trying to progress too far too quickly? Each nation's industrial revolution has unique characteristics. The UK's experience is not replicated exactly in other nations. Even so, a Charles Dickens would find much in today's Thailand that would remind him of the raw material for his novels. The world's nations have yet to create an industrial revolution that has been achieved without suffering.

I first visited Bangkok in 1973. The airport was a sleepy old building with one security guard. Less than two decades later, the new airport is a smaller and neater version of Heathrow. Tourism is now the biggest source of foreign revenue. But tourism also has a less attractive side.

Unplanned holiday resort development is causing environmental degradation, with increasing numbers of villagers being forced off their land. Meanwhile, 75 per cent of tourists are unaccompanied males. An estimated two million women work as prostitutes — 800,000 girls are aged under 16 and are often sold into prostitution by their rural-based parents. There is a risk of an impending AIDS epidemic — but little publicity is given to this so as not to scare off potential tourists.

Visitors to Bangkok are stunned by all the traffic. Bangkok used to be called the 'Venice of the East', with transportation done largely via canals. The canals have been built over and the car is king. The average speed of Bangkok's traffic is 12 kilometres an hour. Cars contribute to Bangkok's notoriety as one of the world's most polluted cities. The immediate health effects are respiratory problems such as bronchitis. In 1989, 96,000 of Bangkok's eight million residents were admitted to hospital or treated in out-patient departments for respiratory disorders. The longer-term effects are not yet known. In one study, traffic police, taxi and bus drivers were found to have particularly high levels of lead in their blood due to exposure to fumes from petrol with a high lead content (lead affects the nervous system and impairs mental agility).

An even more serious problem is water — both contamination and shortages. Factories are dumping raw industrial waste into the same river which supplies Bangkok's drinking water. Residents are dumping sewage and household rubbish into the same water system. There is no sewage treatment system in Bangkok. In the Gulf of Thailand, the clear turquoise waters about 180 kilometres from Bangkok are no longer safe for swimming. Levels of bacteria from sewage are now so high that typhoid and hepatitis are a serious risk.

Logging is another problem. Thailand's forest cover shrank from 66 per cent in 1950 to a little over 29 per cent in 1985. By 1989, forest cover had been reduced to 19 per cent. Logging has now been restricted — somewhat late in the day. To compensate for the logging ban, Thailand stepped up imports of timber from Burma, Laos, Malaysia, Papua New Guinea and Indonesia. Cambodia is also seen as an attractive potential source. Thailand, in the midst of an economic and construction boom, has a voracious appetite for timber, but its switch from being an exporter to an importer has opened it to criticism that it is exploiting the natural resources of its neighbours. The need for such resources is one reason for Thailand's drive to bring peace to Cambodia and its willingness to deal with the repressive military regime in Burma.

Incidentally, the problem of deforestation, the main cause of which is commercial logging, is acute throughout South-East Asia. In 1986, the region exported US$3.0 billion of logs and log products to Japan and the European Community — more than twice the value of timber exports from Africa and Latin America. In other words, European environmental groups have campaigned about the need to save the Amazon — while overlooking just how much wood is coming from South-East Asia.

In the 1960s, the best buildings in small provincial Thai towns were

government ones. Now local banks have the best buildings — an indication of the growth of business. The question arises: can Thailand keep its agricultural base while also developing export-oriented industries? People are being driven off the land as corporations are moving into agriculture. Intensive agriculture degrades the soil and so there is an increasing need for fertilizer. Farmers borrow to buy the fertilizer. If they cannot repay the debt, they sell their farms to corporations.

The farmers drift into the cities looking for work. They become a source of cheap labour and (in Bangkok's case) represent 20 per cent of the city's squatters. However, as mechanization becomes more sophisticated, factories have less need for uneducated workers — and so they are unemployed in the cities and have little prospect of work back in the rural areas. Meanwhile, the workers who do retain their jobs are paid such low salaries (as an inducement to foreign investors) that they cannot afford to buy their own products — let alone live in reasonable accommodation with a pleasant environment.

In short, the economy is doing well — but many people are not. Indeed (returning to the mention of the British industrial revolution) what took the British a century to achieve, the Thais are trying to do in less than half that time. Despite the placid veneer, veneration of the Royal Family and the continuation of Buddhism, great pressures are building up. Thailand is taking a gamble in its dash for economic development.

EAST-WEST TRADE

by B. Narpati

AT the end of World War II, all the nations of Eastern Europe adopted the economic system which had been introduced earlier in the Soviet Union. There was large-scale nationalization of the means of production and distribution, setting up a central planning system for fixing prices and wages, and to allocate resources among enterprises. Economic activity was significantly affected by the central planning system even in areas where private property was largely preserved.

The authorities now in power in Eastern Europe and the USSR are keenly aware of the relatively poor performance of their countries. The impetus for reforms that is now being discussed, or implemented in some cases, has been heightened by economic developments in the 1980s. There is no simple blueprint for market-oriented reform in centrally planned economies. The issues involved are complex and country-specific features suggest that the reform process will take different paths in countries of Eastern Europe and in the USSR.

The opening of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union represents a major turning point in European history since the end of the war. Eastern Europe is faced with widespread ethnic and national unrest (particularly in the USSR). Furthermore, to survive politically, the ability to push through austerity measures for economic recovery is needed.

The transformation of the countries of Eastern Europe (i.e. the USSR and the Six European members of the CMEA) in 1989 will greatly influence the economies of the region. At the beginning of 1989 only two countries, Poland and Hungary, were committed in principle to far-reaching changes. By the end of the year, events had advanced rapidly and all countries were committed to transforming their economic structures.

A dissatisfaction with economic performance has been evident at least since the early 1980s. Central planning proved ill-suited to modern economic conditions. Discussion of reform plans at this stage must be tentative. Many countries have not fully elaborated their plans. Further significant revisions of all plans are likely. Policies and concepts are not identical among those advocating reform.

The monopoly of the state in foreign trade is to be abolished. Direct links between enterprises in CMEA countries are to be encouraged. Joint ventures with other CMEA countries, or with Western interests are permitted. Most countries now use market mechanisms to a greater extent within the framework of a socialist economy. The countries of Eastern Europe are experimenting with new economic techniques and the present time is the start of a new era.

Comecon

An unresolved issue facing the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and Eastern Europe is the shape or future of Comecon. This institution, formally known as the Council of Mutual Economic Assistance (CMEA), was

founded in 1949. Mutual trade constitutes a large part in the total trade of all members. At a meeting of the CMEA Council in Bulgaria in January 1990, they took the first steps toward reforming the institution. The Eastern European CMEA members are known as the Six.

Raw materials and fuels dominate the deliveries of the Soviet Union to the Six. Manufactures, mostly machinery and consumer goods, dominate the deliveries of the Six to the Soviet Union.

A workable blueprint for the future shape of the CMEA has not yet emerged. A number of changes are being discussed which could form a revised CMEA framework. Some sort of 'reformed bilateralism' is the most likely outcome. The Eastern European countries are faced with formidable challenges arising from complex relations which they have built up with one another over the past 40 years. Despite the similarities among these countries, there are important differences in initial conditions. For example, about three quarters of Polish agriculture is privately owned. There is a low degree of private ownership in the USSR.

The Community's relations with the countries of central and eastern Europe are developing rapidly as the pace of their reform process quickens. The Soviet reform programme has been at the top of the political agenda in the recent past. The leaders of the major seven industrialised countries, at their meeting in Houston in July 1990, agreed that a study of the Soviet economy should be undertaken by the IMF. It was expected to be completed by the end of 1990.

The Soviet Union's most successful sector has been energy and raw materials. It is the world's main producer and exporter of oil and gas. Over the two years from January 1991 the Soviet government intends to dissolve the industrial ministries. It will denationalize forty per cent of the assets of all State industrial enterprises and hand them over to small firms. The Soviet Union will in the next few years join the GATT and the IMF, when it qualifies following its policy reforms. The new London-based European Bank for Reconstruction and Development will play a similar role in the Soviet Union as that of the World Bank in developing countries.

The USSR and East European countries face a daunting task in transforming their economies into market-oriented ones. Notwithstanding the similarities, there are considerable differences among these countries. The movement toward economic and political reform in Eastern Europe will eventually provide a stimulus for economic growth in the region and beyond its borders as well.

Eastern and Central Europe were the main themes at the Monetary and Trade Conference held in Philadelphia on 26-28 September 1990. Arthur Dunkel, Director-General of the GATT, in his comments from the floor at the trade conference, stressed that free trade arrangements or customs unions are not intrinsically undesirable. What is important is whether they create trade or divert it. Judged by that criteria, the evolution of the EC, the US-Canada Free Trade Agreement, and the arrangement proposed between the United States and Mexico are positive developments. Customs unions also have other advantages. He added that, in a sense,

the United States is itself a customs union. It consists of many states which sometimes differ on issues even more than do EC members. (Tenth International Monetary and Trade Conference, Philadelphia. 26-28 September 1990).

The EC has already done much to support Eastern Europe's efforts toward reform and closer integration with the rest of the continent. It has entered into a number of trade and economic co-operation agreements, agreed to provide substantial grant aid, and co-sponsored the European Bank for Reconstruction and Development. J. Paul Horne, managing director of Smith Barney, Harris Upham & Co. Inc., a brokerage firm, pointed out that Eastern European economies are vulnerable to high oil costs. Except for Hungary and Czechoslovakia, Eastern European countries have not had enough time to restructure their economies.

The USSR has announced that from January 1991, all members of the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance (CMEA or Comecon) will be required to pay market prices for Soviet oil and gas.

Stanislaw Soltysinski, Professor of Law at A. Mickiewicz University in Ponzan, reviewed the results thus far of Poland's nine-month old economic reform programme. He referred to the lack of a capitalist class and the weakness of the managerial establishment. These are the two main factors that have been under-estimated by the proponents of rapid transformation strategies in Eastern Europe. The public trust and willingness to tolerate austerity measures are quickly disappearing. He was somewhat sceptical about the strategy of rapid economic transformation involving short-term shock therapy. Professor Soltysinski argued that bilateral trade agreements between Eastern European countries and major industrial countries often require the former to introduce rapid industrialization. Not much heed is paid to the economic and political costs of such openness. He suggested that Eastern European countries should gradually adopt new, onerous rules of international trade only when they join the EC. Only then will the required 'openness' be sufficiently protected by community institutions.

The rise in oil prices since August will harm economic prospects everywhere, according to speakers at the annual meeting of Business Economists held in Washington in late September 1990. The combination of higher oil prices and interest rates is also eroding expectations for European economic performance. It retards the transition of Eastern Europe to market-oriented economies. A number of speakers noted that the unification of Germany will have a major impact on Europe. The consensus of the meeting is that the United States, in particular, may be headed for recession. James Tobin of Yale University expressed concern about the eroding principles of the GATT. Gains from trade will depend to a large extent on developments in the European Community and in Eastern Europe.

Leonid M. Grigoriev of the Institute of World Economy and International Relations in Moscow discussed aspects of the proposal for a five hundred-day plan for economic reform in the USSR. Among the obstacles to reform he listed public scepticism about how markets function, low levels of savings relative to the costs of high-priced items, and the predicament

about how much property the government should divest and how to. (Annual meeting of the National Association of Business Economists [NABE], Washington, DC, September 1990.)

The mixing of politics with economics distorts trade relations between the East and Western countries. It is reflected in the trade embargoes imposed on occasion by Western nations. In the planned economies politics and business are intertwined and political interference is less conspicuous but equally intensive. For the system to adapt is a political issue.

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THE COMMONWEALTH, THE BAGHDAD PACT AND THE SOUTH-EAST ASIAN TREATY

by Sarah Newman

THE Baghdad pact originated in the Treaty of the 4th of April 1954 between Turkey and Pakistan, the Mutual Defence Assistance Agreement drawn up between the USA and Iraq, 21st April 1954, and the American Military Aid Agreement with Pakistan of 10 May 1954. The American-inspired Pact of Mutual Co-operation, signed by Iraq and Turkey on 24 February 1955, was joined by Britain April 5th, Pakistan 23rd September, and, after the Shah received American aid, Iran 3rd November the same year.

Britain, Iraq, Iran, Turkey and Pakistan left it open for members of the Arab League, and any others concerned with the peace and security of the Middle East, to join. None did. Instead Egypt, Syria and Saudi Arabia formed a counter-alliance.

At first the Council and Secretariat of the Pact met in Baghdad, hence the title, Baghdad Pact. After the 1958 revolution in Iraq the headquarters moved to Ankara, in Turkey, and, in 1959, after Iraq's leaving the Pact, it was renamed CENTO, the Central Treaty Organization. This military alliance was inspired by the American desire to halt Russia's traditional drive to extend her southern borders, to protect the southern neighbours of the Soviet Union, and to stop the spread of communism. It was an example of Dulles' policy of containment. Together with SEATO it was intended to fill the gap between NATO and the American bases in Japan. The United States itself did not join, because of complications resulting from the Arab-Israeli situation.

Fear of the Soviet Union caused Turkey to join, Pakistan joined in the hope of finding allies in her struggle for Kashmir, Iraq as a British client state. It having become clear in the late 1940s that Britain was too weak to act alone in the region, Eden saw the alliance as necessary not only to defend the area against Communist Russia, but also to protect British interests against the expanding nationalisms of the Middle East by boosting Iraq in opposition to Syria and Egypt.

This military alliance, lacking a joint military command, became of more significance for economic co-operation than for its original purpose.

The Treaty for the Collective Defence of South East Asia was signed at Manila by representatives of Pakistan, Siam, the Philippines, Britain, France, Australia and New Zealand on 8 September 1954. The Treaty area was 'the general area of SE Asia, including also the entire territories of the Asian parties, and the general area of the SW Pacific area of N of 21°30 minutes Northern latitude'. A protective proviso covered the non-signatories, Laos, Cambodia and South Vietnam. Formosa and Hong Kong were not included.

The intent was to set up a system of collective defence against Chinese communism in South East Asia, comparable to the NATO shield against

Soviet communism. But in this anti-Communist alliance to facilitate united action there was no provision for standing armed forces. Signatories were bound to joint action in the case of aggression against one of their number, and to consultation against threats, such as subversion. The USA, committed only against Communist aggression, provided an umbrella of military power in the region.

Set up in the pact-making era of the 1950s, following French rejection of the EDC, the Geneva conference, and the partition of Vietnam, SEATO served to show that the resources of the west were not exhausted. It marked the US move from 'liberation' to 'containment', and was a sign of American fear that the Geneva settlement would not last.

It was not solely a military pact. 'The parties undertake to strengthen their free institutions and to co-operate with one another in the further development of economic measures, designed both to promote economic progress and social well-being and to further the individual and collective efforts of governments towards these ends'. No great power signatory was of the region.

The existence of these two organisations highlighted the changed nature of the 'new' Commonwealth. Members had the right to affiliate to international regional organisations which fellow members were not in, e.g., ANZUS, NATO, OAU. Regional defence problems were considered at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' meeting of 1955, which considered a report on the Manila Treaty by the four Commonwealth signatories: 'Through these regional defence discussions it was accepted that military plans must be concerted with other countries involved in the defence of these areas. The Commonwealth countries also recognised the need for the closest association with the USA on all defence measures. They agreed that on this basis regional planning can afford a solid foundation for the preservation of peace'.

Except for Pakistan, members of the new Commonwealth were non-aligned; the old Dominions were ready to join NATO, CENTO or SEATO.

The defence of Australia and New Zealand seemed to depend on themselves, in co-operation with the United States, through ANZUS. SEATO took this a stage further. The Australian government proved one of SEATO's strongest supporters, feeling that the alliance helped keep the United States committed to interest in Asian affairs, an important part of Australian policy. Australia felt it necessary to strengthen the Geneva settlement by another barrier against communism. Fearing Japan, and in dispute with Indonesia over New Guinea, Australians would have liked the treaty to apply against aggression from any source. On the other hand Australians were not bound to act against any Commonwealth member in consequence of SEATO commitments, and had so notified the Pakistani Foreign Minister before signing the treaty.

In a speech to the Australian House of Representatives, R. G. Casey, Minister for External Affairs, had commented on: 'The great importance of Indo-China and Burma to the security of Malaya — and indeed of SE Asia as a whole... if Indo-China and Burma were lost to the Communists

— indeed, if either of them were lost — Thailand would be completely outflanked, and it would be difficult, if not impossible, for Thailand successfully to resist heavy Communist pressure unless very substantial help were afforded her from without... Australia has always shown a special interest in Malaya — with good reason. It seems to me only logical that Australia must pay greater attention to developments in areas to the north of Malaya on which the security of Malaya may well substantially depend'.

Similarly, Casey later stated, 'The time has gone by when Australia could rest securely within its borders... We are now on the verge of the most unsettled region of the world. It is no longer possible for any country to rely entirely for its security on its own strength and resources. There can be no safety in isolationism: it has to be sought through a sound system of collective defence... It was hoped that the UN could provide a basis for collective security, but the organisation is paralysed because the right of veto is held by the largest source of danger to the world's peace — the Soviet Union. To meet this situation other mutual defence organizations have been formed... However, a gap remained in SE Asia and to meet this gap the SEACDT was drawn up at Manila.' The Australian Labour Party neither denied the need to supplement ANZUS nor opposed this treaty.

Casey had visited New Delhi for discussions with Nehru, to see whether India could be persuaded to join SEATO, or at least understand Australia's position. Mrs. Pandit, Nehru's sister, who was the Indian ambassador to the United Nations, had dismissed SEATO as 'a South East Asian alliance without South East Asia'. Manila was said to have 'caused a divergence between the policies of Australia and India, it has sharpened existing differences between the three Asian members of the Commonwealth, and it has been denounced in India, Burma and Indonesia as the beginning of a new colonialism.' Casey's visit was as fruitless as Britain's hope of bringing in the Colombo powers.

Nehru remained bitterly hostile. 'In the past India had been opposed to... pacts and alliances in principle only, since they did not directly affect her, but with US military aid to Pakistan, the creation of the South East Asia Treaty Organisation and the Baghdad Pact in the course of 1954 to 1955, her opposition could not be limited to principle but became a matter of practical policy.' Nehru put his faith in 'the five Principles of Coexistence' included in the Sino-Indian agreement on Tibet. His belief in non-alignment, positive neutralism, was still strong. He hoped India would lead non-communist Asia and felt Asian problems should be settled in Asia by Asians. Believing SEATO to reverse the Geneva spirit of conciliation, to be an angry American reaction to the Geneva settlement, and an example of big power domination, he feared it as an American plan to encircle India. India was trying to extend the area of non-alignment in South and South East Asia. SEATO trespassed on that area, accentuating tension, making the war it was out to avoid more likely. And since Pakistan was in CENTO and SEATO India opposed them.

Krishna Menon attacked SEATO in the Indian Council of States: 'By

no stretch of the imagination can SEATO come under the United Nations Charter... The Charter provides for regional organization, but this is not a regional organization but a modern version of protectorates. It is an organization of certain imperial powers, and some others, who may have an interest in joining together to protect a territory which they say is in danger. We are part of that territory and we say we do not want to be protected.'

Nehru himself said SEATO 'inclined in the direction of spheres of influence to be exercised by powerful countries'. He argued Indian membership would affect her position as chairman of the international Conference established at the Geneva Conference on Indo-China to ensure the terms of the Geneva Agreement were carried out. At the Bandung conference he condemned collective security pacts, in part because these were joined by Pakistan, in an effort to lower Pakistan in Afro-Asian eyes. His positive creed was non-alignment; his negative, hatred of Pakistan. This was why on signing the treaty in Manila Casey had made a statement he repeated in the Australian House of Representatives, 'I wish to state categorically that the Australian government would never regard itself as committed, contractually or morally, to military action against any other member of the Commonwealth. I find it impossible to believe that either India or Pakistan would resort to force to settle any problem that might exist between them'.

While Ceylon followed India's lead, Pakistan took the contrary line. Pakistan had pressure to join the two pacts put on her by America and, desperate for allies on the Kashmir question, she turned to the West for support. Taking a firm stand against communism, she wanted help against her communist neighbours, against Afghanistan, against India. Both India and Pakistan tended to see world politics in terms of the Kashmir dispute.

Pakistan's interest in the alliances diminished as the sixties ended, and the alliances themselves became of less importance in the next decade.

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THE GREEK WAR OF 1940-41

by Eric Glasgow

FIFTY years ago, on October 28, 1940, Italy launched an unprovoked attack on Greece, through its newly-acquired territory of Albania. It was part of the irrational and dangerous ambition of the Italian dictator, Mussolini, who dreamt of emulating the Roman past and making the Mediterranean Sea an Italian preserve. In antiquity, of course, Italy had been twined with Greece as one of the two pillars of Classicism. Such was the general heritage of the entirety of the European civilization, Europe's unique and distinctive contribution to global history, and what made Europe different, in idea and in attitude, to the even older civilizations of the East.

Curiously, perhaps, the overt Italian attack upon Greece, of fifty years ago, revealed nothing that was new historically; although, of course, politically and militarily it was both startling in its immediate effects, and decisive in its ultimate effects, for the Second World War. The combination of Italy and Greece, in the cultural medley of Classicism, had always been, even for Europe as a whole, artificial, precarious, and contrived. Greece, as the initial ingredient, supplied largely the elements of thought, art and individuality; Italy, as the ensuing ingredient, contributed mostly those of law, government and administration. The Roman poet, Horace, might fairly respond that, in the end, 'Greece took its proud Conqueror captive', in the sense that even under Roman rule, it was Greek ideas and insights that made for the Italian civilization. Nevertheless, even in the Ancient times, Italy provided the dominant factors of power, control and organization. This was still a remote and retrospective dream, for the greater part of the Middle Ages: the ghost of the Holy Roman Empire lingered long in Europe, as Gibbon said, when it had ceased to be either holy, Roman, or an Empire. Mussolini, despite the immediacy of his Fascist doctrine and appeal, extricated even from Antiquity whatever might suit his own purposes and intentions. Among this was a selective and arbitrary contribution from Classicism, which rather unfortunately included a dislike of his immediate neighbour, Greece, whose intellectual achievements he manifestly despised, and whose rivalry he wanted to eliminate from the whole of the Eastern Mediterranean.

Such Classical considerations — although they have often been overlooked — contributed powerfully to the very interesting and significant episode of the outrageous Italian attack upon Greece, fifty years ago. Characteristically, they smothered the underlying and permanent affinities, between Italy and Greece, which we still need to acknowledge now: the ties of culture, art and learning, which gave Italy its Classical heritage, and which was so usefully mediated to the rest of Western Europe, during and after the Italian Renaissance. Militarism in any shape or form has never been a constructive factor in the evolution of the European civilization, and that great Liberal, Gladstone, was right in the 1890s to lament its

probable approaches in the twentieth century. Even patriotism, for any particular country, is scarcely enough; because we see today that its limitations must be transcended if ever we are to create a united Europe. On the other hand, even today, we can scarcely blame the Greeks for continuing to remember their brief, ephemeral military victories over the Italian aggressor, fifty years ago. Greek patriotism, in that respect, is understandable and even commendable. We know from our own Falkland Islands conflict, of 1982, that every nation has a moral right to defend its own territorial integrity against naked aggression, and the Italian attack upon Greece in October, 1940, was naked aggression.

Ever since the outbreak of war between the Allies and Germany, in September 1939, Italy had repeatedly assured Greece that it had no aggressive intentions against that country. Yet, Mussolini was merely biding his time and awaiting the first appropriate opportunity to attack Greece, through Albania. Pretexts, for the Greek War of 1940-41, were exclusively Italian; as, for example, the Italian sinking of the Greek cruiser *Elli* in an Aegean harbour, on August 15, 1940, some time before the actual outbreak of the war. One crew member was killed, and twenty-nine others were injured. But the German victories of Hitler, in France and the Low Countries, during the summer of 1940 effectively provoked the Italian dictator into a frenzy of emulation: he was to do as much with his Italians, in terms of military conquest, as his German counterpart. He had already seized the small Balkan country of Albania. For him it was evidently to be regarded as an entry into the divisive politics of the Balkans, and its first and most immediate use was to launch an attack upon Greece, whose northern territories of Epirus and Macedonia he wanted.

Greece, at that time, was fortunate in having the good combination of Metaxas as its Prime Minister and Papagos as its Commander-in-Chief. In fact, it was precisely that adroit partnership which made for the quite surprising Greek victories in the field, fifty years ago. Papagos was an excellent military strategist: cool in adversity, tenacious and astute. He knew the terrain; it was, after all, his native land. Never for a moment did he have Greek forces of really adequate strength in terms of numbers. But he knew how to dispose of them to the best advantage. He used mules for transport in the difficult mountainous regions; while the Italians got bogged down with their mechanized transport. He had the support of the native populations, not only in Greece itself but also in most of the villages of southern Albania, which the victorious Greeks were so quickly to occupy. The theme of 'frontier rectification', so loudly affirmed by Mussolini, could cut both ways. The Greeks, too, had their ethnic minorities in southern Albania, anxious for reunion with Greece; and even the Albanians themselves, further north, disliked and rejected the Italian rule.

Metaxas was a somewhat mercurial character as a Greek statesman. Up to the Italian attack of October, 1940, he had kept Greece studiously neutral in the titanic conflict which, ever since 1939, had threatened to engulf all Europe. He was not himself over-enthusiastic about popular democracy itself. At any rate, for Greece, he favoured strong rule, and he

had no inherent quarrel even with dictatorship, provided that it was not expansionist in his own particular part of the Balkan Peninsula. The evidence suggests that, while he disliked and despised the Italians — Mussolini in particular — he retained some admiration for the Germans, and Hitler for him was at first too far off to excite any particular animosity. Therefore, he was effectively driven into a quite needless war by the Italians. Rejecting the final Italian ultimatum — which would have put most of northern Greece under the Italian occupation — he said simply 'This is war', and organized himself to make the best of it. It was certainly a situation in which Greek patriotism was quite legitimately involved. No other country could have done otherwise, in that situation. He handed over the military operations to General Papagos, who did brilliantly in the field, against vastly more numerous Italian forces.

This was an enormous surprise and setback for the Axis Powers. Few anywhere can have expected the Italians to be defeated by the Greeks, at that time. Within the few remaining months of 1940, Greek forces had driven the Italian invaders out of Greece, and they had themselves occupied most of southern Albania. These Greek victories astonished the world, and especially of course the Italians. Hitler himself had confidently expected that Mussolini would quickly and easily dispose of the Greeks. The blatant Fascist ideology thus became the victim of its own rhetoric and propaganda. For the Italians, at any rate, there was to be no easy road to military victory and military glory; and for the rest of the Second World War, perhaps, they received a rather low and despised assessment of their military prowess, from the superior Germans, who eventually had to rescue them out of the disaster of their Greek excursions.

Marshal Badoglio, the Italian Commander-in-Chief, had been pushed into the war against his better judgement by Mussolini. He wanted more troops and better preparations. Logistics were strongly against the Italians: Albania itself, only recently under the Italian occupation, had poor ports, poor roads, and difficult, mountainous terrain, especially adjacent to the Greek frontier. For example, it was reliably calculated that the available Albanian ports could, at the most, handle 3,500 tons of shipping daily; whereas the invasion forces required at least 10,000 tons daily.

The Italians began the campaign with eleven divisions, later increased to sixteen, and eventually to twenty-five. Against these, the Greeks could muster at first only four first-line divisions. Granted the element of immediate surprise, the Italians at first did gain some success, occupying parts of Northern Epirus. But their advance into Macedonia and Epirus quickly came to a halt, and the Greeks counter-attacked, driving the fleeing Italians back at least thirty miles into southern Albania.

If the Greeks were unable to secure the active support of Turkey — nor could they do that later, against the Germans — Turkey agreed to remain neutral, so the Greek right flank was for the time being sufficiently protected. So, for the period of the early victories of 1940-41, the Greeks were able to concentrate their forces along the Albanian frontier. This served to ensure their success against the Italians; although later it proved to be

fatal when, in the Spring of 1941, the Germans flooded in from all sides in the Balkans: through Yugoslavia, as well as through Bulgaria. Yet, in retrospect, it is impossible to blame the Greek strategists over-much for that: it was inevitable. Transport difficulties in the Spring of 1941 made it impossible to move the Greek troops in sufficient numbers. In any case, the Greeks had few effective armoured troops: nothing really to combat the German tanks, which came in their thundering hundreds.

Today, perhaps, we have become so accustomed to think of the prolonged German occupation, of both the Greek mainland and the 'great island' of Crete, during the Second World War, that we may tend to forget the preliminary stages of this: during which the Greeks, alone and virtually unaided, withstood and defeated the Italian aggressors. It was indeed an extraordinary episode in the whole history of the Second World War: the initial, astonishing Greek War of 1940-41. However briefly and precariously, the Greeks then fought off the brandished military might of the Axis, suggesting, at least temporarily, that aggression might not pay. The humiliation of the Italian *Bersaglieri*, in the Albanian mountains, provoked ridicule in much of Europe: starved, at that time, of the news of Allied victories, and mostly subjugated by Hitler. Too much had lately been heard of Axis prowess and Axis invincibility. It was a welcome change, for all the world, that at least there was something different. Placards were put up above Menton, facing towards Italy: 'Greeks, please stop here; this is France'.

By the beginning of December 1940, the Greeks had occupied most of southern Albania, including the important port of Valona. Badoglio was made the scapegoat, being replaced as the Italian Commander-in-Chief by Ugo Cavaliero; but the military situation did not improve for the Italians. British submarines penetrated into the Otranto Straits and sank Italian shipping there. The Albanians themselves became increasingly restless by the beginning of January 1941, the Greeks, under General Papagos, contemplated forcing the Italians out of all of Albania. Mussolini, facing complete defeat, held a special meeting with Hitler at the Brenner Pass, on January 10, 1941. He confessed to his Foreign Minister, Count Ciano, that he was ashamed to go: 'I shall not have blood enough for all my blushes when I see him'. Hastily, uselessly, he sent off to the Albanian front his most faithful and resolute Fascists, in a futile attempt to stem the Greek advance.

All the evidence suggests that Hitler himself was surprised and upset by the wholly unexpected Italian defeat by the Greeks. After all, during that momentous summer of 1940, well-organized German forces had swept through France, to the Pyrenees, so it had been expected that the Italians, for their part, would accomplish something similar by driving through Greece, perhaps even to Athens and the Aegean. As we may now observe, however, the first outcome was dramatically different: the Italians were soundly defeated by the Greeks, Goliath laid low by little, valiant David. When Mussolini came, cap in hand, to Hitler, early in 1941, the Greeks occupied most of southern Albania, and they were threatening to drive the Italians out into the Adriatic Sea: a complete and thorough reversal of all

that had been expected. Clearly, therefore, in German eyes, their Italian allies could not be entrusted with even the simplest of military tasks. They were good with their art, their music, and their spaghetti but not in the sterner matters of war.

Hitler at that time was pre-occupied with his invasion of Rumania, designed to secure for Germany the vital Ploesti oilfields. Mussolini never particularly liked this German intervention in the Balkans, believing that it might eventually constrain his own territorial ambitions for Italy. But events quickly proved that Italian military power could never match that of the Germans. Without the latter, indeed, little Greece would effectively have won the war. In the history of the Second World War, it was only the overwhelming military might of the Germans which effectively conquered all the varied portions of the Balkans, and once that was done, it is interesting and significant to observe that the Italian forces, as in Greece, were reduced very much to subordinate roles, wholly dependent upon German power, expertise, and acumen. Whatever Hitler might have been for the Germans, therefore, Mussolini was much less representative of the Italians: better, perhaps, at the arts of peace than at the beastly contrivances of war.

Hitler's immediate response, at the beginning of 1941, was to devise a provisional rescue plan for the Italians in Albania, with the code-name of 'Marita'. This had many versions and expansions. Eventually, however, it avoided a frontal attack in the difficult terrain of southern Albania, concentrating instead on an attack through Bulgaria, in the east. This was to be directed mostly against Salonica and carried out by the German Twelfth Army under General Paulus. But its logistics were such that it could not in any case be carried out until the Spring of 1941, in some three months time. Meanwhile, the Italian forces remained pinned down in the mountains of southern Albania and the Greeks could devise elaborate plans for expelling all of them out of the Balkans.

It was not only the German invasion of Yugoslavia, in the Spring of 1941, which brought abruptly to an end the era of the Greek victories against the Axis. Greece became singularly unlucky when its great statesman, Metaxas, who had guided the war since its inception in the autumn of 1940, suddenly and unexpectedly died on January 29, 1941. His death came totally at the wrong moment for Greece, when his country needed him the most. The strength and the determination of his Greek statesmanship was needed then, as never before; but as he disappeared from the Greek political scene, a power vacuum was generated. Papagos remained as the Greek military commander. He was brave, resourceful and patriotic. He himself confessed, however, he felt powerless without Metaxas. 'Metaxas could have dealt with the situation; I cannot.' So he declared, as the Germans poured into northern Greece. Greece, therefore, in that momentous Spring of 1941, suffered the loss of its greatest statesman, just as the German threat was mounting and ominous. It was political as well as military weakness which explained the inability of the Greeks to withstand the German invasion, although some nine months earlier they had so

magnificently thrown back the Italians.

Metaxas himself, during the last months of his life, was engaged with a daring and strenuous 'tight-rope' act, as far as the Axis powers were concerned. Confident as he rightly was of being able to throw back the Italians, he had far greater respect for the military might of Germany, which he could see assembling across the Danube. In fact, after the Italian invasion of October 1940 he did his best to avoid any provocation of the Germans. That was why, right up to his death in 1941, he refused to permit substantial British forces to be landed in Greece. That is why, therefore, for its initial victories against the Italian troops Greece fought essentially alone; the glory thus being theirs, and theirs alone. By the end of 1940, a small number of RAF squadrons were based in northern Greece, harassing the Italians in Albania. But that was about all the initial help supplied to Greece by the British Middle East Command. Strategically, perhaps, this was not good for the ultimate interests of Greece. But it is fully understandable that, in the circumstances, Metaxas was so reluctant to provoke the Germans, by introducing substantial British forces. He wanted if he could to keep Greece out of the full ambit of the Second World War against Germany, if not against Italy. It was not until some three months after his death that the British arrived in strength in Greece: some 58,000 first-line troops being landed at Salonica. By then, however, it was too late and too little. These British troops could be ill-spared from the ongoing campaign in Cyrenaica. Churchill, however, insisted that they must be sent to Greece. In effect, they could do little to stem the German advance. Papagos acknowledged that he was powerless, particularly against the German tanks. The King himself left Greece, with the bulk of the British expeditionary force, on April 21, 1941. Soon, the German swastika flag flew even over the Acropolis of Athens. Crete was left; but for how long?

The Greeks themselves never forgot, during the ensuing German occupation of their country, their initial victories against the Italians, of 1940-41. They had good reason, perhaps, to cherish such fond memories of military glory and swift, acute repulse of the aggressor upon their own native territories. At any rate, the recollections of their first successes in the field of battle helped to comfort and to sustain many of the Greek people under the years of the German occupation. So it should be without apology that we may still remember today the fiftieth anniversary of the very curious, significant episode of the Greek War of 1940-41: preparatory to the onslaught of the Germans during the summer of 1941.

Effectively, the Italian aggression through Albania, of fifty years ago, brought Greece, somewhat reluctantly, into the Second World War, on the Allied side. At that time, remarkably, Greece suddenly became Britain's only European ally, against the assembled Axis powers. So, indeed — despite the German conquest — did Greece remain, for the rest of the war, from which she could thus emerge among the victors. Metaxas himself — as the guiding Greek statesman of those times — had a healthy respect alike for the military might of Germany and the sea power of the British. That was why he vacillated for so long — perhaps fatally for the military

success of his country — before accepting British aid against the Axis. The Germans would have eventually invaded Greece, in strength, with or without any provocation: his fatal error was never fully to understand that.

The German occupation of Greece, after 1941, was concentrated upon a few strategic areas: such as Athens-Piraeus, Salonica, and a few of the larger islands, including especially Crete. Elsewhere in Greece local administration was mostly in the hands of the despised Italians (perhaps as much distrusted by the Germans as they were generally by the Greeks). This situation had not particularly assuaged the latent patriotism of the Greeks, who often did not forget that at first they had so decisively defeated in the field their Italian overlords. German rule in Greece was, at first at least, treated with greater respect. The Germans themselves in the beginning attempted almost to befriend the Greeks. Only in Crete, and when the Greek 'Resistance' developed in the mountains of the mainland, did feelings between Greeks and Germans eventually become corrosive and antagonistic.

From the point of view of the Greeks, especially in the lasting terms of their Modern History, they had two heroes. Metaxas, whose death in 1941 was so serious a loss, was the first of these. A fervent Greek patriot, he did his best for his stricken country. No militant for war in 1940, he nevertheless guided Greece into its victories against the Italians. Nor can we altogether blame him for his steadfast refusal, almost in his dying breath, to admit British troops into Greece unless and until German troops had crossed the Danube. This they never did until about three months after his death; so he was never to make the crucial decision which fully involved Greece in the 'total war' against the Axis.

General Papagos is the second great national hero. Unlike Metaxas, he survived the War. In 1949, he published from Athens a full and detailed account in English of 'The Battle for Greece, 1940-41'. This includes a resonant tribute to the 'splendid achievements' of the Greek forces at that time. 'They won under conditions which enhanced all the more the value and the glory of their victories.' A professional soldier may be excused such an assessment of the triumphs of war, in the legitimate defence of his own country. Greek national pride remains strong; although it is needless to attempt to sustain and to animate it wholly or even mainly in terms of war or military prowess. Greeks, whether Ancient or Modern, always have a unique and distinctive legacy of constructive achievements, in art, culture and thought which in the end must far outweigh even the necessary accomplishments of an entirely defensive war.

The Greek experience of war: 1941-1945

After its German conquest in 1941 Greece underwent the twin traumas of occupation and liberation. These became particularly crucial and significant in Greece because of the special circumstances of the British role in the abortive defence against the Germans, the tradition of Classicism in the Anglo-Greek relations and the marginal and maritime nature of Greece itself, particularly in relation to the mounting Communism of the mainland of the Balkan Peninsula. Greece, therefore, provided especially for the

British a unique example of the eventual political outcome of the war and the eventual split between West and East in Europe. It cannot now be regarded as at all surprising that, when at last the war ended in 1945, the problem of the political nature of the Greek government still remained; and it was some further years before that could be decided.

After all, Greek politics ever since 1930 had been confused and somewhat ambiguous. To regard Greece as the 'cradle of Western democracy', as many British Classicists still did, was misleading and impracticable. Democracy in Greece had always been threatened by authoritarianism, and that could come from the Right as well as from the Left. The national peril from the Italian invasion in 1940 had hidden the latent dictatorship of Metaxas himself; and the role of the King in Greece, too, was shrouded in uncertainty and ambiguity. But, for the time being, these political stresses, endemic within the Greek situation, were concealed by the harsh realities of the German occupation of 1941-1945. During those years, at any rate, a measure of apparent unity was induced by the necessity of ousting the German invaders and restoring rightful sovereignty of any kind to the stricken Greece.

Greek privations during 1941-1945 were various and oppressive. Food and fuel were both short. Inflation was rampant. Infant mortality, in particular, rose to some fifty per cent. Whole villages were destroyed by the Germans. Roads and railways were destroyed, as the Greek resistance developed. Reprisals carried out by the Germans were cruel and insistent. Greek patriotism went underground, and in so doing it was fragmented and divided, to an extent which only slowly percolated through to Allied intelligence in Cairo.

During the German occupation of Greece communications were spasmodic and inadequate between the Greeks in exile, the Greeks under effective enemy occupation, and the Greeks in the mountain provinces. Small boats *(caïques)* were used to carry couriers across the Aegean Sea, and out of Greece through Turkey. A few clandestine wireless sets operated from Athens, mostly under British control. Black marketeers operated between Athens and the mountains, though they had to evade German check-points to do so. The King and the Greek government in exile — finally driven out of Crete by the Germans in May of 1941 — became seriously out of touch with political movements in Greece itself, which became increasingly Communist, especially on the mainland and outside Crete.

Communists were paramount from the first against the Germans in Greece. Right-wing officers of the professional Greek army took little part in the resistance, at any rate at first. They had become demoralized by the death of Metaxas in January 1941, and by the exile of their king and commander-in-chief. This became a serious problem as the war continued and the huge gulf developed between the right-wing Greeks in exile and the Communists operating under the occupation. British agents in Greece, after 1943, were trained to concentrate on the military resistance to the Germans, and to ignore the local politics. But that in effect served to hide from the British Middle East Command the extent of the Communist

subversion in Greece. Before long it was evident to all but those in Egypt that after the war there would be a Communist takeover in Greece unless British troops were landed there to support a contrary right-wing resumption of authority. If that were done, however, civil war would be inevitable.

It is curious to discover the effects of Classicism in the Anglo-Greek relations of those times. Gladstone, visiting the Ionian Islands in 1858-59, and still bemused by his studies of Homer, allowed his Classicism to conceal the contemporary needs of the Greeks, there and then. Similarly, Churchill, in the period 1941-1945, allowed his Classicism to hide from him the possibility of an eventual Communist takeover of Greece, as a result of the stresses of the German occupation. At any rate, he always sided with the right-wing Greeks in Egypt, and he was quite shocked when, over the Christmas of 1944 and arrived at last in Athens, he saw before him the grim prospect of Greek fighting Greek in a divisive civil war. Yet, that was the obvious outcome of all that happened in Greece. Churchill and the Greeks in exile would have been far better prepared to face up to the realities of the situation within Greece itself had they listened more closely to the reports repeatedly brought back to the British Middle East Command by its agents in Greece. Yet mostly they chose, ostrich-like, to ignore what they wanted to ignore about these reports; and the result was almost fatal for the eventual restoration of stable government.

The attitude of the Germans towards the Greeks was conciliatory at first. By no means all of them were cruel or insensitive barbarians. Some of the senior officers, as in Macedonia, were considerable Classical scholars, appreciative of the Greek role in European civilization much as the British and Churchill were. In fact, as the Greek occupation went on, there was a tendency to appoint to commands in Greece senior German officers thought to be unreliable as ardent Nazis, and sometimes withdrawn from the Russian front for that reason. For a time, therefore, Greece under the occupation faced the Germans with greater equanimity than it did the Italians whose military prowess was universally despised. The Italians were jackals in comparison with the Germans. The Germans over the years controlled mostly the big towns such as Athens and Salonica (together with Crete); leaving to the Italians the administration of the rest of the country; and neither of them could or did do much about the mountains, the refuges of the valiant if politically confused Greek resistance fighters.

By 1942 the latter had effectively emerged, and they were almost all Communists. British agents sent to Greece during the occupation concentrated on engaging the Greek partisans regardless of their political colour, to disrupt German communications, heavily dependent upon the precarious railway route from Yugoslavia. This was of course important to assist the Allied efforts in North Africa. The first successful resistance operation in the Greek mountains came at the end of November 1942 when a vital railway bridge was destroyed by the partisans in Macedonia. By that time there was a clandestine British military mission in Greece (BMM). This operated mostly in collaboration with the Greek 'ELAS' although there was another Greek organization, the 'EKKA', which functioned around

Mount Parnassus and was further to the Right in its politics. One of its active adherents was George Papandreou, the future Liberal prime minister. There was no Russian presence in Greece until July 1944. Stalin had agreed with Churchill to leave Greece to the British, in terms of the post-war plans. That, again, must have been a major reason why Greece was finally able to extricate itself from the bonds of Communism, which threatened it.

The fall of Mussolini in 1943 removed the Italian power in Greece. About 15,000 Italian troops there joined the Allies, some of them even helping to drive out the Germans. But by the beginning of 1944 it was obvious that, without Allied intervention, the Communists would effectively take over the whole of Greece, once the Germans had gone. Strong in both Macedonia and Epirus, and dominant in the mountains of the Peloponnese, they were poised to sweep down from the mountains into the towns and the more pro-Right elements of the Greek patriotic front, in the Aegean islands and in Crete would be powerless to prevent them from taking over the Greek government, even in Athens.

Even the Greek soldiers in Egypt were badly infected by pro-Communist sentiments emanating from the Greek mainland. There was an anti-monarchist mutiny at the end of 1944, among the Greek troops in Egypt. Evidently, therefore, it would be impossible to restore the status quo in Greece: the King and all. Meanwhile, the Germans began gradually to withdraw from Greece in September 1944. After all, their elite forces by then were much needed elsewhere. German troops withdrew in an orderly manner, through Yugoslavia, leaving behind only small garrisons in Crete, Rhodes, and other islands which did not surrender until May 1945.

The latent civil war burst forth as soon as the Germans left. Right and Left in Greek politics contested for power in a ruthless and destructive manner. This for years delayed the urgent tasks of reconstruction in Greece which had been effectively ruined and devastated by the German occupation since 1941. Communists even seized control of Athens itself at the end of 1944. Churchill and Eden spent their Christmas Day of 1944 in Athens, trying vainly to stop the fighting. There was no armistice until 13 January 1945; and that was scarcely more than temporary. As a provisional expedient, Archbishop Damaskinos was appointed Regent, and the King was advised not to return.

The Civil War in Greece was a protracted affair. It broke out again in 1948, when martial law had to be imposed. It was very difficult to give Greece the blessings of strong and stable government until in 1950 Alexander Papagos took over as prime minister. The military hero of the war against the Italians in 1940, he was intensely patriotic and he steered his country successfully into the paths of peace and reconstruction. Uniquely, he was made a Field Marshal (a military rank previously reserved for the king). At last, under Papagos, Greece regained both internal security and external respect. He inaugurated for Greece a new era of constructive development, after 'a decade of agony' (C. M. Woodhouse). Therefore we may regard the appointment of Papagos as the Greek prime minister, in 1950, as the effective end of the long and complicated story of occupation

and liberation since 1941. It was not the end of the acrimonies and the arguments of Greek politics. Such, perhaps, will never cease; but it was the end of the worst consequences of the polarization of Greek politics, induced by the combined effects of occupation and liberation.

It is at any rate historically interesting to observe the rescue of Greece from militant Communism after 1945. Greece after 1945 is the only example in Europe of a country in which Communism at that time was defeated, after it had gained dominance and roots in the country. One can but believe that the endemic individualism of the Greeks was always against the collectivism of Communism, especially as imposed from Stalin in Russia. Greece after 1945 did not want to become another satellite in the Russian empire. That was essentially why it was eventually rescued from a Communist fate with Allied aid, to join the Western Alliance, in the ensuing 'Cold War', between West and East in Europe.

In retrospect, perhaps, we can now see that Communism was alien to the Greek national character. For the Greeks, it was a sort of political 'surrealism', imposed upon them from outside. It attacked especially what it called 'bourgeois decadence'. Rural poverty in Greece obviously fostered it. Yet, historically, civilization is basic to Greece, and that is vitally an urban phenomenon, always hostile to Communist penetration. Therefore there were always in Greece fundamental objections to any long-term submission to Communism; based on culture, history, and tradition; very different from the legacies and expectations of the inland countries of the Balkan mainland.

The naivety of British agents operating in Greece during the occupation is quite extraordinary; although of course their bravery is unquestioned. Almost it seems like operations from the nineteenth century: the Age of Gladstone and Disraeli. We have now the printed story of one such British agent — sent into Epirus in 1943 — who carried about with him wherever he went a battered copy of Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. No wonder therefore British intelligence in Cairo was mostly out of touch with contemporary events and opinions among the Greek resistance. This proved to be fatally obstructive when it came to the planning or the expectation of the nature of the post-war Greece.

Churchill, certainly, was very ill-prepared for the strength of Communism in Greece in 1945, and the inevitability of the Greek civil war of 1944-1949. It was one thing to defeat the Germans in Greece; it was another thing to order British troops to fire on Greeks who so recently had been fighting the Germans. The conflict resolved itself into a cruel and vicious contest of 'Greek against Greek'. But it did end in victory for democracy.

The Scottish author Compton Mackenzie alludes to the failure of Communism in his book, *Greece in My Life* (London, 1960, p.126). He regards Communism as fundamentally uncongenial for the Greeks, whose individualism is so strong. By 1960, from his Scottish refuge in Edinburgh, he advised the Greeks 'to forgive and forget'. The wounds of the civil war should be allowed to heal and fade away, as much as those of the preceding occupation and liberation. We can all now see the good sense in that.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREED: HOW TO PROTECT ARTIFICIAL JOINTS AGAINST INFECTION

by Edward Lowbury

'WHO shall decide when doctors disagree?' With those famous words Pope starts his *Moral Epistle* to Lord Bathurst, subtitled *On the Use of Riches*, which was published in 1732. At and for many years after that time a dispute between doctors on how an illness should be treated would generally be settled through the greater eloquence or charisma of one of the doctors; Molière's comedy, *L'Amour Médecin*, gives a witty illustration of that process. Today alternative methods of treatment are, whenever possible, evaluated by comparing them with each other and with inactive placebos in controlled clinical trials, the purpose of which is to measure the effectiveness of each treatment and to discover how likely or unlikely it is that observed differences in effectiveness are due merely to chance variation. A method of treatment is commonly reckoned to be more effective than another method if the probability is at least twenty to one against so great a difference having happened by chance; the difference is then called *significant*.

I became involved in a dispute about the effectiveness of a method of treatment in the 1970s, when I was working for the Medical Research Council as a microbiologist on problems of infection acquired in hospital. Orthopaedic surgeons had developed excellent techniques, which are now widely practised, of treating the common, disabling and very painful forms of hip joint arthritis by replacing the disordered joint with an artificial joint or 'prosthesis' fixed in the required position by a very strong acrylic cement; similar prostheses were developed for the replacement of knee joints. The results were brilliant, restoring the patient to a life of normal activity and freedom from pain. Unfortunately, a considerable number of these artificial joints broke down as the result of infection, which often did not appear until one or more (sometimes several) years after the joint replacement operation. When this happened, the patient was thrust back into a chairbound existence of excruciating pain and disability.

The wide exposure of tissues in these operations makes them very prone to contamination by bacteria, and the presence of a large foreign body, the artificial joint, in contact with living tissues makes those tissues highly susceptible to the damaging effects of infection when bacteria gain access. Sir John Charnley, one of the pioneers of joint replacement surgery, believed that the bacteria which caused these infections usually fell from the air into the open surgical wound at the time of the operation. To prevent such airborne contamination, Charnley built an operating enclosure inside his theatre which was ventilated with air pumped through filters and recirculated. Microbiologists had known for a long time that most of the bacteria which are present, often in large numbers, in the air of occupied rooms come from the bodies of the occupants.

Charnley's operating enclosure was mechanically ventilated in such a

way that air loaded with bacteria dispersed by the operating team and by the patient was swept out of the enclosure and replaced by very clean filtered air. To enhance this cleansing of the air, Charnley provided himself and his operating team with special bacteria-proof suits and helmets, from which air with its contaminating bacteria was drawn away by extraction pumps. At intervals over a period of about twelve years Charnley upgraded his ventilation system, providing a greatly increased throughput of air, which eventually reached approximately 300 air changes per hour; this sounds like a gale, but the air inlet was wide and the operating conditions were comfortable. Between 1959 and 1971, when these changes were introduced, the joint infection rate in Charnley's patients fell from over 10% to under 1%.

Impressed by these findings many surgeons asked the Department of Health to instal in their hospitals a Charnley operating enclosure or one of the other ultraclean air systems — laminar (i.e. unidirectional) airflow or surgical isolators — that were being developed in America. It seemed right to aim for infection rates no higher than 1%, as these were clearly attainable. The Department of Health asked the Medical Research Council for advice on whether they should grant the requests of these surgeons. The MRC replied, giving the opinion of its Committee on Control of Hospital Infection, that there was not enough evidence to support Charnley's advocacy of ultraclean air; in addition to an ultraclean air system, Charnley had introduced a number of other improvements in his operating technique which might have been responsible for the fall in his infection rate, and some surgeons who did joint replacement operations in a standard operating theatre without ultraclean air had reported infection rates as low as Charnley's. Our Committee therefore recommended that a controlled clinical trial should be done.

The Department of Health agreed to support this project, and the Medical Research Council set up a working party of microbiologists, surgeons, engineers and statisticians to plan and co-ordinate the research. The Chairman of the working party, Dr. Owen Lidwell, a former contemporary of mine at school and at university and collaborator when we both worked at the Common Cold Research Unit, is a general scientist with a wide expertise in the basic sciences and special experience in statistical methods and in the study of cross-infection and air hygiene.

At that time joint infection rates after replacement operations of about 2% were commonly reported. We set ourselves a target of being able to demonstrate, in a controlled trial, a reduction in the infection rate from 2% to 1% by the use of ultraclean air in the operating room, alone or with additional defences against airborne infection (bacteria-proof, exhaust-ventilated operating clothes, or operating with the patient's operation site inside a surgical isolator, a kind of transparent plastic bag attached to the skin). For this purpose it was calculated that about 7,500 operations would be required in the trial. We wrote to the orthopaedic surgeons in many hospitals, inviting their participation in the trial, for which there were two essential requirements, (1) that there should be a suitable ultraclean air system in

(or being installed in) the hospital operating theatre suite, and (2) that the surgeons would agree to operate on some of their patients in a standard operating room ventilated with about 20 air changes per hour, and on other patients in a room or enclosure ventilated with ultraclean air, the selection of conditions for each operation, ultraclean or standard, being determined on a random basis from lists prepared by our statistical experts.

Eventually we had 19 hospitals collaborating, 15 of them in Britain and four in Sweden. A plan of study was prepared and special research staff, microbiologists and nurses, were appointed in each of the participating hospitals. An initial meeting of all the participants was held in London; all the participating hospitals were visited periodically by members of the working party, and regional meetings were held periodically to report and discuss progress of the trial. In each hospital operations for total hip or knee replacement were recorded over a period of three years, starting in 1975, and each patient was followed up until the end of the fourth year. The total number of operations in the trial was 8,062. We recorded the numbers of patients in each group of the trial whose joints became infected, requiring operative treatment, and the types of bacteria found at such 'revision operations' in the infected joints. In several hospitals we counted the numbers of bacteria found in measured volumes of washings from the operation wounds at the time of joint replacement operations.

Some of us expected and half-feared that we would have to send the Department of Health a negative or inconclusive answer to the question they had asked us. An analysis of the results, however, vindicated Charnley's trust in ultraclean air, and also showed us why some surgeons who operated in standard operating theatres had as little infection in their joint replacement surgery as Charnley had in his. The numbers of bacteria in the air of operating rooms at the time of joint replacement operations were very much reduced by the use of ultraclean air ventilation and other measures to prevent airborne infection: there were about 400 times as many bacteria in the air of standard operating rooms or enclosures at these times as there were in rooms or enclosures equipped with the most effective ultraclean air systems. Washings taken from operation wounds at the time of joint replacement surgery contained substantially larger numbers of bacteria when the operations had been done in a standard operating room than when they were done under ultraclean air conditions. Our results showed the clinical relevance of these observations: about four times as many patients developed joint infection after they had had operations in a standard operating room as did those who had had their operations under the best ultraclean air conditions.

These findings supported Charnley's opinion on the importance of airborne infection in these patients and on the value of ultraclean air in preventing it; but there was still the tantalising enigma of the surgeons whose results were as good as Charnley's though they did not operate in ultraclean air. When we launched our trial we did not ask the surgeons either to use or not to use prophylactic (i.e. protective) antibiotics; we suggested that they should follow their usual routine, but that they should

record whether they had used prophylactic antibiotics and, if they did, give details of the treatment. In the analysis we found that patients who were not given antibiotic prophylaxis developed post-operative joint infection about four times as often as those who had been protected by antibiotics. This part of our trial was not a controlled trial, but, by a lucky coincidence, a statistically designed controlled trial in France of antibiotic prophylaxis for joint replacement operations was published shortly before we published our results; its results were very similar to those which we obtained in our comparison of patients who had been given antibiotic prophylaxis with those who had not. A further examination of our results showed that the infection rate in patients whose operations were done in standard theatres and without antibiotic prophylaxis was about 17 times as great as that of patients who were protected both by antibiotic prophylaxis and by optimum ultraclean air conditions. The difference was highly significant.

Of the numerous additional facts revealed by our trial two were of special interest. We found that when joint infections were caused by staphylococci, the types of staphylococci that caused the post-operative infection were usually the same as those which had been found in the nostrils of one or more members of the surgical team or from the patient himself at the time of the joint replacement operation, which had sometimes taken place years before the joint infection developed. The other particularly interesting piece of information that emerged from our study had special relevance to the questions originally put to us by the Department of Health. A cost-benefit analysis by Owen Lidwell showed that the treatment required by patients whose artificial joint broke down through infection cost much more than the measures used to prevent airborne infection; antibiotic prophylaxis, ultraclean air ventilation and special operating clothes all contributed to this saving of money.

Disagreements between doctors are today usually due to faulty inferences from imperfect knowledge. Charnley launched his researches on the use of ultraclean air at a time when antibiotic prophylaxis was under a cloud, having failed through widespread misuse which also contributed to a great increase in antibiotic resistance of bacteria in hospitals; understandably, Charnley avoided the prophylactic use of antibiotics, which he saw as useless and potentially harmful. Later, when very short courses of prophylaxis at the time of operation by an appropriate antibiotic were found to be highly effective, some orthopaedic surgeons who used them disagreed with Charnley about the need for ultraclean air. The Department of Health, which had sponsored the Medical Research Council trial, must have been glad to learn that ultraclean air and antibiotic prophylaxis and, better still, the two measures used together were not only clinically useful but also cost-effective. The poet who wrote *On the Use of Riches* would have been pleased with the results of that benevolent sponsorship.

[Edward Lowbury, OBE, is the author or co-author of many papers and of two books on infection problems.]

INTO ALGERIA: MOROCCO JUNE 30th 1962

by B. P. Rowland

THE plain that opens out between these two countries makes a natural division, the Middle Atlas and the northern mountains of the Rif pile up and end before the valley of the Kiss, only to reappear in Algeria under different names, the mountains of Tlemcen, and towards the sea the barren, beautiful, and eroded hills of the Traras.

Along this frontier, from the Mediterranean to the town of Colomb Bechar on the outskirts of the western sands, goes a mine lane, for some 350 miles. Parallel with these mines has gone six thousand volts of electricity but now at the crossing-point, some half dozen miles from Morocco's last north eastern town of Oujda, the wire fencing has been forced back, for an hour or two only, to allow for those on foot to pass through.

As we walk to the on-going train we stand out as foreigners, one woman and two men, amidst the press of these returning people, themselves but a quota of the ten thousand encamped along a hundred miles of this frontier. For our part we hold visas obtained in Oujda from a French consulate no longer concerned. In Morocco we have handed over to Algerian authorities our small share in the administration of four Algerian children's homes, and we now move on to offer what we may as volunteers attached to the Service Civil International.

Of these seven years we have both read and heard, of a million Algerian dead and twenty thousand Frenchmen, of ways of dying which war gives licence to and extends. We see now the fortifications spaced along this frontier, the minaret lying amidst the ruins of its mosque, whilst at the small station of Marnia, our first and immediate halt, there rests a train so crowded with French soldiers that they seem to speak for the 500,000 then said to be in the country. They appear of one face, these soldiers, but it is a face that has also been mine. I know that here will be the unsure pacifist, the young man asked what he would do if his mother were to be shot before his eyes, the boy whose candle will not long since have burnt out in his home church. Many times we are to hear that it is the conscript who has saved the face of France.

We leave Marnia behind, move into mountain contours, see the crowded wooden coaches that follow. A young man is with us, entitled it seems to a place in this separate self-conscious carriage that is still with us. At the passing country the young man stares as at a boyhood memory. He tells us without turning, and with no control to his tears, that he has been at school in Morocco during these years.

Again we halt, at Sidi Mejahed, at Turenne, at Mansourah. And it is here, at Mansourah, the last halt before Tlemcen, that the returning people begin to leave the train, even before it has come to a stop. They leave on the side opposite from the platform, they stream across the goods-yard,

to have those standing by waiting lorries move to meet them. It is then that the aeroplane is heard, that the whole movement is halted. The plane circles, circles again, at last flies on. Without further embrace the people fill the lorries and are gone.

Tlemcen itself holds to a divided silence. The Hotel Moderne, to which enquiry brings us, falls well short of its name. Water fails to reach the third floor, cockroaches occupy both bath and lavatory, and the pale patron and his wife tell us that they will soon be gone.

French non-commissioned officers make up for the most part the clientele here. The bar gazes onto the rue Sidi-bel-Abbes, and facades seem gone. Even if disillusionment and boredom may be read as something more, who would want to stay now? That is how it looks and comes across, even as the man down the road and his flushed wife, sellers of wine and all that goes well with wine, are to see no reason to conceal their sense of loss and betrayal. Nor that barber in the rue de France, who is to stand in his doorway longer than the wine-merchant and his wife in theirs, a baffled and touching figure, the window beside him hung with pictures of groomed French heads of the thirties — about the time John Cornford was writing: 'Nothing is ever certain, nothing is ever safe; to-day is overturning yesterday's settled good' — and he himself to die at twenty-one in Spain.

But could the poets have helped? I am yet to meet the barber's eyes in the looking-glass, a cut-throat in his hand. And the old woman who is to learn that we are there to help her enemies, who is to slam the door at even the sight of us, how shall she feel differently?

Yet who are the innocent? In Germaine Tillon's reported talk with Yacef Saadi she argues for them, and brings tears to Yacef's eyes. But where does the claim begin? How shall we excuse ourselves? Where shall we stop history to have it justify us? I might recall my years in the Middle East, hear again the bandying about of the word 'wog' by men themselves of very ordinary moment, hear a fellow-countryman speaking to his servant from the steps of the Minister of State's office in Cairo: 'What you have to understand is that I am the master and you are the servant. Or perhaps you think you are the master and I am the servant?'

And now shall I not ask — Are we, too, not suspect, coming in after the fight, like moralists, as though outside such matters ourselves?

We have come on the eve of event. By the close of the day to follow the vote will have been carried for independence or for partnership with France. Now there is exhortation wherever one looks — on carts, lorries, cars, windows, walls — VOTEZ OUI! Whilst in the same exclamatory spirit is chalked across the premises of some presumed opponent — VOTEZ NON! And yet amidst these cries are other words, words calling for good behaviour, reminding citizens that the French are their friends — words that seem neither insincere nor opportune but suggest rather a rapprochement there to surface again when all is over, able to remind one too of the resilience of a nation half of whom are said to be under twenty-five.

All day on the day to follow, Sunday July 1st 1962, voting proceeded in so disciplined a manner that the populace might have been at prayer where

they stood, the women in long white lines, the haik, the full length garment, covering as well the head and pulled half across the face. And just as the French military were confined to barracks so were our fellow-guests confined to the hotel.

The town seemed on loan in which we had our freedom.

It was early evening when the scene changed, when as suddenly the town filled, when scores became hundreds, road and sidewalk one, when any vehicle attempting these waters was soon enough sounding only its hooter where it drowned, to the rising chant that was the cry for a new life: TA! YA! DJEZAIR! — LONG LIFE TO ALGERIA!

Dancing formed circles in the crowds, moved to table-tops, drums beat as though for some eternal marriage, drums that came to occupy any corner or recess, hand-clapping trailed and retaliated in the air leaving its mosaics behind. And as suddenly heads were turned, that told us we were foreigners. But what foreigners? There came the voice of the young man from upon the shoulders of his friends: 'Are you English? Speak some English! Join us! Join us and dance! Drink tea and meet our friends!' And then to Diana: 'We are not savages and we welcome you into our homes!'

And into those homes we went, as though into our own, where a professor of English pressed me to food and drink, and asked, as though the question had waited so long to be asked, 'Why do you think, Monsieur, that because our customs are different our feelings are different?' I had to stand questioned for those who presumed so. 'You think that because our women are veiled that they are slaves. We love our wives and families just as much as you love yours.' Should that be questioned when it might be more? At most I might doubt that love be so circumscribed for any of us.

And the young man who had called to Diana called to me, 'You gave India her freedom!' How should I reply to that when at our hands she'd lost it?

Later that night, sometime after midnight, a jeep drew up beside us. We were going home? Might these two Algerian soldiers take us to our hotel? They were wanting to clear the streets.

The bar of the hotel was thick with smoke, the confinement not made the happier when Diana walked in with an Algerian flag. Even the smoke stood back. A tall Frenchman stepped forward, to do the right thing by this Scottish lass. He spoke a few words, he offered charm, civility, a smile. The smoke moved on.

There is the other side to this. There were numberless French men and women who were against the war, there were in North Africa deserters from the forces who had crossed into Morocco and Tunisia, and who would be imprisoned if caught, and there were those already imprisoned for their disagreement. There were those who were yet to come to work with us, French volunteers who could not know how they would be received by either side — Jacques, on the list for removal by the Organisation Armée Secrète for articles he had written against the war. Jacques, the deserter, who was to leave us to return to his wife and child in France, only to be

taken from the airport to the jail. And Henri, older, who was to return home to press for national recognition, so late, of conscientious objection itself.

We were in Wilaya 5, one of the strongest of the six military zones into which the country had been divided. Here through Tlemcen Ben Bella was to come, and to move on. Where then was authority?

To Algiers went Tony with his fluent French, to the rumoured source of government at Rocher Noir. In Tlemcen Diana and I set about enquiry, our first questions thrown aside upon a gesture by the one Frenchman in the empty prefecture, packing his things. It was to a refrigerator shop that we eventually came, and from here that we followed a boy who outdistanced us without once turning, bringing us to a small house by the station, the boy gone, a soldier standing aside.

In a room of war-time bareness, of a few chairs and a table, we were received, listened to, asked to wait. The man who came at the last wore civilian clothes, was perhaps twenty-eight, from the war itself, as we were to learn, imprisoned, the marks of both upon him. His regard of us could be neither misinterpreted nor argued about. How had we the barefacedness to be here again so soon? Were we not from the same source? Were not even our faces related? Had he been a little older, from a field less bitter in its maturing, he might have seen us neutrally, have said, 'Thank you, no.'

As it was he gave attention to what we had to offer, to the papers that told of this voluntary organisation, with its main office in Zurich, its beginning in 1919, its ideals — that if such sacrifices could be made for war, then what of peace? Its subsequent emphasis on medicine, teaching, construction, in all of which fields volunteers could be called upon. These things explained and our names were noted, in French and Arabic. We were told that without a laissez-passer we would not be able to stay. We were told that we should have these by the following afternoon.

Our passes came not the following afternoon but the following morning. We were asked to accompany the soldier to the car, and there we joined our interviewer of the day before. Within twenty minutes we were into foothills. As we then climbed so the scene changed, we saw beyond the town, to the grey-green ranks of olive plantation, these in their turn outstripped by distance, distance that would continue to French-named towns like Eugene-Etienne, to the little port of Nemours on the Mediterranean, to those hills of the Traras. At four thousand feet we topped the rise, to set off south across a wide plateau, leaving behind us a figure of the Virgin Mary, standing on the edge of the height, gazing across these contested distances.

There opened out before us a splendid valley, held in by hill and mountain, but widening into an unexpected richness, the earth red, the pink of oleander marking a river's course, more than enough to excite a man, to have him buy a gun for his son. We came down to this valley in the heat of the forenoon to what seemed a near biblical beauty and estrangement, as though there were some question as to giving this into man's hands. We passed from time to time what seemed a mound of rubble

decked with a flag, but these mounds were homes, from which people came instantly at the car's burst of fraternal hooting. At the valley's end we crossed the fortified bridge of a reservoir. We saw no one.

We again climbed, could look back, see the water there like the wing of a South American butterfly. Mountain again compressed this higher plain, but fig and olive trees were there concealing a river, areas of corn grew until the corn failed, the child goat-herd and the goat looked down upon it. At last, where both hill and mountain once again drew together, we pulled off the road, halting before a considerable area fenced off by high wire. This was a regroupment camp. 'You English,' a Frenchman was to say to me, 'used these methods against the Boers in South Africa'. For these camps were a simple means of controlling an insurgent people, and in open rebellion of separating families from their fighting menfolk.

News of our coming had gone ahead, for there were those already collected to greet us. We were led to the 'gourbi' of the village elder, this 'gourbi' a hut or shanty thrown together in extreme circumstances upon a crude framework, yet offering now the surprise of a cool and shaded interior, with even the colours of an alfalfa carpet at one's feet. A table, small, round, low, was placed before us. Food came, honey mixed with goat's butter, dark bread, mint tea tasted and tested by our host before being poured from a practised height into the small glasses.

When we returned to the car we soon left the road for track, and after that to continue on foot. Through wooded slopes we came to the village of Beni Hammou, which by steps came down to a shallow river. The village had been destroyed.

Twenty years earlier a young French woman, Simone Weil, had written: 'To-day one might think that the white races had lost almost all feeling for the beauty of the world, and that they had taken upon themselves the task of making it disappear from all the continents where they have penetrated with their armies, their trade, and their religion.'

From this village we continued, until coming to an area of open land. We were asked then if we would be prepared to help the villagers build a new village on this site.

Rising no distance from the regroupment camp was a hill of fair height, upon its summit a fort. From this fort a flag still flew, that of the Legion Etrangère. Would this company be vacating the fort? It would. Could we occupy it? We could.

Back from the regroupment camp, back from Rocher Noir, we conferred. We contacted Zurich and London.

It was agreed.

MAX ERNST — THE DREAMER EXTRAORDINARY

by Muriel Julius

THE history of our century is one of disintegration, of revolutions and wars. Max Ernst was born one hundred years ago, so it is extraordinarily apposite that the Tate Gallery is exhibiting some two hundred of his works just now. His life was dislocated by two world wars and by victimization by one of the vilest regimes of all time — the Nazis. No wonder he had an errant life style. It led him from Germany to France to America, and back to France where he died, in 1976, aged eighty-five.

He had a highly cultivated intelligence, formidable intuition and a ferocious wit. Four wives, many well-documented affairs and life-long friendships attest to his personal charm. One can turn to Max Ernst himself for clues to his existence as an artist since he has written and spoken of himself frankly:

> My impatience, my doubts, my beliefs, [he wrote] my hallucinations, my revolts, my contradictions, my refusal to submit to any discipline — have not created a climate favourable to the creation of a peaceful, serene work. My work is like my conduct, rebellious, heterogenious, full of contradictions. But it does have the ability to enchant my accomplices; poets and a few illiterates.

And despite the menace of cruelty implicit in his work it is astonishingly seductive.

Ernst shared with Picasso the will to invent. He carries on the exploration of the interior world of Gustave Moreau and Odilon Redon. Picasso, responsive to the social and political upheavals of the nineteenth century, turned to the rational classical abstraction of the early twentieth century; while Max Ernst exemplifies the mysterious and irrational movements first in the nihilism of Dada, then in the lyrical dream imagery of Surrealism.

Max Ernst was born in 1891 in Brühl, near Cologne, one of six children. His father taught in a school for deaf and dumb children and was a keen amateur painter. When he was six a favourite sister died and the first of his mystic visions occurred which he later translated into one of his most baffling paintings 'Pieta or Revolution by Night' (1923). In 1906 the death of his pet cockatoo coincided with the birth of a sister. Fits of hysteria, exaltations and depressions followed. A fusion of birds and humans became encrusted in his mind and can be seen in many of his later paintings and drawings.

As a young man Ernst had a difficult relationship with his father. In his autobiographical writings he recalled that during puberty he had been unable to rid himself of a very unfavourable impression of his father's behaviour at the time of his conception.

Persuaded to enter the University in Bonn in 1909 he studied philosophy, psychiatry and art history. Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* and its relation to the unconscious, the writings of Nietzsche and particularly Stirmer were to permeate his artistic works. He often visited patients in the insane asylum and planned to write a book about the art of the insane. The fantasies of Jules Verne, the brothers Grimm and Lewis Carroll captivated

him. The mystical Blue Rider painter, Auguste Macke, who had grown up in Bonn and Cologne, became a friend and intellectual mentor to Max as he was to many German artists and poets. Through him Max met the influential French poet and art critic Apollinaire.

Having decided to make his career as an artist he spent most of his time after 1909 painting. He was entirely self-taught. In 1913 he exhibited some work in Bonn and in Berlin. On his first visit to Paris he met Hans Arp who was to become a lifelong friend. 1914 and four years service as an artillery officer during the First World War had a traumatic effect on Ernst as it did on Max Beckmann, Georg Grosz and many other artists.

Back in Cologne, now married to an art historian, Louise Strauss, Ernst rejected the academic painterliness of the German Expressionists, such as Otto Dix and Christian Schad; 'Too German', he wrote to Tristan Tzara in 1920, 'German intellectuals can't even pee without ideologies.' With the help of Johannes Baargeld and later, Hans Arp, he established Dada in Cologne. Dada (the French word for hobby horse) was a nihilistic precursor of Surrealism, invented in Zurich in 1916 by the writer Hans Ball. It was violently anti-war, anti-art and anti-sense, intended to outrage and scandalize. Duchamp's 'ready-mades'— his bicycle wheel for instance — Arp's random collages with incongruous titles, incoherent poetry readings and a lecture given by thirty-eight lecturers in unison were some of its endeavours. It is thought that Lenin and James Joyce, then living in Zurich, did not particpate.

In Cologne the Dadaist rebellion reached its height with a notorious exhibition in April 1920. Held in the Winter restaurant, participants were made to enter through the lavatories. A girl dressed as a first Communicant recited lewd verses; a tank of red blood-like water contained a wooden arm holding a tuft of hair. Ernst provided a block of wood and an axe and invited spectators to smash the exhibits, which they did. The exasperated police arrived but all they removed was an engraving of a nude Adam and Eve by Albrecht Dürer. This memorable exhibition included works by Tristan Tzara, Hans Arp, Picabia, and the poets Paul Eluard, André Breton and Louis Aragon. Ernst became known as Dadamax.

Max Ernst's historic achievement was his development of collage which, allied to Metaphysical Painting — he had just discovered the work of Giorgio de Chirico — led him to develop Surrealism. André Breton initially conceived Surrealism purely as a literary movement: it was Max Ernst who convinced him of its inherent visual possibilities. He viewed his discovery as a lucky find and left an account of how it came about:

> One rainy day in a village on the Rhine, my gaze was caught by the pages of an illustrated catalogue. The advertisement showed objects relating to anthropological, microscopic, psychological, mineralogical research. There I found and brought together elements of figuration so remote that the sheer absurdity of that collection provoked a sudden intensification of the visionary faculties in me and brought forth an illusive succession of contradictory images, double, triple and multiple images, piling up on each other with the persistence and rapidity which are peculiar to erotic memories and visions of half sleep. Those images demanded to be united on new planes. It would suffice to add to those pages by painting or drawing a touch of colour or a couple of strokes, thereby surrounding the objects with an exotic landscape, the desert, a sky. In this way,

> I could produce a faithful image of my hallucinations and transform the banal pages into drawings revealing my most secret desires.

This statement was full not only of the promise of the advent of Surrealism, but also of the pop art and consumer mythology of today. Max Ernst's first important set of prints, a set of eight lithographs in 1919 called 'Fiat mores, pereat ars' (Innovation over Art) were based on the metaphysical inhumanism of de Chicico and Carlo Carra. The set was financed out of the relief fund of the Cologne municipality, his unemployment benefit. His collages were shown for the first time in May 1921 in Paris as the 'Exposition Dada Max Ernst'. Breton announced it 'La Mise Sous Whisky Marin' and the opening ended in a real Dada brawl. It unleashed a passion for collage whose results were seen at Salon Dada in the Gallerie Montaigne the following June. Everybody seemed to be at it — even writers Philippe Soupault and Aragon made a photomontage portrait wreathed in dried flowers and leaves.

Paul Eluard had heard of Max's sensational show but had been abroad. He went to see him in Cologne with his wife, and thus began an enduring friendship. Max had recently finished his first important painting, 'The Elephant Celèbes' and Eluard bought it. In her fascinating article in the immense catalogue to this exhibition Sarah Wilson writes: 'Little could Max have guessed that further friendships and exchanges would see his elephant become the lumbering and silent star of surrealist exhibitions in England during the subsequent five decades and after'. She continues, 'The painting itself was a reversion in his work from an anti-art stance in general, from dislocated Dada sculpture, quasi-scientific, machinist drawings and disturbing photomontages to solid painterliness and a stable figure-ground relationship, despite the bizarreries of Ernst's source material. It was from an English anthropological journal that Ernst cut out the Konkombwa corn bin that was to become the Elephant's rotund and imperious body'. Celèbes is a large island in Indonesia.

This is not a friendly elephant, with its powerful trunk ending in a horned head. The mechanical device on top has a watchful eye. Several elements that recur in later Ernst paintings are here. The headless female nude, the two fish floating in the sky and the smoke trail emerging from it. Another painting of this period is 'Oedipus Rex'. Its mysterious imagery includes the heads of two bodyless animals placed on a shelf touched by wires threaded through a walnut held by large fingers that are supposed to represents breasts. It represents his inverted Oedipus complex.

In 1922 Max Ernst settled in Paris. The move was of symbolic significance: it completed his rejection of the constraints of patriotism, class and conventional morality which his background had imposed on him. He never lived in Germany again.

The first Surrealist Manifesto written by André Breton was published in 1924. He was a very forceful expositor of their point of view.

In 1922 Ernst and Eluard wrote and illustrated in collaboration 'Les Malheurs des Immortels'. The illustrations were concocted from gleanings from penny dreadfuls and technical catalogues. Three collage volumes,

books without words but with subtitles, sometimes witty, often erotic and almost always obscure, followed. 'La Femme 100 Têtes' in 1929 was later translated into English by Max's fourth wife, Dorothea Tanning. In 1930 he published *Dream of the little Girl who wanted to become a Carmelite*, and in 1934 with funds provided by his English friend, Roland Penrose, he published *Une Semaine de Bonté* in five parts. This was accomplished during a three week holiday Max took with Tristan Tzara and his wife in Italy. He had taken a suitcase full of nineteenth century French popular fiction and periodicals that were plentifully illustrated with lurid wood engravings. The subject matter was torrid love, torture, *crimes passionnels* and the subsequent executions or incarcerations; and the hatred and jealousies among the very rich. Some of these books are still in print today and are marvellous, mesmerising. This work took Ernst's collage techniques to new heights of accomplishment.

In 1925 Ernst had made his other great discovery — frottage or rubbing. In this process black lead was rubbed onto paper held against an object, producing the effect of the weave of a piece of cloth, the graining of wood, or the veining of a leaf. These impressions, skilfully done, formed mysterious works suggesting strange landscapes, animals or expanses of imaginary scenery. 'Les Moeurs de Feuilles' (The Habits of Leaves) of 1925, one elegant leaf standing between two pieces of grained wood, is an ironic example. Of course this is a process known to all children, but to the quasi-hallucinatory painter it was an unusually ambiguous poetic technique which took figuration to the bounds of abstract simplification.

On his arrival in France Max had been so hard up he had taken a job in a toy factory. In 1925 he signed a contract with a dealer, Jacques Viot which gave him some financial stability. In 1926, on the recommendation of Picasso, Max and Joan Miro were invited to design the scenery and costumes for Diaghilev's ballet production of 'Romeo and Juliet'. At this time Miro too was very poor. He later confessed that he had existed on a few figs each day. When André Breton learned of their acceptance he was furious. Such an activity was frivolous and contrary to the anti-bourgeois principles of surrealism. A declaration in the review edited by Breton began 'It is inadmissible that thought should be at the command of money'. Like the football louts of today, the surrealists made a violent demonstration at the theatre on the first night. In 1928 Max married for the second time, Marie-Berthe Aurenche. This marriage too foundered. The catalyst was the extraordinary success of the International Exhibition of Surrealism held in the New Burlington Galleries in London. The three hundred and ninety-two exhibits included works by Arp, Man Ray, Miro, Picabia, Salvador Dali, Roland Penrose, Eileen Agar and sixteen works by Ernst including 'The Elephant Celèbes', 'The Bride of the Wind' and 'The Carmagnole of Love' both the latter were painted in 1927. The display was intended to shock and produce the maximum of excitement. With Dali arriving to give a lecture in a deep-sea diving suit in which he nearly suffocated the press was sensationalist and hostile. But it became the talk of the town and surreal motifs invaded fashion styles and shop displays.

In the 1936 catalogue, for which Ernst designed the cover, Herbert Read wrote: 'A nation which has produced two such super-realists as William Blake and Lewis Carroll is to the manner born. Because our art and literature is the most romantic in the world, it is likely to become the most super-realistic.' Ernst did not come to London in 1936, but the following year he attended his second one-man show at the Mayor Gallery in June, 1937. It included 'L'Ange du Foyer', the eagle-headed monster which together with the paintings of horribly threatening sub-humans — a series known as The Barbarians — expressed Ernst's fearful anticipation of the impending Nazi threat to Europe. By then his works were in seventeen British collections. To quote Sarah Wilson again: 'In London, where Ernst was pursued by an increasingly distraught, religious and deranged Marie-Berthe Aurenche, he became profoundly enchanted by an English girl of twenty, Leonora Carrington. The Carringtons had made their money in cotton, but Leonora was every inch the well-educated debutante, presented at Court in 1936, at the end of the reign of George V. She was a dashing horsewoman, with a disconcerting streak of wildness and a Celtic imagination, inherited from her Irish mother. Elopement was rapid. Carrington returned with Ernst to Paris, where Breton showed her paintings.' She wrote also poetry and several books.

In 1938 Ernst and Carrington left Paris and settled near Avignon. In that year too he separated formally from the surrealist group. The reasons were political; in particular because André Breton wished 'to sabotage in every possible way' the poetry of Ernst's great friend, Paul Eluard. Despite the disturbing revelations of Stalin's regime Eluard was a committed communist. The Wall Street Crash of 1929 had decimated the art market.

By 1938 Paul Eluard had tired of having to sell a painting from time to time in order to live. His friend, Roland Penrose was well off and early in 1938, had launched the London Gallery in Cork Street. In June of that year Eluard sold to Roland Penrose his entire collection of pictures and objects, some one hundred pieces, for the ridiculous sum of £1,500. Among them were ten paintings by Picasso, forty Max Ernst, six de Chirico, eight Miro, four Magritte, three Dali, one Klee, one Chagall, etc. unquestionably the finest collection of Surrealist paintings in the UK. Many of them today are in the Tate Gallery and foreign museums.

As early as 1933 Ernst had been condemned by the Nazi regime. With the outbreak of war he was interned by the French as an enmy alien. In camp, with the artist Hans Bellmer, he used another technique he had developed, 'raclage' (scratching) which consists of the use of a comb and a ruler on the freshly painted surface. A third process which he used to great effect was decalcomania, which Dominguez had developed in 1935. With this, strange, lacy effects are achieved by pressing the paper or canvas momentarily against an already painted surface. The ragged, fantastic desolation in Ernst's huge 'Europe after the Rain' painted in 1940-42 and 'The Anti-Pope' are superb examples.

Leonora, alone in the house which Max had decorated with sculptured masks, (masks copied in gold in Paris, and suggested as Christmas gifts

in the December 1990 issue of the magazine *L'Oeil*) became mentally disturbed, gave the house to anyone who wanted it and fled to Spain, then America and finally Mexico. Max meanwhile had met Peggy Guggenheim, the American patron and collector, of lovers as well as of paintings. Her gallery, Guggenheim Jeune in London, showed his work. Back in Paris at the outbreak of the war she purchased a painting a day from a list of artists supplied by Duchamp. Arriving in Spain she gathered her ex-husband, his wife, Max Ernst and seven assorted children and on July 13, 1941 they left on a Pan-American clipper for America.

In 1940 Max had painted his unforgettable 'The Robing of the Bride'. The main figure is a female nude with a feathered owl's head, draped in a superb feathered cloak, similar to Peggy Guggenheim's spectacular housecoat which was made entirely of peach coloured feathers. The atmosphere of Surrealist paintings is often menacing, especially when sexual ideas are evoked. There is too a distinct undercurrent of cruelty. Crouching in the corner of this painting, a deformed sphinx has one wing and one arm, four breasts and male genitalia. The central figure has a sneering devil's head emerging from between her breasts, while beside her another bird-headed being is menacing her with an outsize broken arrow.

Peggy Guggenheim took Max to live with her in a splendid house near the East River. Despite outward sophistication American society is essentially conventional, and so she became Mrs. Max Ernst. She was impetuous, kind and generous to a fault. Her parties often ended in hysterical rows, public disrobings and flagrant misbehaviour. She took it all as a matter of course. Max did not. In 1942 she opened her gallery, 'Art of This Century'. It was innovative and exciting and she became the impressario for young American avant-garde artists, now known as the Abstract Expressionists. 'Her taste,' wrote Clement Greenberg, the influential critic, 'was often erratic, but she had a flair for life that made her recognize vitality and conviction in a painter.' Robert Motherwell, Ad Reinhardt, Mark Rothko, Adolph Gottlieb, Clifford Styll, Jackson Pollock and of course Max Ernst were given their first US one-man shows in 'Art of This Century'. Almost single-handedly she made Jackson Pollock a success. She showed his works to everyone, bought many herself and gave them as gifts to friends. She sold one to the Museum of Modern Art which gave him official approval. Max had one-man shows in several major cities. All were flops. The brief marriage was over.

In 1942 Peggy Guggenheim arranged to exhibit the work of thirty women artists. Among them was Dorothea Tanning from Galesburg, Illinois. Max left with her for Sedona in Arizona. He was fifty-one. It was the happiest period of his life.

In 1946 Max and the beautiful Dorothea went to Hollywood to ask his friend, the artist and photographer Man Ray to act as witness to their wedding. Whereupon Man Ray decided to marry his companion, Juliet Browner. The wedding celebrations lasted several days, and are immortalized in Max's painting 'Double Wedding in Beverley Hills'.

As I was writing this piece an exhibition of Man Ray's fashion photo-

graphs, so eloquent of an age of elegance now gone forever, opened at the Barbican Art Gallery (until 1st April). His widow, aged eighty, had planned to attend the opening. Five days previously, she died.

Max and Dorothea returned to Sedona. Writing in Quadram in 1958 Alain Bosquet described his Arizona as a fairyland. 'He lives in the marvellous as Alice lives in the looking glass; he goes through it, he becomes it, it is his master'. Max himself, describing his alter ego, Loplop, in 1961 said to a young friend (published in *An Informal Life of M.E.*, Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1961) 'I am visited almost daily by the Bird Superior "Loplop" — my private phantom. He presents me with a heart in a cage, two petals, three leaves, a flower and a young girl. Also, the man of the black eggs and the man with the red cape.' The blandness of American life had in no way curbed his fantasies.

Among the most terrifying of Max Ernst's works is his 'The Temptation of St. Anthony' painted 1945. Here are demons in many shapes, of unbelievable ferocity, sharp teeth bared descending on the prostrate red clad figure. The sixteenth century paintings of this subject by Grünewald, Hieronymus Bosch or Huys do not out-scare Max Ernst's vision.

Back in Paris in 1953 all things came right. At the 1954 Venice Bienalle he won the Grand Prix for the most outstanding painter. There followed exhibitions in the Kunsthalle in Berne, at Francis Matthieson in Bond Street which I remember, in the Museum of Modern Art in New York and in Cologne and Stockholm. Also one in his birthplace, Brühl. The irony of this must have amused Max — fifteen years earlier his paintings had been shown there in the exhibition 'Degenerate Art'.

In 1961 the Tate Gallery, in a major retrospective, showed 190 paintings and 14 sculptures by Max Ernst. These challenging and imaginative works were a great success. The artistic climate in London had undergone a great change. The work of the surrealists had become part of art history and no longer threatened the new avant-garde.

The ever-faithful friend, Roland Penrose, who had lectured and written about Max Ernst for years, selected an Arts Council exhibition in 1975 of Max Ernst's prints, collages and drawings. It toured Britain from Aberdeen and Edinburgh in the North through Durham, York and Swindon to Rye in the South. That was the year Max Ernst had a stroke, and in 1976, a few hours before his eighty-fifth birthday, he died.

Among the many homages paid to this unique artist over the years I take from Sarah Wilson's article that by the Chilean painter, Roberto Matta. He wrote: 'The power to create hallucinations is the power to exalt existence. It can be argued that this constitutes a form of madness, but I think that Max Ernst accepts this as part of the task of the artist. The artist is the man who has survived the labyrinth'.

The exhibition at the Tate Gallery, Millbank, sponsored by Daimler-Benz AG, continues until the 21st of April. It will subsequently be shown in Stuttgart, Düsseldorf and possibly in Paris.

Literary Supplement

THE SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP

Blood, Class and Nostalgia, Anglo-American Ironies. Christopher Hitchens. Chatto & Windus. £15.00.

Cecil Spring Rice, a diplomat's life. David H. Burton. Associated University Presses.

Christopher Hitchens's study can be seen as a good example of that élite branch of the higher journalism to which some British-born and British-educated newspapermen are recruited: it is no doubt a feature of the relationship that many American editors are called from Oxbridge and what was once Fleet Street. His chapter titles suggest the shape and style: 'Greece to their Rome' — though by this time it's not clear which of the modern states is identified with which classical republic or *imperium* — 'Bard of Empires', (for Kipling's Anglo-America), 'Blood Relations' (for the Edwardian era), 'the Churchill cult', 'Brit Kitsch', and the 'Imperial Receivership'. Hitchens writes with irony and sparkle, and he exercises a journalist's self-appointed right to make often savage fun of his characters (notably Ambassador Annenberg). Given that role, Hitchens is stronger on the story since Kipling, and draws heavily on printed sources, on clubland gossip and on the Georgetown world. His thesis, however, is disturbingly relevant: that at Suez in 1956, heralded by the Truman Doctrine of a decade before, the US took up the white man's burden, and made Wheelus Field, Libya, an American rather than a British base. When a decade later Ghaddafi revolted against Idris, he saw the US as the real enemy, as he still does. So with Israel, and with Pakistan; and Vietnam, the Lebanon, Grenada and Iraq, were still to come. The American receivership was, however, 'imperialism without splendour'; and Americans always denied the validity of the term, since in national legendry they had fought against Empire in 1776. Although the pattern is chronological, Hitchens writes as a journalist, gleefully enjoying the crevices and the ironies more than the main narrative, more concerned, for example, with the 'plotting' of Foreign Offices in 1916 than with the main point that in 1917 Germany launched and declared an all-out war on the US; and using 'Manifest Destiny' loosely to connote American ambitions not in the West but in the Caribbean.

This is, however, a vivid addition to the corpus, especially readable on Kipling, on American 'imperialism', and on the academic and Intelligence links forged by Rhodes Fellowships and by Ditchley conferences; it is written with freshness, even if it sacrifices some important themes for the sake of a chuckle.

Hitchens was unlucky: his few paragraphs on Spring Rice — seen here exclusively as 'T.R.s' Anglo-Saxon 'buddy' — were written before the publication of David Burton's masterly and scholarly biography of 'Springey'. It is indeed the first biography. Valentine Chirol's was a memoir only, and by a close friend; and Stephen Gwynn's two-volume edition of *The Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice* (1929) left out some important documents. Although Spring Rice's first overseas post was in Washington in 1887, and his final post was as Ambassador there in 1912, he had served in Berlin and Teheran, St. Petersburgh and Cairo, Constantinople and Stockholm, and was a

remarkably well-travelled and well-qualified diplomat. After Eton and Balliol, he was equally qualified to become an academic; he read Persian, and translated Persian folk tales into English; although captivated by Persian mysticism, he was as expert on the statecraft of Europe as on the very different — and by contrast simpler and cruder — politics of North America. The diplomat had a sensitiveness that made him a poet and a dreamer — the author of over 120 poems, mainly sonnets; yet — or is it therefore? — he was a shrewd, a realistic, and often a depressed observer of the passing parade. Though he was close to Theodore Roosevelt's circle and best man at the President's wedding in London, in spirit he was far removed from the adult Boy Scout preaching Aryanism who carried a Big Stick. ('You must always remember that the President is about six', he advised Valentine Chirol). He was much more on the wave-length of the scholars in T.R.s circle, especially Henry Cabot Lodge and Henry Adams. Davis Burton, putting to good use his access to the private papers, has brought a little-known diplomat sharply to life. Nor is it merely an account of the tortuous ways of Foreign Offices. Spring Rice was poet as well as diplomat, and one too ready to be despondent: David Burton's account of his tutor's calls to him to stiffen the blood are among his best writing. The British Ambassador in Washington in World War I who deplored anti-German propaganda emerges as a nobler Anglo-American than the cynical figures of Christopher Hitchen's pages. 'We shall stand or fall by what we do, and not by what other people think', Spring Rice wrote to his old tutor at Eton. 'If there is justice or truth in the world, we shall win in the end; and if there is no justice or truth, it isn't worth living here — so we can leave it at that.' It is refreshing to be reminded that diplomats once had qualities that, sadly, we now call old-fashioned.

ESMOND WRIGHT

FOLKWAYS — OR FOOTPRINTS IN THE SANDS?

Albion's Seed: Four British Folkways in America. David Hackett Fisher. OUP. £35.00.

To attempt a social cultural history of the US in four volumes is a brave if not original venture. *Albion's Seed: Four British Folkways in America* is Volume One, and it runs to 940 pages. To that bravery the Professor of History at Brandeis University adds another display of bravado, for his first volume is no straightforward American story, but a history of the transplanting of English regional folkways to the New World. So it is British history too; Puritans moved from 'the east of England' to Massachusetts Bay (1620-1640), Royalists from the south to Virginia (1640-1675), Quakers from the Midlands and Wales to the Delaware Valley in the late seventeenth century, and Scots, Ulster Scots and Southern Irish (though the distinctions are important on both sides of the Atlantic) to the American backcountry in the eighteenth century. In support of this conventional view there is a vast documentation, including details on speech and even food patterns; and the book, despite its weight, is easy reading. It is post-Civil War America that will strain the thesis: what of Germans, Italians, Slavs, and Irish again, in the mid and late nineteenth century, what of Greeks and Poles, Chinese and Japanese, and now Mexicans and Hispanics in their inadequately-counted hordes? But this is an impressive and scholarly beginning.

ESMOND WRIGHT

QUEENS OF RULE AND REGENCY

The King's Wife: Five Queen Consorts. Robert Gray. Secker & Warburg, 1990. 367pp. £17.95.

What do Queens have in common? This is really the question asked at the beginning of this series of five essays on five very different women who have been Queen of England. The answer is probably very little. The very scope of this book, from 1122 to 1953, a range of eight centuries, means that any similarity must be somewhat stretched. Eleanor of Aquitaine belongs to the mediaeval period of personal rule and Mary of Teck to the constitutional monarchy of the twentieth century, yet the enduring impression of this most readable and quotable work is how unenviable the position of royalty usually is. Robert Gray puts his finger on it when he refers to the Court, 'Where random scraps of mortality are decked in the ill-suiting panoply of status'. Who would want to be trapped in this gilded cage?

Eleanor of Aquitaine was a remarkable woman by any standards in any age. The chapter concerning her long and eventful life, (eighty-two, incredibly ancient by twelfth century yardsticks) is a real *tour de force*, a sweeping panorama of drama and event. She was the only woman ever to be successively Queen of France and then Queen of England. (Mary Queen of Scots was Queen of France and then Queen claimant of England; and it is arguable that English sovereigns were, at least in some obscure legal way, also sovereigns of France from the time of Henry VI, who was actually crowned King of France, until the reign of George III. This fiction was only ended by the Peace of Amiens in 1802). In 1200, when Eleanor was 78 years old, she crossed the Pyrenees in winter in order to accomplish the task of marrying the grandson of her first husband with the grand-daughter of her second husband.

By contrast, the queens of the second and third essays, Henrietta Maria and Catherine of Braganza, did not have her fire or panache to the same extent: few in history have. Robert Gray has a marvellous and telling turn of phrase, a genius for the economical which sums up exactly the character of the person described. These are nearly always amusing and usually acid, but they ring true. Thus Barbara Palmer, the great rival and bête noire of poor Catherine of Braganza, who became the notorious Lady Castlemaine, is 'a lovely, unblushing nineteen-carat bitch with a deadly instinct for the jugular'. Henrietta Maria, whose total lack of concern with finance contributed to the downfall of Charles I, 'took naturally to the economics of fairyland. Even Charles was obliged to admit that she was a rotten housekeeper, the sort of woman who could never tolerate that her income should exceed her expenditure'. But did these queens have other qualities of character which would redeem them, or lift them above the vicissitudes which undoubtedly assailed them? Henrietta Maria proved a veritable Boadicea when Charles was not around, and actually enjoyed drumming up the troops; Catherine of Braganza proved a most competent and economical regent when released from her thraldom to Charles II and England. This certainly proves something.

Caroline of Brunswick, the 'injured queen', who had the wretched experience of marriage to the delinquent George IV, proves to have been a rather lovable hoyden who romped on the floor with her little daughter, and who had her own genius for the bon mot and the telling phrase. Asked by her tutor to define space and time, she replied instantly that space was to be found in Madame X's mouth, and time in her face.

When Caroline and George separated, he did all he could to discredit her. This culminated in what was called 'The Delicate Investigation' in 1806, when it was suspected that she had given birth to an illegitimate child, one William Austin. History and evidence seems to have satisfactorily given the lie to this, but Robert Gray omits here the hypocrisy of George IV (then Prince of Wales) who had himself fathered an illegitimate child, of which there seems little doubt at all, namely one George Seymour Crole, who had been born in 1799. Poor Caroline could not do a thing right of course, and so contrived to live up to her reputation, deserved or not. She used clothes, it is said, for revelation rather than concealment, and her life descended by an ever decreasing spiral into the frivolous and the bizarre. But then, as Gray observes, 'One of the disadvantages of being a princess is that the world is not inclined to take one's troubles very seriously'. Caroline began an amazing series of travels. She went to Tunis, where she found, to her delight, that in the Bey's harem, women were especially prized for their fatness. On July 11, 1816, 668 years after the visit of Eleanor of Aquitaine, she entered Jerusalem riding on a donkey. She began to spend money without any restraint, so like Henrietta Maria, and so like too the mother of the last of these queens, Princess Mary Adelaide of Cambridge. Such deliberate extravagance must be some sort of rebellion against the unfairness of life or position. Undoubtedly Caroline was eccentric. At Baden she appeared riding on a horse with half a pumpkin on her head. She loved to shock and to be unconventional. It was her way of rebelling.

Having lost her only child Princess Charlotte in 1817, she returned to England on the death of George III to claim her rights as Queen, only to be met by the Bill of Pains and Penalties under which should she be declared guilty of adultery, deprived of the title of Queen and divorced from the King. Yet even during this sensation and trauma she uttered the memorable phrase that she had only committed adultery once, and that was with the husband of Mrs. Fitzherbert. It was very difficult to put one over on Caroline.

Mary of Teck had a childhood and upbringing astonishingly similar in some ways to the woman she would never meet: Wallis Simpson. Both were impoverished relations of rich and well placed families. Both became incredibly acquisitive; both appear emotionally cold, if not dead. No wonder Edward VIII was in thrall to both of them. Yet humour remains to save the day, as ever. Can one imagine the stately and imperious queen empress in the following situation? The Queen's earrings became entangled in the beard of the plumber who was showing her how the lavatory worked in the Queen's dolls' house. What was the end of this little contretemps? The story is that the Queen allowed him to keep one or both of the earrings as a memento. Mary of Teck was never without a sense of humour, but how well she concealed it. Why? Because she had a most humourless husband.

This is a book which deserves a very long review. It is splendidly readable and indeed approaches the scholarly, quite apart from its idiosyncratic style. In such a long work, there are bound to be one or two inaccuracies, and it seems almost churlish to mention them. Eleanor of Aquitaine was not present at the coronation of Richard I, an all-male affair. James II was born on October 15, 1633, not November 14. The elder Prince Francis of Teck did not become 'royal' in 1887. He was simply given reluctantly, the title of 'Highness', the same title that Queen Victoria bestowed on the Aga Khan in 1896. No wonder the poor prince of Teck was not mollified.

MICHAEL L. NASH

IRISH MIGRATION

Migrations: The Irish at Home and Abroad, edited by Richard Kearney. Wolfhound Press. 1990. £11.95 (hardbound).

At first glance it might appear that the theme informing this collection of eight essays is that of the title, migrations, but as the distinguished editor, Professor Kearney, has already noted these essays serve to re-establish a balance 'between the three partners of Irish communal allegiance; the *regional, the national and the global*'. In the themes of migration and of allegiance, the shared common concerns are the crisis of identity as well as the 'vexed national question'. Many other major issues, ideas and reflections are raised in this all too brief volume that on finishing reading one is left with the impression that herein is a prospectus for a great deal of further work on cultural pluralism, the causes of emigration, the differences between historical and modern emigrants and the exile mentality. The essays began literary life as papers read at the annual conferences of the Ireland Funds in 1988 by Seamus Heaney, Kerby Miller, Liam Ryan, Joseph Lee, Graeme Kirkham, Richard Kearney, Maurice Hayes (the Chairman) and George Quigley — none of them members of or otherwise connected with the American Ireland Fund, established in 1976 and which incorporates the American Irish Foundation set up in 1963 by Presidents de Valera and John F. Kennedy.

The essays are therefore exploratory, a contribution to a debate, a series of illustrative snap-shots, and not to be considered conclusive, definitive or in any way encyclopaedic of the theme of emigration. To gain insights into the practical, philanthropic, and indeed, visionary work of the American Funds the reader could do worse than read Maurice Hayes' introduction. All of the contributors are masters of the epigrammatic style; how better to raise the twin problems of identity and emigration than by asking with Captain McMorris in Shakespeare's *Henry V* not only: 'What ish my nation?', but also 'Where ish my nation?'. Or, in talking about the deeper psychological causes of emigration, to call it the 'bugle in the blood'? Or, indeed, to remark that it is easier to explain why the Irish wander than remain at home. Joseph Lee's essay 'Emigration: a contemporary perspective' is a compelling reflection; while Liam Ryan's heavily tabled 'Irish Emigration to Britain since World War II' belies both the statistics and the title in giving a racy yet analytical development of some of the causes and consequences of emigration to Britain, in fact, almost a perfect case study for the three previous essays. George Quigley attempts a coherence of all three in treating of history, tradition and myth but with many nods to the Ulster Presbyterian emigrant to America or as many of them became known, the Scotch/Irish pioneers of the Old West.

The more substantial historical treatment of emigration is that given by Graeme Kirkham in his 'The Origins of Mass Emigration from Ireland' and Kirby Miller's 'Emigration, Capitalism and Ideology in Post-Famine Ireland' of which readers of *Studies* (Winter 1988) will be aware. Richard Kearney's finale is no mere summing up in his essay, 'The Fifth Province' an idea which goes beyond the national, subnational, and international Irish community to the ancient Irish imagination with all its interconnections with non Irish cultures to nothing less than the 'globalization' of Irish culture. He hopes that by the 1990s the inhabitants of Ireland 'will enjoy a triple citizenship of Ireland, Europe and the world', and that that can be achieved through regional pluralism, community cultural groups, linking the local and the global to transcend all tribal and national frontiers in the quest for peace.

J. J. N. McGurk

MEMOIR OF CHINA

A Higher Kind of Loyalty: A Memoir. By China's foremost journalist. Liu Binyan. Methuen. £14.99.

The tributes for this book have been thick and fast. Arthur Miller called it 'the passionate humanity of a witness and victim of the most surreal tyranny of this or any other age'. Harrison Salisbury said of the author that 'no one of his generation has done more for the cause of China's future'. These are plainly overstatements. The second needs little comment, since there are numerous Chinese sacrificing much for the cause of China's future, and to promote one above the others seems at least futile. The first, with its reference to 'the most surreal tyranny of this or any other age' is simply silly. It is tantamount to saying that the Chinese are more inscrutable than anyone else, and it is an expression of ignorance. Those acquainted with Chinese history know well the lineage of Chinese absolutism. It may seem strange to western eyes, not all that long freed from peculiar forms of European absolutism, and having only very recently indeed freed others from the absolutisms of western colonialism, but Chinese absolutism is not surreal, and what exists in this age is a particular descendant of what existed in ages gone by. The heroism of Liu Binyan, and many many others, is that he and they have struggled against not only the present Chinese Government and Communist Party, but against a historical condition that could find no institutional room for opposition and resistance.

But the truly interesting account of Liu Binyan's book is his willingness to believe. Even when he was, or in retrospect says he was, in heart sceptical of the party's infallibility, he was able to suspend scepticism and disbelief. What he and others found were ways to believe. When finally he announced his disbelief, he was surrounded by those who were still able to believe and they reviled him. It wasn't that he spoke for freedom but that he spoke out against an infallibility which was communally sustained. It was part of the communal fabric that held China together and which made it a better place in which to live than the Chinas of old. It was still an absolute state, but a far more popular one — most of the people had a stake in it, gained benefits from it, and for a long time were prepared to accept its absolutism and to give it forms of belief.

To isolate the China of communism from the China of old and to heap every sin on its shoulders is to miss the ideas of continuity and progress within that continuity. What Liu Binyan set about doing, therefore, in opposing the party, was a magnificent outrage against the absolutisms of history and communism, but it was also a subversion of something new in Chinese society. Faced with this contradiction, with these compelling tensions, it is no wonder that he almost became convinced of his own guilt while being punished and humiliated.

Not that this necessarily comes through in his narrative. His is a most Chinese book, in the tradition of Chinese self-manifestoes and justifications. It is both a memoir and a defence. It is an autobiography and a statement to the celestial court of one's imagination. Some things in it seem hardly believable, and this is simply because they are not believable. It is Liu Binyan justifying himself, and sometimes he was not pure and the Chinese system not wicked. Western reviewers, in missing this backdrop, have created of Liu Binyan an icon of dissent and liberty. His true dimensions have been put aside.

STEPHEN CHAN

PAGING MR. GOODFRIEND

Wilde's Devoted Friend: A Life of Robert Ross 1869-1918. Maureen Borland. Lennard. £16.95.

Every man is not (thank God — for our sakes) a Shaw, or (thank God — for his sake) a Wilde, but, to adopt and adapt the words, in another context, of Mrs. Borland, a convention has grown up whereby the critics of biographies will decry the necessity for those of men judged by them to be less than illustrious. Up goes the parrot cry — this man or that woman is hardly important enough to warrant a biography. The remark has already been applied to Robert Ross, and the notion that it is only what the prevailing fashion of intellectually squeaky-clean posterity decides to be a man's achievement that provides the justification for the writing of his life, is a concept narrow, inept and as positively harmful as those who, wilfully purblind, begat it. Its translation into practice would have ruled out of print such altogether rewarding life studies as *The Quest For Corvo* — what did Fr. Rolfe ever achieve beyond the development of a superlative talent for the biting of the hands that fed him? — Hugh Trevor-Roper's *Hidden Life* of the enigmatic Sir Edmund Backhouse, and that also of Raleigh Trevelyan's delightfully disclosed hermit, not to mention Arthur Calder-Marshall's two religious candidates — the Reverend Alexander Riall Woods and the Reverend Joseph Leycester Lyne, alias Fr. Ignatius O.S.B.

Happily, Mrs. Borland has not been deterred and has laboured mightily and brought forth this altogether worthwhile celebration of the 'Friend of Friends', the man whom Arnold Bennett was to describe to Siegfried Sassoon as being, because of his catalytic qualities, one of the most indirectly creative men he had ever known. If Wilde put, as he claimed in that once-shining aphorism dulled and staled now by repetition, his genius into his life and only his talent into his writing, Ross put his genius into his friendships and only his (slender) talent into his life.

Although it is chiefly in his relationship to Oscar Wilde that he is remembered — the late Micheál Mac Liammóir contributing his Thespian's mite with his theatrical enshrinement of the incident of the magenta wall-paper of the death-bedchamber of the Hôtel d'Alsace in the rue des Beaux Arts, the last station of Wilde's cross . . . 'It's killing me, Robbie! Killing me!' Then, 'Yes, of course. One of us had to go.' — he was also, it should not be forgotten, Aubrey Beardsley's friend.

It was the newspaper editor (among so many other things), Frank Harris, who spread the tabloid news that Oscar and Robbie met, importuning, in a public lavatory. Most likely a Harris invention, although Robbie is said to have been Wilde's seducer, or, *vice versa*, his seducee, and, at Wilde's behest, came under another Oscar's (Browning) motherly wing when up at King's, where he was ducked by lustier Cantabrians for his long hair and aesthetic mannerisms.

Wilde died in 1900. Robbie survived another eighteen years. Other friends came and went — Gosse, Henley, George Moore, Sickert, Shaw, Bennett, Wells, Graves — their passages faithfully recorded in this most interesting study. Latterly Bosie Douglas hounded Robbie in a mode reminiscent of the scarlet screaming marquess's hunting of their mutual friend. He and T. W. H. Crosland determined to visit upon Robbie the same fate as Queensberry *père* had visited upon Oscar, and for the same reason. Private detectives were hired, whimsy young men put under pressure, the search was on in earnest for an

agent prévaricateur. It failed, but left Robbie pretty jaded. But his was to be the last triumph. It was he whose ashes were, in 1950, placed in the special chamber which he had had Epstein design for him in Oscar's tomb at Père Lachaise. There, until the day breaks, they now lie commingled, and one recalls poor brave Oscar's words: 'When the Last Trumpet sounds, and we are couched in our porphyry tombs, I shall turn and whisper to you "Robbie, Robbie, let us pretend we do not hear it".'

Oh, it is all an old, old heartache now, but Mrs. Borland's sensitive book provides a stirringly sympathetic anthem.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Willie Brandt (Cardinal. Makers of the Twentieth Century. £4.99) is a clear summary of the German statesman's contribution to and influence in European political life. It will be especially useful to students of German history. Barbara Marshall, the author, has made a thoughtful assessment of Brandt as The Elder Statesman from the time when, as Mayor of Berlin in 1961, he was forced to witness the building of the Wall. From 1969 to 1974 when he ceased to be the German Chancellor Brandt presided over and forwarded the cause of world peace and unity between East and West. His pioneer work in recognising the needs of the Third World is also explained here. The charismatic and constructive leadership he has always provided are well described by the author. She provides excellent maps and a serviceable bibliography.

Encyclopaedia of Literature and Criticism. (Routledge. £80.00.) This is a massive volume of 1,300 pages which is concerned with the study of literature over the last hundred years. There are four editors, Martin Coyle, Peter Garside, Malcolm Kelsall and John Peck. There are some 90 contributors. The object is not to be an objective guide, but rather to 'consciously set out to engage scholars and critics of different persuasions, with the prospect that their varying perspectives would be reflected in the essays'. There is an Introduction, largely of a general nature on literature and criticism, by Roger Fowler and Christopher Norris. This is followed by a section on Literature and History, consisting of six articles. The third section has 23 articles on poetry by a variety of contributors. There are 12 articles covering drama. There are also 12 pieces on the development of the novel. This is followed by 11 contributions on criticism. Production and Reception have 10 contributions and contexts 'which examines it in the context of the history of ideas' and in relation to other arts. A chapter on Perspectives 'surveys literature in English from the viewpoint of the wider world'. This volume with its great quantity of information, and opinions, should be useful as a reference work in the study of English literature. The contributors have usually added bibliographies to their articles.

A number of peers have recently captured the headlines by making adverse comments on David Cannadyne's *The Decline and Fall of the British Aristocracy* (Yale University Press, £19.95). They have not, however, quarrelled with his central thesis — if a book of 812 pages can be reduced to simple themes — that the aristocracy have in the last half-century lost wealth and power to the 'new rich'.

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© 1991. Published monthly by the Contemporary Review Co. Ltd, 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG, England, and printed in England by Mandeville Press, 136 Southsea Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 2BJ. U.S. Mailing Agent: Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 2323 Randolph Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Second Class postage paid at Rahway N.J. Annual subscription (including postage), U.K. £26.00, U.S.A. and Canada $120.00. Rates for all other countries on application. Copies can be sent by airmail outside U.S. and Canada: extra costs given on request. U.S. Postmaster: please send all address corrections to 'Contemporary Review', c/o Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 10B Englehard Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Contemporary Review.
(ISSN/0010/7565)

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

April 1991 Vol. 258 No. 1503

MIGRATION IS ALSO OUR PROBLEM

by Leo Muray

THE Gulf War has, inevitably one might almost say, drawn attention to the problems of migration. Saddam Hussein's propaganda war has seen to that. Nobody has tried to conceal that French policy was influenced by the presence of around four million immigrants from North Africa. What is more, at the recent Vienna Conference on East-West migration the Soviet spokesmen have condemned the West European governments for endeavouring to limit free movements of Soviet citizens in Europe. The Soviet spokesman suggested that around two million Soviet citizens would try to go to the West.

A study by the OECD on the demographic aspects of migration has therefore come at the right time. How sensitive the issue is likely to become is shown in a report in the German press that appeared after the OECD publication. It says that the one-and-a-half million Turks in Germany have split into two groupings, the Integrationists and the Fundamentalists. There are now 1,500 mosques in Germany compared with three in 1970. The leader of *Milli Guerues*, the Fundamentalist group, says that the Turkish presence in Germany has opened 'a gateway into Europe for Islam'. One day all Germans will be Moslems, another said. An application to the UN was even made last year to admit the organization as a non-state member of the UN.

The OECD study admits that the statistics available to it are seriously inadequate but, nevertheless, it based a far-reaching analysis on them. Not all OECD member countries are dealt with in detail and England and Wales only at certain points. But the conclusion drawn for all member countries are compelling. The population of member countries is both declining and ageing. Immigration can slow it down. But this is not easily acceptable politically. There are figures. They deal with key factors: the relation between the Old and Young, the 20 to 64 year old and those 65 and older. To maintain the present distribution the relation between the two should be 3 to 1, the 3 factor; then there is the birth rate—Total Fertility Rate, TFR, which is 2.1 meaning that every woman of child bearing age should have 2.1 babies, in other words every 10 women should have at least altogether 21 babies.

The OECD has 'young' member countries, like Canada, Australia, the USA, that have, right from the start, a history of welcoming immigration

and the 'old' countries in Europe of whom France, Germany, Italy, Sweden are examined. The figures vary, of course, but the study arrives at the firm conclusion that the population of all European member countries will significantly decline within the next 40 years. The only country with a birth rate higher than the 2.1 replacement rate is Turkey. In order to maintain even the present structure immigration has to be permitted and properly organized — if it is wanted. There are different policies set out.

If, as is the case in certain countries, ageing progresses in such a way that there are only, say, 2.8 20-64 year olds working to plus 65 retired, one can have as many immigrants as is necessary to return to the Factor Three. One can also keep the number of 20 to 64 year old as it is and ignore the Three Factor while keeping immigration to a fixed percentage of the population. You can also raise the retirement age to hold on to the Factor Three and also open jobs for more women and also to unskilled workers. Immigration works against the ageing process. In Canada, for instance, the average age has fallen substantially due to immigration.

Demographically oriented long-term immigration policy, especially age-related, is difficult in Europe. One reason is the difference in fertility rates. To discriminate either for or against would arouse resentment. Immigrants have a higher fertility rate than locals. This is shown in practically all countries, births being registered usually by the nationality of the mother. Again, births after naturalization of the mother can be expected to be counted differently. However, French statistics have shown that the births by foreign mothers usually adjust to the indigent figures after a seven years' stay. A lot depends, of course, on the origin of the immigrant family. Those coming from ethnically and culturally remote countries find integration more difficult and it takes more time. The birth rate in such families is likely to remain higher for longer, especially if the husband has had to wait for some time to get permission for his family to join him. Here again there is the problem of favouring certain immigrants and being reluctant to take others. This is likely to become a sensitive issue if and when emigration from the Soviet Union, with its over 100 ethnic groups, starts in earnest. Another disputed point is the admission of cheap, unskilled labour for reasons of competition since this delays, in many cases, reforms in manufacture.

If immigrants are selected according to age and skill the sending countries will be hindered in their development. But the study suggests that most European member countries reject the proposition to balance the slowdown of the growth of population and its ageing by a deliberately increased intake of young migrants. In the Sixties and Seventies, and well into the Eighties Continental countries, listed in the report, like France, Germany, Switzerland, admitted what the Germans still call 'Guest-workers', immigrants who are expected to return home. How difficult this remains is shown by Italy having 800,000 'undocumented immigrants'. The return home is a real problem because immigrants are entitled to apply for naturalization. The Dutch now pay, in certain circumstances, early retirement pensions to those who return home. But, by and large, the willingness

of immigrants to return home depends also on the political and economic situation in their homelands. In most cases this is rather a deterrent.

All the countries covered in the report and the OECD itself have made statistical projections based largely on the figures collected. Whenever possible vital statistics of immigrants are collected separately and set against those of the so-called 'closed population'. The so-called Total Fertility Rate figures are of special interest because they determine, to a considerable degree, the policy of the country concerned. The difference in the fertility rate between foreign and indigent women is of interest because in certain countries the 'native' fertility rate is in decline. One therefore has often three fertility figures, the indigent, the foreign and the TFR itself. The breakdown by nationality of births of foreign origins is listed for five key Continental countries from 1975 to 1985. It shows in nearly all countries a steep rise in births by mothers from Turkey and North Africa and a fall by those of European countries. The percentage of new British mothers in Holland, for instance, fell from 6.8% in 1975 to 4.4% while those from Turkey and Morocco rose respectively from 29.1% and 15.7% to 37.6% and 35.9% in 1985.

In Britain the Pakistani share in foreign births 1973-1986 rose from 8.6% to 16.6% while that of the Caribbeans declined in the 1969 to 1974 period from 4.06% to 2.15%. The British TFR was 1.8% made up of a national rate of 1.7% and a foreign rate of 2.4%. In other words the national rate, and therefore the total rate was 0.4 points below the 2.1 established general replacement rate while the foreign rate was 2.4 per woman thus 0.3 points above the replacement rate producing the combined rate of 1.8 that is still 0.3 points below the replacement level.

The report shows that in every country examined the TFR of foreign child-bearers was often higher than that of the indigents with the gap between them varying all the time going up and down, from country to country. The birth rate for Greeks and Spaniards in Germany, for Spaniards and Italians in France and Holland was equal to or lower than that of nationals. The birth rate for Turkish and Moroccan women has fallen too but their rate remains a conspicuously high one compared with the others. In Holland, for instance, the rate was 2.82 and 1.07 in 1976 and 1985 for Spanish women and 4.58 and 3.04 and 8.02 and 5.47 respectively for Turkish and Moroccan women.

Here family size enters the picture. The report regards figures from the census in France in 1968 and 1982 as instructive and suggests that there is a similar situation in other member countries. Between the two censuses the percentage of foreign families with four or more children has increased from 10.3% to 29.4% of the total. In the same period the number of French larger families has fallen from 665,000 to 245,000 with the number of larger foreign families rising from 76,000 to 102,000 in the same period. The figures suggest that the foreign larger families have more children than the French ones.

The report deals in some detail with the assumptions on which prospects of fertility and international migration are based. Experts treat fertility

levels as uniformly low and are divided on whether or not these will be maintained. The fertility rate is expected to remain constant or decline. Only very narrow range changes are expected. In France a rise is expected from 1.8 to 2.4 over 15 years and in Holland from 1.55 to 1.85 while the gain in Germany is estimated at 0.331 Again, as shown, a fall in the fertility rate of foreign women is expected as their families gradually adjust to their country of residence.

There has been, the report insists, a gradual shift in migratory movements from countries geographically, and in some instances culturally, close to the receiving countries to influx from more distant lands and here refugees come in. A feature of this trend is the arrival of more fertile population groups while the fertility of groups from traditionally migratory movements declined. The report also notes that there is a serious inadequacy of statistics available and there are inconsistencies in their use.

Different European OECD member countries assume variability in the decline of population expected in the next 40 years. Yet so far, while a more or less tacit expectance of population decline is likely at the moment, no European member country is at this time considering how to use migration to prevent or delay such a decline. However, since fertility, as well as mortality, are uniformly low and expected to remain so, greater attention is now likely to be paid to migration as a determinant of population growth. Significantly, Canadian projections show that higher immigration, 50,000 to 100,000 a year, would only modestly change the age structure in 20 years. Obtaining a lower proportion of people of 65 and above by immigration, the costs and benefits of population ageing have to be set against those incurred by the absorption of immigrants. This is one example of the intricate difficulties any sound immigration policy is facing, especially since there are instances of groups of immigrants accepting, eagerly, the low birth practice of the indigent population.

The report was completed too early to deal with two new migration problems, in the 1992 Single European Market. Will, for instance, foreign migrants accepted in one member country be allowed to settle in every other member country, as its nationals are and how, if at all, will their movements be registered. The other new factor is, of course, the opening up of the member countries of the defunct Warsaw Pact. Evidently, immigrants from these countries are already forming new groups and producing new problems, some of them of a truly delicate political nature. Will migrants from all countries be treated alike by EC member countries? Will a joint immigration policy be worked out? Will it be at all possible to treat Soviet migrants — 20 millions possibly, we have been warned — like those from, say, Hungary?

The OECD Migration report throws a searching light on the problems that from now on have to be faced, and faced quickly and effectively.

THE NATURE OF REGIONAL CONFLICT: A REVIEW OF 1990 — PART ONE: INTRODUCTION

by Stephen Chan and Jonathan Aimer

ON 19 November 1990, in Paris, the 34-nation Conference on Security and Co-operation in Europe met to signal the end of the cold war. Commentators drew a parallel between this meeting and Vienna in 1814, and Versailles in 1919, both of which saw the establishment of new international security orders. Yet the principal concern in Paris was not so much the end of cold war between the superpowers but the threat of war in the Middle East against Saddam Hussein of Iraq. As the threat of global conflict receded in 1990, Saddam's invasion of Kuwait served as a large reminder that regional conflict can also destabilise the international order.

It would be incomplete merely to say that Iraq felt able to take its action because the restraining force of the superpower balance was no longer apparent. It is not that the superpowers held regional powers in the Middle East in check, but that both superpowers and regional powers played a game of multi-faceted balances there. For example, although the US sought to see in Israel an instrument for American policy, Israel in turn regarded the US as its own instrument capable of being used to further Israel's regional policy. The US, desirous of maintaining its Israeli ally, would not object too strongly to a range of Israeli regional assertions, even adventurisms. Israel felt free even to confront the allies of the opposing superpower, e.g. Syria as an ally of the Soviet Union, without consulting the US and, in its own region, tended to regard the sovereignty of other states as subservient to its security. Something like the same analysis could be made in the Middle East of Syria, which also sought to exploit its relationship with the Soviet Union for its own regional purposes. Again, as evident in Lebanon, the idea of Syrian security had more compelling force than any idea of Lebanese sovereignty. Despite all this, however, Israel and Syria have not directly clashed for some time — despite continuing confrontation and despite successful usages of their symbiotic relationships with superpower allies. What restrained them was not so much the superpowers but the dynamics of their own regional balance of power.

The rise of Iraq has its own peculiar regional dynamism and, for ten years before its invasion of Kuwait, Iraq had sought to assert itself against Iran. Its agenda is a regional one which is regarded as compelling and worthy of the risk of international consequences and superpower pressures. Whether it quite foresaw the intensity of the pressures that have resulted is another question but, having taken the step into Kuwait in 1990, Saddam then seemed determined to remain there for as long as possible. What was at stake was the Iraqi position in the Middle East and, from the Iraqi point of view, this was pre-eminently a regional not a global consideration. What is being seen is not so much the emergence of regional powers in the

absence of the restraint of the global balance of power, but the assertion of regional agendas from the positions of strength that have been prepared for years and which, as in the case of Iraq against Iran, were exercised even during the so-called discipline of the superpower balance.

The speed of Iraqi actions in 1990 left the US and allied response with an air of improvisation. As late as 10 July 1990, Iran and Kuwait were vowing publicly to rebuild trust between them. Within the next fortnight, both the Arab League and Egypt's President Mubarak were seeking to mediate amidst renewed tensions, as did Jordan's King Hussein shortly afterwards. By 26 July, Iraqi troops had crossed over into Kuwait and it was not until 7 August, after a flurry of diplomatic activity, that US troops began leaving for the Gulf. Saddam declared the annexation of Kuwait the very next day. By 13 August, however, both US and British forces were beginning to arrive in Saudi Arabia and the Gulf region, as had Egyptian troops. With the arrival also of Syrian troops, Saddam found ranged against him a coalition no one could have predicted — of western allies, but also of other regional actors with their own regional agendas. Regional conflict in the Middle East continued to contain its very own regional flavour, and the speed of the allied build-up, particularly as it contained no real strategic vision in its early days, could not edit out or even fully dominate this regionalism. Every call for an Arab solution or regional solution to the conflict since then emphasised further the local power struggle at the heart of this crisis.

The affair of Iraq against the regional and international opponents has consequences still to be acted out. Not all regional conflicts are like this, but it would be wrong to think that Iraq is completely exceptional. What was exceptional was the scale and breadth of response, but the attempt to achieve regional pre-eminence despite superpower concern has been with the globe for many years.

In this short series for *Contemporary Review*, we propose to identify four categories of regional conflict. An article on each will appear in later issues.

1. The Emergence of Regional Powers

Here, following on some comments to do with Iraq and Kuwait, we propose to look at events in Israel and Israel's position in the Middle East, South Africa's policies towards Angola and Mozambique, and relations between Libya and Chad.

2. The Legacy of Superpower Competition

Here, we propose to look at events in Cambodia and Korea.

3. The Regions of the Superpowers

Here, we propose to look at events in El Salvador, Nicaragua, Afghanistan and the Trans-Caucasian republics of the Soviet Union.

4. Pure Regional Conflicts

Here, we propose to look at events in Liberia, Kashmir, Sri Lanka and Tibet.

Our first intention is, therefore, to separate different forms of regional conflict from one another. Our second intention is to demonstrate, through detailed chronologies of each conflict, the interaction of conflict with peace

initiatives and other political movements. Few conflicts are unrestrained or not punctuated by efforts at peaceful solutions. Thirdly and lastly, we were aware that the general public seldom has access to detailed summaries of what has happened in any one country in any one year. We seek to do this, in order to present an overview of conflict and efforts to resolve or settle conflict over a twelve-month period. We have confined ourselves to 1990 for two reasons. The first is that events keep changing and we chose a cut-off point. Our series is to be illustrative about certain sorts of conflict, not to be as up to date as possible. The second reason relates to our introduction. The 34-nation Conference on Security and Co-operation in Europe met in November 1990. As Europe faced a more conflict-free future than at any time since the end of the second world war, what were other regions of the world facing at exactly that moment? What is the contemporary history of the world that is apart from the triumph of Paris in November last year?

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THE RETURN OF THE CANADIAN NATIVE

by Barry M. Gough

AT one time it was commonplace for Canadians of a European background to look on their history, at least as far as internal race relations were concerned, and view the whole with a certain degree of smug confidence, even satisfactory pride in the fact that Canada possessed policies and practices towards native peoples in full keeping with peace, order and good government. They held the apparent belief that of all the developing countries perhaps their beloved Dominion had the most enlightened and beneficial means and measures of ensuring the well-being of persons who had suffered the unfortunate, though not specifically designed, experience of having been dispossessed of their lands. Though the Indian patrimony had disappeared, or apparently, Ottawa's seemingly enlightened and beneficent policies offered proof enough that the races were destined to live in harmony. In these circumstances, as late as 1960, the Canadian prime minister, John George Diefenbaker, could point his finger at South Africa and charge that apartheid was no system of native relations for a nation fit to be in the Commonwealth of Nations. His counterpart, Sir Robert Menzies of Australia held the wiser view, and cautioned Diefenbaker as to his perspective, suggesting that Canada ought to look at its own native affairs, and to put its own house in order before casting aspersions on South Africa.

Canadians in 1960 did not take much interest in the relative demerits of apartheid, the conditions of the Canadian Indian, or the comparative situation of the Australian aborigines. Then, somehow, the wider world seemed farther away from the present work-a-day nature of Canadian life. Television was then only beginning to bring the world's stage into Canadian living rooms. The remarkable industrial expansion of Canada in that age, a growing self assuredness, and the flight from the country and its towns and farms into the new and burgeoning cities of Canada were concentrating Canadian minds on urban settings and new problems associated with the cities. We could content ourselves with the fact that the population of the Canadian native, which was largely rural, had not suffered the genocide that some had forecast a century before. And we could point to the successes of the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development as a modern bureaucracy that had the interest of Canada's native peoples as its all abiding concern — or so we thought.

Nowadays, thirty years later, all of this has changed abruptly. Canada's native question is an international story. Daily our several native questions are broadcast to the nation and beyond. Our hitherto perceived position in Commonwealth affairs as a leader in human rights is now under close scrutiny, and will be until satisfactory solutions, agreeable to all parties, are made to what are really most complex problems. A cynic might say that 'the native question' in Canada cannot be solved. If history teaches us anything about the history of government-native affairs in Canada it

is that the situations are remarkably complex, and are not of easy solution.

History also indicates that early and effective action ought to be the government's position in order to minimize the damage that can and indeed does occur in the processes of inter-racial strife. In these difficult and trying circumstances it behoves governments not only to be effective problem-solvers but to be proactive in Indian policies and to try to solve problems before they erupt into the violent and lethal circumstances that they can and do become. Canadians could learn from the old imperial hands. Joyce Cary, a British district officer in a remote district of Nigeria, took to sleeping on the edge of the village compound, for there and only there could he learn from the natives their problems. The natives would visit him in the secluded privacy of his tent and tell him of their deepest grievances, and they would do so in that sort of a casual way when they would not normally do so officially before a district officer in much more formal setting out in the open. Canada's native officers 'on the spot', if ever they leave their offices, ought to be given more weight in the decision-making process, and their opinions and valuable advice ought to be heard at the highest places of authority in Ottawa. An ounce of prevention is surely better than a pound of cure. In view of the fact that native problems are primarily the result of failure of constituent parties, native and non-native, to communicate their concerns to one another, information-gathering must be a priority of all political and bureaucratic branches of government concerned with these matters. The voices from the frontier must be heard, for the 'native question', far from going away, as some would hope, will continue to escalate into a major national issue. If anyone ever doubted it, the native question is no longer marginalized by mainstream Canadians. Hardly a single issue of the *Globe and Mail*, the national daily, is published without an Indian affairs story by a writer specifically charged with covering 'the Indian bureau'. Ten years ago this was unheard of, and the shift, which is evidenced in many journals and periodicals, is reflective of significant systemic changes in the Canadian political framework.

As of the year 1990 native affairs took on a new poignancy in Canada quite of a different magnitude than ever before in the years since the Indians ceased to be a factor in the balance of military power in North America about the year 1815. For the first time a native voice and a single native's action shaped the political future of the nation. During the process of considering the ratification of the Meech Lake Accord, more correctly known as the Constitutional Amendment, 1987, a member of the legislature of the Provice of Manitoba, Mr. Elijah Harper, a Cree representing the riding of Rupertsland, held up on procedural and technical grounds Manitoba's vote on the Accord. Harper by his skilful actions, aided and abetted by wise legal council on the one hand and determined native allies on the other, changed the course of national constitutional review and reform. His action brought to the public's attention the undoubtedly novel reality that natives, through existing modes of constitutional government, could shape the destiny of the country. How different this was to road-blocks, park takeovers, office sit-ins, and armed insurrections of the past.

For a week and more while Elijah Harper stoically held his course in the Manitoba legislature, the Canadian nation learned the real truth about what had happened in the backrooms of Ottawa the previous week when the eleven first ministers hammered out a deal that would, if ratified, reshape the country. At one time Pierre Trudeau is reported to have said that the natives of Canada, unlike the two founding European peoples, did not have the power to break the country: by that he meant that they were of marginal importance politically. 1990 saw the end of the Trudeau perception. Meech Lake brought Red Power forward to the centre stage of Canadian politics and constitution-making, and this was achieved by the action of a single Indian.

Even so, Elijah Harper was not alone, for by this time the aboriginal voice had clearly announced that it was fully disenchanted with the fact that aboriginal rights were not being addressed by the eleven first ministers and might even be circumvented altogether in the process of constitutional reform. Similar complaints were levelled against the eleven premiers by leaders of the women's movement and of the multicultural communities. The natives were not alone either.

Indian political action in light of Meech Lake reflected a growing trans-Canada perspective that native issues were not being addressed by Canadian governments. Of all these, and there are many, among the most important is the social condition of native communities.

The social condition of Canada's native peoples has long been the subject of special concern by the Canadian Human Rights Commissioner, Max Yalden. In his annual report for 1988 Mr. Yalden bluntly denounced Canada's native policies. 'The situation faced by Canada's native people is in many ways a national tragedy,' Yalden wrote. 'The grand promise of equality of opportunity that forms the central purpose of the Canadian Human Rights Act stands in stark contrast to the conditions in which many native people live'. That was his general position. He then detailed some of the specific issues. Native leaders, he stressed, often argue that progress for their peoples depends on a satisfactory resolution of land claims and, equally, the attainment of self-government. Recent years, he explained, had witnessed a growing native political consciousness. The Special Committee of Parliament on Indian Self-Government, the Penner Commission, recommended as long ago as 1983 that the federal government establish a new relationship with Indian First Nations and that an essential element of this relationship be recognition of Indian self-government. Indeed, Government adopted the Penner Report in March 1984, and the government also adopted the policy that self-government should be dealt with in the context of land claims negotiations. As Max Yalden puts it, 'The issue today is not whether the aboriginal peoples should have greater control over their own affairs, but the nature and extent of that control'.

Self-determination and land claims may be the most important questions facing native peoples. But they are not the only ones. Problems exist in areas of employment and services. They exist with the justice system, and

with the terms of the Indian Act themselves. To follow Max Yalden's area of constituted jurisdiction, that of watching human rights, it is important to note that Canadian natives are 'over-represented' in Canadian prisons on the basis of our population. A Canadian Bar Association report of 1988 reports that ten per cent of the male and thirteen per cent of the female population in federal penitentiaries are native, although natives constitute about two per cent of the nation's general population. The situation in provincial institutions is worse, especially in the Prairie Provinces. As Yalden put it, an Indian youngster in Canada has a better chance of being sent to prison than of completing university.

Has the justice system failed native peoples? There exists a widespread feeling that it has. This is reflected in the number of provincial inquiries, past or in progress. The police killing of a Manitoba chief on the streets of Winnipeg, the release of Donald Marshall from a Nova Scotia jail after unlawful imprisonment are but two recent instances of this. Some observers believe that only self-government will change this. Others adhere to the view that natives must be brought in greater number into the police forces. But national norms of law, even though they might incorporate native understandings and concepts of law, must be maintained in a modern democracy. As Yalden states '... there must evidently be a basic level of consistency with national norms, and in any case it does not seem likely that native peoples will have control over substantial parts of the justice system for some time to come, or that such control would extend beyond the territories recognized as native areas or affect non-treaty Indians.' In short, it is likely that the general system will continue to exist, and in these circumstances natives may perceive the system to be heavily weighted against them. The Human Rights Commissioner suggests that ways must be found to remove bias and to dispel the view of some natives that the justice system is 'white law'. Not only must there be more natives in police forces. Police forces themselves must understand even more forcefully than they are now doing the context of native life, and the beliefs and concerns of native peoples. The same might be said for the court system and correctional institutions. To quote again from the 1988 Report of the Canadian Human Rights Commissioner:

> Over the last decade the Commission has had to deal with a number of complaints from native inmates. Sometimes they allege individual acts of discrimination, but often they refer to what are more properly described as system-wide problems: a prohibition against engaging in native spiritual practices, for example, or the absence of programs that are geared to native interests and concerns. The prison authorities have shown some flexibility in dealing with these complaints, but much more is called for. The Commission will deal promptly with any allegation that federal penitentiaries discriminate against Natives, but correctional officials must also expand the opportunity of native inmates to express their differences and ensure that appropriate cultural and educational programs are made available.

Canadian natives are underemployed on the basis of their population in comparison to the national norms. This is symptomatic of general discrimination in the workplace. This is documented in federal and provincial job equity reports. In virtually every industrial sector and occupation, natives are under-represented, and this is particularly true in the cities of Regina

and Winnipeg where natives form a high concentration of the population. Only on the employee rolls of the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development are natives proportionately represented; in other federal departments the representation is abysmal. Obviously, employment is tantamount to good income and sense of self worth; it reduces the incidence of suicide, family breakdown, family violence, and alcoholism and solid substance abuse. Better and fuller employment for natives is probably the brightest prospect for improving the condition of Canada's native peoples. Money spent in solving problems before they develop would be well invested.

A second area of constitutional concern for the Canadian Human Rights Commissioner is that of the status of Indian women. The Lavell and Lovelace cases had attracted international attention. The Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms (1982) spotlighted the Indian Act's discriminations against females: since the 1850s a woman who married a non-Indian (even a non-status Indian) lost her Indian status, as did her children. By comparison, an Indian male did not lose his status if he married a non-Indian woman, and his spouse became, for the purposes of law and departmental administration, an 'Indian'. In 1973 the Lavell case demonstrated this discriminatory provision of the Indian Act. Two years later the case of Sandra Lovelace, a Maliseet, resulted in a decision rendered by the Human Rights Committee of the United Nations, that the Indian Act's barring Lovelace from residence on the Tobique reserve was an unjustifiable denial of her rights under the UN Covenant on Civil and Political Rights. Under these decisions and pressures, national and international, the federal government in 1985 repealed the portion of the Indian Act that discriminated against Indian women and their descendants.

These cases obliged the Canadian federal authorities to bring in remedial regulations to allow Indian females who had at one time left the reserve, had mixed blood children, and had been divorced to return to the reserve — something hitherto disallowed by band council resolution and unpoliced by the Indian Department — to regain Indian status. The revised Indian Act allows native women to be reinstated as status Indians but does not ensure that they will be reinstated as band members or that effective loss of band status will not recur. Indeed, many women returning to reserves have found themselves homeless. Their children are not easily accommodated in schools. They and their children compete with others for scarce resources already allocated. As the Commissioner's Report states,

> Some of these problems stem from a substantial underestimation of the numbers of those who had been thought likely to seek reinstatement, and a consequent inability of some already underfunded bands to meet new demand for housing, education and other services on the reserves. Whatever else may be necessary, it is evident that sufficient funding must first be made available. Bands must be able to provide a reasonable level of service and to enable individuals who are returning to assume a legitimate place within the band. Lack of financial support from government cannot excuse a failure to correct a discriminatory arrangement that was caused, in the first instance, by government.

The question of Indian status highlighted by the Lavell and Lovelace cases was but one problem in the definition of aboriginal rights. In 1982

the Charter of Rights and Freedoms, already mentioned, defined aboriginal peoples of Canada as including Indians, Inuit and Métis. The definition is remarkable by its inclusiveness, and by this bold and swift stroke thousands of persons of native or part-native ancestry in Canada could be added, upon application, to the rolls as natives, with most of them coming under the provisions and the benefits of the Indian Act. Unlike the United States, where Indians are recognized as Native Americans, in Canada they are enshrined as persons of separate status that some have called 'citizens plus'. The US Constitution does not recognize Native Americans as separate peoples; the Canadian Constitution does, and this will have long term effects on the shaping of separate concepts of self-government in Canada.

None the less, native organizations have not demonstrated a unified front on the definition of the status of Indians in Canada. Nor have they had a unified view of treaty rights. During the constitutional conferences convened specifically after 1982 to deal with an exact definition of aboriginal status no united native voice was heard; indeed, major rift occurred in the national political body called the Assembly of First Nations. The united front, so earnestly exhibited by the AFN, divided itself into the AFN under George Erasmus of the Northwest Territories and the Prairie Treaty Nations Alliance under David Ahenakew of Saskatchewan. Thus the definition of 'existing aboriginal rights', as called for in the Canadian Constitution, has yet to be fully made. A much-needed resolution of this matter awaits native initiative and with that an understanding of the necessity of unity of purpose with its attendant value to the solution of other major questions of aboriginal affairs in Canada.

Native protest against government policies had never really disappeared, and for that reason it is not correct to describe 'the return of the native' in the field of political and military action. Numerous events in British Columbia and Ontario in the 1970s are proof enough of that. In 1990 the events at Oka, Quebec, and at adjacent reserves for the Mohawk Nation brought a major confrontation between Crown and native. This, the largest of such stand-offs in Canadian history, was the most widely covered event in terms of media attention in modern national memory. Reporters and film crews were within the native compound or at the barricade, and they doggedly followed the story from beginning to end. In addition to the fact that Oka became an international 'story' of magnitude it was also noteworthy in that it divided province from federal government, involved the Quebec Sûreté or police and the Canadian Army, split native opinion, and brought forth a variety of responses from non-native Canadians. Native opinion was on the one hand firmly committed across Canada in favour of native rights; on the other hand, minority native voices spoke against the militant position of the Mohawk Warrior Society. It is hard to gauge the relative strength of these differing voices. On the matter of non-native Canadian opinion, the white community of Oka, and the municipal government of that unhappy place, demonstrated its willingness to proceed with the expansion of the local golf course against the knowledge of predicted

Mohawk resistance, by force if necessary. The residents of nearby Chateauguay, distressed and angered by Mohawk interventions — the closing of roads and a bridge —have brought a case for damages against the Mohawks. The event led to the death of one Quebec policeman by a bullet not fired from the gun of one of the Quebec police; arrests of Mohawk activists have occurred and criminal and civil charges have been instituted by the Crown. Despite the federal government's plan to end the event quietly and peacefully, a protracted process led to the uneasy and some think unnecessarily long resolution of conflict. Delays were owing to, firstly, the ineffectiveness of the Sûreté, secondly, the inability of the Quebec Minister of Indian Affairs, John Ciaccia, to find a common ground with natives whose views and demands were apparently shifting and widening, and, thirdly, the determined militancy of the Mohawks. The last point deserves specific comment, for the Warriors were heavily armed, were perceived by the authorities as terrorists and criminals, and were known to be, according to Canadian intelligence sources, a threat and source of possible violent confrontation against local and national authority. Considering the fact that the Oka question had been known to Canadian authorities for more than a century it is all that more regrettable that solutions to this land question had not been found earlier. As perhaps with others, land questions are caused by neglect, delay and indecision.

What is the future for native issues in Canada? The nation must institute a commission for land claims, one to be set up to resolve differences quickly and finally. This will be expensive to the taxpayer, but a needed priority for the 'peace, order and good government' of the land as set forth in the Constitution Act of 1982, inherited from the federal power of 1867's confederation arrangements. This body would be charged with resolving all land claims cases on a judicial basis. Secondly, a national committee of investigation, a royal commission, should be established within a year, charged with investigating the social and economic needs of Canadian aboriginal peoples. Thirdly, the resolution of outstanding definition of aboriginal existing rights, as set forth in the 1982 constitution's review procedures, must be addressed with a view to finalizing aboriginal rights and status. Fourthly, and lastly, initiatives must be taken by interested parties for self-government as proposed by the Penner Commission.

The native may have returned. But he must not disappear from the scene. The great Canadian historian W. L. Morton used to say that the individual Indians of Canada had the lives of the firefly: you could see their progressions on the face of national history as they flicked their way across the darknesses of time. The events of 1989 and 1990 have changed all that, and the aboriginal presence is now enduring. One of the great questions that Canadian policy makers used to ask is 'What are we going to do with the Canadian Indian?' An equally important question in the present circumstances is this: 'What are the Canadian Indians going to do for themselves?' What is being worked out on the pages of Canadian history is a process of decolonization. Self-government and self control of resources are abiding concerns of natives and governments. Indeed, both

look for new initiatives, new ways to solve old problems. To date, old solutions have brought only enduring problems — in unemployment, financial and social distress, family violence, child abuse, alcohol and drug dependency — a long and sorrowful litany that is one of the dreariest and saddest testimonies to the bankruptcy of Canadian Indian policy. Archbishop Edward Scott, former prelate of the Anglican Church of Canada, once pointed out with wisdom and insight that the native peoples of Canada should be given the opportunity to make mistakes; only by giving them choices of direction and a share in policy making would they gain the confidence to take control of their lives and their destiny within the larger Canadian family. One thing is certain, natives in Canada are shaping a separate identity for themselves, by their own concerted action. At the same time their separateness is being defined by their own actions and that of governments, federal or provincial, to establish homelands for the native nations of Canada. Given start-up capital, adequate resource bases, and managerial capabilities native self-government could at last bring dignity to peoples who have suffered the indignities and the disruptions of four centuries of colonial influence and domination, by France, by Britain, and in the present era by Canada, the imperial legatee. New empires may replace old, and new systems of control replace their predecessors. Native solutions for the native questions of Canada are eagerly awaited by Canadians, whether native or non-native, and by the world at large which looks to Canada to solve its numerous problems with speed, wisdom and compassion.

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THE US AND THE SOUTH PACIFIC: A BENIGN NEGLECT?

by Keith D. Suter

WHY does the United States take the South Pacific for granted? Is it because the Soviet Union has not made a determined effort to muscle its way into a US 'sphere of influence'? Would the US be more solicitious of the South Pacific if it had to woo the nations away from the USSR? These may seem cynical questions. But they are constantly in the minds of South Pacific people. For example, peace is breaking out in Europe. The Warsaw Treaty Organization is virtually dead and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) has far less justification for its existence. But progress towards arms control in the Pacific continues to be minimal. In March 1990, the US Congressional Foreign Affairs Subcommittee on Asian Pacific Affairs held hearings on the prospects for, and desirability of, arms control measures for the region. Subcommittee Chairperson, Stephen Solarz, found all his suggestions for possible regional arms control measures rejected by the new Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet, Admiral Charles Larson. Larson, a noted critic of naval arms control, opposed the idea of banning nuclear-armed missiles, claiming the verification problem was intractable. He would never allow Soviet inspectors on board his ships.

A second example comes from the Honolulu meeting in October 1990 between President Bush and eleven leaders of South Pacific islands. This meeting—the first for President Bush—lasted a mere two hours. Not much of substance could be covered between the greetings and the farewells.

The South Pacific, for most people who live outside it, conjures up images of crystal-clear water lapping softly on white coral sand, sleepy palm trees nodding gently in a warm trade wind, vivid sunsets, lush green forests, and happy laughing people bedecked with flowers, dancing away the lazy hours to the strumming of guitars. This is the South Pacific of the tourist brochures and Hollywood studios. There is, however, another South Pacific. World War II's atomic bombs were dropped in the North Pacific and the Pacific region has had probably more nuclear weapons tested in it than any of the other regions. The first known victims of nuclear weapons were injured in this region (the Japanese fishermen on *The Fortunate Dragon* in 1954) and some islanders have had their lives wrecked by French and US tests. The island of Runit has been declared unfit for human habitation for all time. The nuclear burden has fallen disproportionately heavily on the South Pacific people.

The islands, including Papua New Guinea, have a population of just over five million—out of a total world population heading towards five billion. Papua New Guinea, with a population of nearly three million, is by far the largest, followed by Fiji, with a population close to 600,000. Four nations—Solomon Islands, Western Samoa, Vanuatu and Tonga—

have populations ranging from just under 100,000 to above 200,000. Kiribati has a population of 54,000 and the Cook Islands, 19,000. Smaller still are Tuvalu with 7,000, Nauru with 7,000, and Niue with 3,500. The Pacific Ocean is the world's largest ocean. It is 29 million square kilometres — about one third of the earth's surface. It contains over 20,000 islands. There are three main groupings of South Pacific islands. Micronesia (with a total population of about 90,000) is north of New Guinea and includes the Marshall Islands, Kiribati, Caroline Islands, Belau and Guam. Melanesia (about four million people) includes New Guinea, Fiji, New Caledonia, Vanuatu and the Solomon Islands. Polynesia (about 45,000 people) includes Tahiti, the Marquesas, Mururoa, Pitcairn and Cook.

Despite the comparatively small population, this is a world within a world. In terms of language, for example, 700 languages (one third of the world's known total) are spoken in New Guinea alone. The other islands account for about another 300 languages. For thousands of years, each of these island peoples developed their own unique, richly spiritual cultures and customs. They were largely isolated from the political turmoils which for the past few centuries have characterised the Americas, Europe, Africa and Asia.

But the nuclear era now overshadows their lives as dangerously as it does all the rest of the world's population. The Mediterranean was the ocean of the past. The Atlantic is the ocean of the present. The Pacific is the ocean of the future. While the South Pacific nations, even including Australia and New Zealand, remain politically and economically minute, the entire Pacific is ringed with many of the world's major nations, such as the US, USSR, China and Japan, as well as the rapidly developing newly industrialised countries like Singapore, South Korea and Taiwan. The South Pacific, let alone the entire Pacific, is far too large for any one nation to control. Surface mobility rather than land holdings is the key to conventional warfare operations. General MacArthur's brilliant insight in World War II was to hop from one island to another, isolating and encircling Japanese units on the islands and exploiting their vulnerability through over-extending themselves following their spectacular successes in late 1941 and during 1942.

The US has maintained a significant military presence in the South Pacific, despite — or even because of — its withdrawal from Indo-China. Most of the major military bases throughout the North and South Pacific are armed and operated by the US. US military operations are centred in Hawaii, with a string of bases from Guam to the Philippines. The South Pacific is also a staging area for the route to the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf. It is believed that Hawaii has 110 separate military installations and 3,000 nuclear weapons. Pearl Harbour is the home port of 7 to 11 Polaris or Poseidon submarines, 12 nuclear attack submarines and 19 nuclear-weaponed surface ships.

The shift in US nuclear strategy in the past two decades has added still more to the South Pacific's military status. Besides relying on the land-based and air-borne nuclear weapons, the US has also developed nuclear sub-

marine fleets. The Trident submarine is the most expensive and most destructive weapon system in history. It is 168 metres long and four stories high. Its 24 missiles carry a total of 408 nuclear warheads, each up to five times more explosive than the Hiroshima bomb and accurate to 90 metres over 6,000 nautical miles. The Pacific is a good theatre for US military operations because of its vast sizes, isolated islands, and non-communist governments.

The USSR, meanwhile, has also been stepping up its military presence. But the Soviets have certain built-in problems which are very important in deploying naval forces in the Pacific. Soviet Asian and Pacific territories — Siberia and the Soviet Far East — are far away from the centre of Soviet power, sparsely populated and have weak and inadequate transportation links to the rest of Russia. Soviet Far Eastern ports are iced over for part of the year and from their own soil they have access to the open Pacific only through narrow straits.

The nuclear military configuration is largely a US/USSR one. The UK has only a few troops around the Pacific's rim (in Hong Kong, for example). France's military interest is limited to nuclear testing. China tested its first missile in the Pacific in May 1980. No South Pacific nation has ever indicated a desire to obtain nuclear weapons. The South Pacific's political map has changed considerably in recent years. Indeed, it has probably changed faster recently than in the past few thousand years. Post-1945, decolonization took longer to reach the South Pacific than the politically more articulate African and Asian regions. All the newly independent South Pacific nations are Third World nations, with pro-western leanings. But the major western nations cannot always count on these nations being sympathetic to them. Although their domestic problems are minute in comparison with, for example, the UK's, they all do have domestic problems. All their economies are, to varying extents, closely tied to those of western nations (including Australia and New Zealand) and the problems in the western economies have flowed through to the South Pacific.

Each nation has economic problems and some strikes. Technological progress has enabled local leaders (both in and out of power) to use the electronic media to mobilize their followers and to promise improved material standards of living — which cannot be met in the current economic environment. In short, the new South Pacific nations are experiencing difficulties similar to those of most other Third World nations: a rise in expectations which cannot be met. Adding to the tensions, there are residues from the colonial era, such as Asians who are often alleged to control local trading arrangements. There are also some demands for new realignments among existing boundaries since the colonial frontiers did not accord with ethnic backgrounds and some people wish to form new nations.

Over the coming decades, then, the ruling groups will be under pressure from more radical elements who may, among other things, urge greater co-operation with nations like China, Vietnam and the USSR, in order to get increased foreign aid and access to markets. On past experience, these nations will not be slow to miss opportunities to increase their influence in

other nations. Indeed, even some of the current pro-western leaders have realised how profitable it is to exploit the fears of some western nations about non-western involvement in the South Pacific.

In 1976 the King of Tonga hinted that he would seek some financial aid from the USSR and this assured the continuation of his Australian aid programme. He used the same gambit in late 1981, by hinting that he was going to approach Libya's Colonel Gaddafi — again with success. The nations have little love for the USSR, China or extremist Moslem nations. But they are aware of how important those nations are perceived to be by western strategists and so they can exploit this fear of non-western involvement in South Pacific affairs.

Meanwhile, the South Pacific nations are gaining a greater sense of political unity among themselves. The South Pacific Forum was established in 1971 by Australia and New Zealand and the area's five only other independent or self-governing nations. Recent annual sessions have consisted of Australia and New Zealand and 12 other independent Pacific nations. The SPF has won itself a reputation for achievement for both economic and social progress (despite the bleak international economic environment) and its ability to demonstrate to the bigger nations that mini-nations are capable of running their own affairs. In short, the South Pacific is changing. It is now subject to military tensions, economic and social instability, and outside involvement in its affairs is a constant theme.

But the nation which has done so much to shape the South Pacific's destiny in the past 50 years — the US — accords it only a benign neglect. There are five matters of current concern to South Pacific nations. First, the US lacks an overall vision for the South Pacific. President Bush's comments about a 'new world order' based on US/Soviet co-operation seem more focussed on the Persian Gulf than on the Pacific. US force reductions in the South Pacific are due to financial constraints rather than a specific policy of pacifying the Pacific.

There is no US attempt to learn from Europe's experiences. A forum for negotiating security measures — the Conference on Security and Co-operation in Europe — has existed there since 1973. The conference includes all the nations of Europe, plus Canada and the US. Its first formal meeting was held in Helsinki, producing a non-binding political declaration outlining principles on commerce, industrial co-operation, science and technology, human rights and security. The Stockholm Agreement of 1986 was a much more substantial accord. It provides for notification of military activities; an exchange of annual calendars of notifiable military activities; mandatory invitations to observers to watch military activities; the right of on-site inspection; and a declaration relating to the non use of force. Negotiations are currently under way to extend the scope and nature of these measures.

In June 1969, Chile's Foreign Minister, Gabriel Valdes had 'the most difficult time in my life'. He tried to convince President Nixon and Dr Kissinger to pay more attention to Latin American affairs. Dr Kissinger reprimanded him: 'Nothing important can come from the South. History has never been produced in the South. The axis of history starts in Moscow,

goes to Bonn, crosses over to Washington, and then goes to Tokyo. What happens in the South is of no importance. You're wasting your time'. Two decades on, that still seems to be the philosophy of the US Government — at least towards the South Pacific.

Second, the US's interest in European arms control is not manifested in the South Pacific. On 6 August 1985, the South Pacific Forum adopted a Treaty establishing the South Pacific as a nuclear free zone. The Treaty, known as the Treaty of Rarotonga, prohibits the possession, testing and stationing of nuclear explosive devices on territories located in the zone; bans the dumping of radioactive wastes and other radioactive matter at sea anywhere within the zone; and invites the nuclear powers formally to agree not to use or threaten to use any nuclear explosive devices against parties to the Treaty or other territories within the zone.

The USSR and China have accepted the protocols of the Treaty which apply to nuclear powers, namely, an agreement not to test weapons in the Treaty's area and an agreement not to threaten to use nuclear weapons against nations in the Treaty's area. France, which does test nuclear weapons in the Treaty's area, has boycotted the Treaty — as has its European ally the UK.

The US has also refused to sign the Treaty. It says that it will not accept zone obligations which would restrict the exercise of its high seas freedoms, which are unverifiable, which disturb existing security arrangements, and which deny the right of individual parties to a treaty to grant or deny transit privileges including port calls and overflights to other states. While the Treaty meets these requirements the security concerns remain a major stumbling block. With nuclear proliferation not being an issue in the region and with the Soviet presence hardly visible, the US does not see any of its major security goals being served by such a zone and will need to be convinced otherwise for it to formally recognise the Treaty. The US may also be reluctant to sign a treaty which prohibits French nuclear testing since it could then be criticised for employing double standards because it conducts its own testing.

The US's obstinacy has angered the South Pacific nations — and provided evidence of why people are justified in being cynical about the US's Pacific policies. The US attitude has also embarrassed its main ally in the region — Australia — which made sure in the negotiations on the Treaty that the Treaty was diluted so as to not offend the US. Some nations wanted a tougher Treaty. But despite Australia's controversial work, the US has still boycotted the Treaty — thereby placing itself on a par with the nation despised throughout the region: France. A US acceptance of the Treaty would help to retain the support and good faith of the Pacific Island nations; it would strengthen the non-proliferation regime in the South Pacific and so lessen the risks of proliferation in the future; it would demonstrate that the US is serious about disarmament and arms control; and it would offset any political advantages that the Soviet Union may gain by accepting the Treaty.

Third, the US has eroded some of the South Pacific's 'paradise'. For example, it holds a lease for the missile range on Kwajalein atoll. Kwajalein, the largest atoll in the world, is being used as a missile range and target area for MX and other missiles, fired from California, 6,000 kms away, and a test area for Star Wars technology. The population from the 20 inhabited islets spread around its 282 km long reef, were evacuated to Ebeye. The US military base on Kwajalein has adequate space and sports facilities, while in stark contrast Ebeye, 5 km away, has been termed 'the slum of the Pacific'. 9,000 people have been crowded into an area 1.5 km long and 200 m wide. This is one of the world's highest population densities of over 55,000 persons per square mile. Of that population, more than 5,000 are Kwajalein land-owners who cannot use two-thirds of their atoll.

Fourth, Japan is being urged by the US to expand its defence forces. Japan has had a profound pacifist tradition since World War II. This provides some economic benefit through Japan's being able to concentrate almost exclusively on civilian industrial projects. A dramatic increase in Japanese defence arrangements, however, is bound to stimulate further Soviet military activities and will alarm Japan's neighbours (especially those occupied by it in World War II). This is the classic action-reaction process, in which one nation's drive for increased security is done at the cost of increasing the feeling of insecurity of others. Such cycles are difficult to break once commenced. Although the cycle would start in the North Pacific, it is bound to flow over into the South Pacific.

Finally, there is the controversy over Johnston Atoll. The US is transporting 100,000 rounds of chemical weapons from West Germany to Johnston Atoll (between Honolulu and the Marshall Islands) for incineration. South Pacific governments are, of course, in favour of the US's destroying gas weapons — but they do not see why it should be done in the South Pacific. The US started test-burning on Johnston in June 1990, despite growing and vocal concern amongst island nations about the safety and fairness of the exercise. The island nations are unhappy with the lack of consultation by the US and are concerned that the new US$310 million Johnston Atoll Chemical Agent Disposal System (JACADS) will become the favoured site for incineration of many other US chemical weapons. Once again, the US was seen as siding with a European ally (this time Germany, which hosts the weapons but does not want them destroyed on German soil) at the expense of the South Pacific.

To conclude, the ending of the Cold War means the ending of the world's neat political alignments divided between Washington and Moscow. All the South Pacific nations have been anti-communist and therefore, to varying extents, pro-Washington. With less fear of the Soviet threat, the nations will have less need of being reliant upon the US. This is an opportune time for the US to accord the South Pacific a higher priority and to demonstrate that it has sympathy for the South Pacific viewpoint, by accepting, for example, the South Pacific Nuclear Free Zone Treaty.

MATTHEW ARNOLD: COMPARATIVE EDUCATOR AND ADVOCATE OF A EUROPEAN FRAME OF MIND

by Brendan A. Rapple

WITH 1992 and all the changes portended by the united European Community rapidly approaching, a consideration of the views of Matthew Arnold on the benefits of comparative study, especially in the realm of education, and on the desirability of developing a 'European' frame of mind is surely timely. Though Arnold's interest in comparative literature is common knowledge, his expertise in comparative education is perhaps not so well known. Of course, education played a significant role in his life, since from 1851 until his retirement in 1886 he was one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Elementary Schools, gaining a deep insight into his nation's educational structure. However, he was also recognised as an authority on certain Continental educational systems. This is well attested by his being sent abroad in 1859 and 1865 as an Assistant Commissioner for the Newcastle and Taunton Commissions, which examined, respectively, elementary and secondary education, and as an emissary for the Education Department in the mid-1880s. Moreover, it was in the capacity as an expert comparative educator that he gave evidence in 1886 before the Cross Commission, which was inquiring into the progress of elementary education since the 1870 Elementary School Act.

Arnold frequently commented on the nature and purpose of comparative studies. He especially praised the utility of such activity. We read, for instance, in his Taunton Commission report of the very practical advantages of examining foreign educational systems:

> In short, it is expedient for the satisfactory resolution of these educational questions, which are at length beginning seriously to occupy us, both that we should attend to the experience of the Continent, and that we should know precisely what it is which this experience says. Having long held that nothing was to be learned by us from the foreigners, we are at last beginning to see, that on a matter like the institution of schools, for instance, much light is thrown by a comparative study of their institution among other civilised states and nations.

Elsewhere he insisted that a study of foreign methods necessarily involved a criticism of one's own: 'Now a criticism of our way of acting, in any matter, is tacitly supplied by the practice of foreign nations, in a like matter, put side by side with our practice; and this criticism by actual examples is more practical, more interesting, and more readily attended to than criticism by speculative arguments'. Above all, he considered that a thorough comparison provided a fuller comprehension of the indigenous condition as well as a model for introducing improvement. As he declared in his 1857 inaugural lecture as Professor of Poetry at Oxford: 'To know how others stand, that we may know how we ourselves stand; and to know how we ourselves stand, that we may correct our mistakes and achieve our deliverance — that is our problem'. In a later work he advised that 'it is well to know what is done elsewhere in the matters wherein our

practice is alleged to be absurd and indefensible'. For to Arnold this was the essence of comparative studies: apply lessons learned from the study of another society in the improvement of one's own.

Arnold's comparative studies led him again and again to emphasise the inadequacy of England's educational institutions, especially those at the secondary level. English middle class schools were 'probably the worst in Europe'; they were 'the most imperfect and unserviceable in civilised Europe'; they were 'both socially and intellectually, the most inadequate that fall to the lot of any middle class among the civilised nations of Europe'. An essential part of the remedy, he was convinced, lay in emulating the practices that made the educational structure of other European nations superior, above all the widespread state intervention common on the Continent. For even after the 1870 Act, state intervention at the elementary level in England was by no means pervasive, and at the secondary level state action was practically unknown. But if English schools were to prosper, Arnold was adamant, it was now essential to follow Continental practice and introduce a thorough state educational system at all levels.

However, Arnold's motives as a comparativist were focused on much more than merely borrowing educational structures and practices from abroad in order to improve his own country's educational system. For he viewed comparative studies as possessing a broader and ultimately more useful purpose. Comparison of foreign societies would help the English to become more cosmopolitan in outlook and practice; to become imbued with a greater feeling for international, as opposed to mere domestic, currents, particularly in the intellectual field; to display, in short, an increased feeling for the fact that England, though important, still occupied only part of the world's stage. He was consistently at pains to pinpoint what he felt to be England's insularity and, at times, xenophobia and to stress that other nations had much to offer. Though by no means an idolater of either France or Germany, he was invariably impressed with the intellectual awareness, the love of knowledge, the possession of 'culture', the openness to new ideas and the understanding of the modern Zeitgeist that he believed was possessed by their peoples. This, he felt, was quite opposite to the situation in England, where most of the people, intellectually parochial, regarded their country as the acme of the world's stage and thought little was to be learned from abroad. However, he was categorical that this was quite wrong, asserting in 1864 that 'By the very nature of things, as England is not all the world, much of the best that is known and thought in the world cannot be of English growth, must be foreign'.

It is not surprising that Arnold consistently advocated that his countrymen develop a more European perspective. There is no doubt but that he himself was essentially a European as opposed to a mere English thinker and that this was the natural result of his extensive comparative studies carried out in literature as well as in his official and unofficial foreign travel. Above all, he left behind the insularity and self-congratulatory attitude of the typical compatriot of his class. As early as May 1848 there

is evident in a letter to his sister Jane Martha both his manifest concern with England's declining condition and the notion that in the future European nation states will draw together: 'I am not sure but I agree in Lamartine's prophecy that 100 years hence the Continent will be a great united Federal Republic, and England, all her colonies gone, in a dull steady decay'. He expressed this view of a united Europe in a more explicit form in 'The Function of Criticism at the Present Time', where he defined the sort of criticism at which he wished the English to aim: it 'is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result; and whose members have, for their proper outfit, a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another'. And he considered the most progress in the intellectual and spiritual realm would be attained by that nation whose citizens saw themselves as a unified community of Europeans rather than being merely Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians.

In his 1867 essay 'Theodore Parker' Arnold distinguished a type of thought which he labelled European as opposed to the thought of any one particular nationality: 'At this time of day it is not enough to be an American voice, or an English voice, or a French voice; for a real spiritual lead it is necessary to be a European voice'. The view of the cultural and broadening intellectual influence of European thought is also found in an 1875 letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* where he criticised what he considered to be political, social, intellectual and moral inconveniences in Catholicism, namely its Ultramontanism, its confessional, its rejection of private judgement. However, he acknowledged that there was no way that these inconveniences could suddenly disappear or be quickly eliminated; this could only happen as the result of the gradual spread of culture throughout the whole body of Catholics, 'only by the general widening and clearing of European thought being felt through this community'. For European thought, in Arnold's eyes, connoted modernity, and the ability of transcending national borders. To be European implied being broadly educated, possessing true culture, having a wide and humane vision, all attributes in which he felt the vast majority of his countrymen to be wanting. As he observed in the prefatory essay to his 1878 edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* England was distinguished by her 'insularity and eccentricity', and much of her literature was 'thoroughly and intensely provincial, not European'. But this was why comparative studies were considered to be of such particular importance. For the most efficacious and quickest way, in his opinion, for the English to become more European and by so doing lose their inward-regarding disposition, gain more culture, and develop upon more modern lines, was to pay greater attention to the Continent and to harken to some of the dominant influences there. It was essential for them to recognise that the exalted days of Wellington and Waterloo, when their country stood alone in all her glory, were gone for ever and that there were now other nations occupying important places on the world stage, from whom there was much to be learned.

Despite the fact that Arnold lived in a nation far different from Thatcher's Britain and that the whole educational structure about which he himself was an authority bears little resemblance to that of today, the educational views of this eminent Victorian, especially those pertaining to the value of the comparative study of education and of developing a comparative, above all a European, mind still have distinct relevance in today's Britain. At a time when a very real integration of Europe is nigh and when many of Arnold's opinions would not appear incongruous in the mouths of the successors of Monnet, Schuman, Adenauer, and de Gasperi, there is little need to spell out this relevance. For never before has it been so essential that Arnold's countrymen, while maintaining their own distinctly British and national viewpoint, at the same time foster a more global perspective, one in keeping with the aims of 1992 and a united Europe. Excessive intellectual and social insularity and isolationism of the type against which Arnold fulminated will only serve to lead Britain on the sure path to decline, a decline every bit as pernicious as the 'anarchy' which he strove to arrest with 'culture' in the 1860s. Arnold believed that the requisite 'culture', or 'intellectual deliverance' as he termed it in his 1857 lecture, 'On the Modern Element in Literature', would be effected by education. Today also the educational structure is the best vehicle for inculcating in Arnold's modern compariots that broader, comparative perspective, the possession of which will bode well for Britain's future in the new European alliance.

NOTE:
Quotations are taken from *The Complete Prose Works of Matthew Arnold*, ed. R. H. Super. 11 vols. (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1960-1977), and from *Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-1888*, ed. George W. E. Russell. 2 vols. (London: Macmillan, 1895).

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SCIENCE AND THE DIMINUTION OF MAN

by Albert van Eyken

Relative dimensions

EVER since Copernicus, or perhaps earlier, there has been a strong temptation to minimize the importance of man. Freud classed the Copernican revolution as the first of three great shocks which human pride has had to sustain. Man, he supposed, was thereby displaced from his central position in the scheme of things with firm-set earth as the centre of the universe. Since then it has become progressively easier to refer to remote stellar distances filled with galaxies and supernovas, and to portray our planet as an infinitesimal spot lost in all that enormity. Now poets may rightly seek to convey the magnitude of the universe, but it would be well also to retain the magnitude of man as he contemplates the awesome heavens. In fact it is naïve to equate our human importance with our physical stature or with the modest dimensions of our planet in comparison with the sun. One might as well take a lower place than the elephant or the whale!

If we wish to be strictly scientific and physically accurate we may note that our planet is not even minute and nor are we ourselves; we are all several feet high, and the earth is eight thousand miles through. Moreover the earth is not *lost;* only living creatures or their possessions can be meaningfully lost, and if we insist on references to minute specks or dizzying distances in our astronomy picture we should also remember that there is an implied proportional equation here, as for example, that the earth is to the sun as a speck of dust is to a cricket ball, or that to fall from one planet to another (if that were possible), while experiencing the rush of air and sense of rapid approach to an impact, would be as frightful as falling from a church tower. Meanwhile we retain our own physical stature and stand where we always did.

Again, in the sub-atomic realm we may easily be carried away by suggestions about the insubstantiality of matter, so that we almost fear that we might fall through its yawning interstices. If matter is mainly space and if its constituents are all swirling around at immense speed, are we not insecure on such a platform? Yet obviously the world is quite as solid as it ever was. Just as we do not feel threatened when we see a tent-peg driven into the turf, so we need not be worried when we are told that X-rays plunge straight through solid stone; solidity never did mean absolute imperviousness. I do not of course question the validity of accepted astronomical and sub-atomic dimensions and velocities, but I do suggest that there is a danger of undervaluing our own human importance precisely because we allow anthropomorphic considerations to intrude on our scientific concepts; we fancy ourselves falling and lost in space, or we attribute to ourselves the insignificance of a mote in a sunbeam.

I have said that in any case our human importance is not to be equated with our physical stature, nor, I suppose, would any scientist disagree in

so many words. Nevertheless there does seem to be something of this error in the inordinate evaluation of the intelligence of the whale or the dolphin. In the comparison of dimensions of, say, brain with brain in one and the same species, there may well be some relationship with comparative intelligence. Nevertheless it is plain hyperbole to say that a species of whale may be as intelligent as man, and to relate such a claim to our brain-size. No doubt the cetaceans have remarkable powers of communication such as remain still very mysterious to man, but even insects have response-mechanisms which we men cannot match precisely, and conversely we men have capacities far beyond the scope of whales. Indeed, unless there is an environment which can be subtly manipulated, and unless we have a tool like the hand to accomplish the manipulation, there can be no place for intelligence as we know it. Meanwhile the whale has no hands, nor does his watery home offer him anything like the variety, stability or permanence available to man.

Darwinian evolution

Freud's second alleged blow to the pride of man came with Darwinian evolution. He meant that all creatures were victims of their own past, products of chance and the inescapable dictates of environment. Now it is high time that students of evolution gave more attention to the significance and the obscurity of their references to chance. This is often a cloak for our own ignorance; it is certainly never in itself an efficient cause. Indisputably survivors survive, and indisputably our heritable variations do not in any obvious fashion directly arise, either by minute variations or by saltations, through the conscious premeditation of the individual. But, whatever the physical mechanism (and it may not be purely physical) for the inheritance of genetic changes, the behaviour of the creature itself is as relevant a contribution as is the external environment to the process of natural selection. We may say therefore that the creature is selecting itself in no less meaningful a fashion than when we say that the environment selects. In fact it seems to me to be *more* meaningful, since it is difficult, almost perverse, to think that all behaviour might be generated by chance, that is if chance be taken to merely mean for no reason at all, or alternatively if it be taken to merely mean exclusive of the effort or choice of the creature. I cannot to my own satisfaction understand the 'concept' of, for example, a lion, being accidentally fierce, although I find it easier to think that the lion developed its long canines over the centuries simply because they fitted his chosen way of life better. In the same way a man might make purposeful use of objects found by accident!

A misconception in evolution is rather to think of environment as if it were a kind of mould. But creatures do not fit their environment as a casting fits a mould; they do not take the shape of their environment, they respond to it. We may go further and say that until a creature responds to some aspect of the general environment there is not even the beginning of a mould. For example, we may talk of a savanna region, but we know that this region is populated by a whole variety of creatures, each of which has built up its own environment by selection. Until the creature occupies

it there is no niche, no more than the Mona Lisa was there in the paint and canvas before the artist got to work. Perhaps these brief points concerning evolution may once again make us realize that chance, determinism and diminution are not so obviously the lot of creatures, much less of man.

Libidinous man

Freud's third shock to human pride was of course his own contribution of psychoanalysis, where he claimed that man was not even master in his own mind, being subject to the domination of his unconscious. Although Freud did not speak in terms of chance and material causes, he nevertheless built up his system in terms of quasi-automatic motivation, such that the intelligent and straightforward self-direction of man was further impugned. Nobody looks for any motivation lying behind the conclusion that two plus two is equal to four, but Freud, preoccupied with disturbed patients who were puzzled by their own very selves, quite correctly looked for motive; his mistake was to apply the same method rigidly to normal as well as abnormal psychology. Perhaps as a conclusion, or perhaps as a cause of his system, he lost all comprehension of the relationship between man and the real world in which he is inserted. He spoke as if we each developed a number of urges, all either libidinous or destructive, all seeking relief of tension without any intrinsic regard for the surrounding world except as a means to their own gratification or as a set of obstacles to be avoided. He admitted that he was perplexed as to how the psychic self ever managed to take account of the world at all (that is, in his own terms, to follow the reality principle).

If we are driven at all times by the pleasure principle, then obviously there must be an insuperable paradox as to how the real world could ever relate to us except in an arbitrary manner. We would not even be able to delay the satisfaction of the immediate moment for the sake of a later and greater satisfaction. Yet to the more commonsense observer it must be obvious that some of our responses must be by their essence appropriate to situation. It must be possible to carry out some functions as internally intelligible and as in conformity with our world; otherwise we are left with a stick and carrot world wherein yet other sticks and carrots would be necessary in endless regress, for not even one carrot could of itself suffice. Now admittedly there are many denials of, and departures from, Freudian orthodoxy, but a strong residue remains in our thinking.

Man and the external world

This seems to me to relate to the widespread view that we are for ever unable to know the world outside, or that perhaps there is in fact no world outside anyway. Freud himself took it for granted that any real world *out there* was unknowable, by reason of the supposed fact that what we thought was our knowledge of it really comes through the medium of our senses which provide at best only a symbolic representation. Here we touch upon the sense-data theory and its conflict with the naïve realists. The philosophic question has many ramifications, in which it is clear that the naïve realists are by no means as naïve as their epithet might suggest. The scientist may run the danger of too sophisticated a view of

the situation. We have acquired a great deal of specialized knowledge of our sensory processes, things like the visual cortex, the optic nerve, otoliths, nerve impulses, and so on endlessly; and we can be correctly persuaded that the sun could cease to exist eight minutes before it vanished from our skies, that light-rays are not colours but waves and/or invisible particles, that our own optic nerve-impulses are not themselves coloured, and nor are our cerebral visual centres coloured like the objects we see.

Then it is concluded that grass is not green, but only seems to be so, leaving us with a sense of bewilderment and complete distrust of common-sense. Quite probably we have here to remind ourselves that physiology and psychology are two different disciplines which, though related, do not at all points form a continuum. At least it is clear that the conscious and psychic aspects of ourselves are not contained in some infinitesimal reception-centre where our afferent nerves converge; there is no point like that, and even if there were, our consciousness would not be there, since it is not a thing which can be said to have a location. Or if we do insist on thus locating ourselves we may just as easily say that our consciousness is in our whole body or even in the remotest star visible to us in the sky.

Theories of aggression

But there are less controversial facets of our tendency to diminish our own spiritual stature and our confident reliance on common-sense. There are two supposedly opposing camps, namely virtually all the behaviourists on the one hand, and a considerable number of ethologists on the other, in respect of the controversy over human aggression. The ethologists to whom I refer will tell us that we are all equipped with a fundamental aggressive component in our genetic make-up, and that wisdom requires us to exercise it! Authors whose integrity is beyond reproach, and who would strive to be fair in all their own behaviour, nevertheless insist that in the course of evolution we have all been required to be aggressive in order to survive, and that nowadays, having established a civilization which threatens to deprive us of any chance of expressing this aggression, we would be wise to furnish opportunities for it to be released in comparatively harmless forms of behaviour. They have noted that various animals at times show hostility to their own species in a way which at first glance seems to be uncalled for. This behaviour they then call aggressive, failing to give due regard to the implications of the word in ordinary understanding. I suggest that they use it because they have failed to draw the distinction between an action performed for no immediately apparent reason and an action performed for no adequate moral reason.

Certainly the word, aggression, has in current common usage a central significance as of something unprovoked (although naturally we have various figurative extensions). If I say, *tout court*, that a certain man is aggressive it will be taken for granted that I am referring to a moral characteristic. Now an action can meaningfully be called unprovoked, that is without sufficient cause, only in a moral sense, for certainly it must have an adequate cause in any other sense. But the ethologists to whom I refer still insist on the word, aggression, even though much of their

investigation is precisely to explain the pugnacious behaviour which they observe. They will explain for example that it helps to spread the species out over the available territory, or that it helps to keep up the standard of fitness. But that they are not entirely unaware of the moral implications of their vocabulary cannot be doubted when so much of their writing seeks to show us how we may to some extent reduce aggression among ourselves. Resisting trespass on our person or possessions, even to the point of physical violence if all else seems to fail, would not normally be called aggression; it is only unjustified force which we need to reduce. Moreover, it is almost entirely violent behaviour or patent threat which is put before us in illustration. We should therefore beware of the arm-chair contentions that we humans should indulge in any kind of aggression, however attenuated. We are violent often enough through imputable fault without need of theories which are liable to weaken our abhorrence of needless infliction of pain or distress. If I am right in my argument we must be suspicious when activities are called substitute, token, displacement, cathartic, etc, whenever these epithets are taken to mean merely disguised or simply reduced forms of aggression.

Theories which suggest that smashing plates or thumping a dummy representation of an unsympathetic employer will help to make us more peaceful are not well-founded. Nor is sport any use if it is approached in the spirit of much popular aggression theory. We sometimes hear, for example, of a rugby team reckoning to work up a hate for their opponents, and even if this is more bluster than reality it still reflects a dangerous line of thought. Quite possibly the hooliganism displayed by some fans and even players, as well as the vandalism that disfigures our culture, may be to some extent a consequence of mistaken academic theory. At least the latter diminishes the spiritual stature of mankind by suggesting that we should take our cue from other animals and behave according to an irrational procedure. Other animals act according to the light of their own more limited comprehension of their situation. A dog which growls at another dog which comes near his territory at night is not being aggressive; he is merely warning against trespass in the only way he knows. An ordinary man who objects to a stranger in his garden would no more be called aggressive; the only difference is that the man has a more clearly defined boundary to his territory. The man follows the guidance of his rational understanding; he would not be rational if he adopted the action of the dog which behaves in accordance with his own comprehension.

Behaviourism

Now the ethologists to whom I have referred consider themselves to be very different from the behaviourists, who of course claim that their own techniques could wean us of aggression by removing frustrations, since, as they claim, only frustration causes aggression. But the distinction is very tenuous. It may seem paradoxical to say that it is difficult to distinguish the two. The latter of course are inclined to regard each normal human as entering the world almost *tabula rasa*, except for a few basic inclinations like hunger and sexuality. For them aggression is only a response to

frustration. But the stance of a man who holds that aggression is a fundamental urge which only gets out of hand when it is steadily thwarted is not so very distinct from one who says that aggression *only* comes in response to thwarting! It would seem that the latter is merely more confident that he can obtain complete elimination of aggression, while the former reckons that he can limit only its wilder manifestations, by letting it free in driblets! Yet life itself is often a frustrating experience, however cushioned we may be. Even on the assumption of a human guinea-pig schooled by conditioning into the most placid kind of behaviour, we must still expect life to offer sudden major obstacles, quite apart from accumulations of minor hindrances. There will still therefore be occasions for aggression — unless we make an act of ordinary self-control!

But conditioning is only a jargon word which cancels mind and diminishes human freedom and dignity, and the thinking man-in-the-street is justified in rejecting it. This is not the conclusion of a critic, it is explicitly claimed by its chief exponent, Skinner, in his book, *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, Pelican, 1977. Conditioning is a rigid concept of elaborate reflexes all entirely subject to reinforcing and aversive controls. Straightforward and simple analysis of human behaviour in terms of ordinary intelligible usage is replaced by technical obscurities which even the expert can cope with only by constantly reverting to more conventional language. Skinner himself does so, but says that this is only to make his system more accessible to his lay readers. If however the old conventional references to mind are fundamentally mistaken, then they cannot in themselves serve to elucidate.

Yet we know that our own actions are often carried out because they contain their own satisfaction and justification. We do not do them because of some positive conditioning, unless of course such conditioning is only an obscure jargonized way of saying the same thing. In other words, not every action is motivated by a carrot or a stick which has no essential connection with it. Technical language is of course legitimate and necessary, but not if it is used merely to replace words which are already satisfactory, a fortiori, when it is found necessary to clarify the substitute words by resorting to those which they have been devised to replace! Nor is it permissible, in using words already current and understood in general speech, to give them an altered significance without being very careful to ensure that they are so understood.

The selfish gene

This is what has happened in the case of *aggression*, but the same kind of misuse is even more obvious in popularizing references to selfish genes, which are declared to be the ultimate explanation of the lumbering robots to which we individuals are reduced. No effective meaning can be found in calling a gene selfish. Nor can we fairly re-define altruism as any behaviour which contributes to our own disadvantage; that is not what we mean by altruism, and such a misuse tends to undermine the ordinary standing of brotherly love. For it leaves us with the pseudo-scientific conclusion that brotherly love (or altruism) must be counter-evolutionary, self-eliminating.

TRACES OF THE MOORS LINGER IN ALGARVE — PORTUGAL'S TOURIST PROVINCE

by Habeeb Salloum

THE first time I visited Algarve, Portugal's tourist province, I did not realize that this renowned holiday spot owes so much of its uniqueness to the Moors. Yet, almost all of what makes this so-called Riviera of Portugal an enchanting resort area can be traced to their handiwork. In the olive-skinned men and women; sparkling white homes with terracotta roofs standing like white burnouses amid lush orchards; patios drowsing in the shade of flowers; fretted lace-like Moorish type chimneys; rich irrigated fields; and place names, can be seen vestiges of these former desert men. The last part of Portugal conquered from the Moors, it still retains their unmistakable imprint.

This romantic part of the Iberian Peninsula was once the furthest west of the Arab Empire which stretched at its peak from China to the heart of France. Hence, its name, Algarve, from the Arabic *al-gharb* (the west). Today, traces of the dazzling civilization the Arabs created in this lost corner of Islam are to be found everywhere. The Christians, after they had overwhelmed the Muslims, destroyed most of the magnificent Moorish buildings but what remained became as Portuguese as the *fado*, which itself is of Moorish origin.

After the reconquest, Algarve, unlike the other parts of the country, retained its identity as a separate kingdom under the Portuguese crown. It was only 570 years later in 1820 that it became a province. With this semi-independence, and being the last part of the country occupied by the Christians, it held on to a great deal of its illustrious Arab legacy.

Historically, the 500 year Arab domination of southern Portugal was very fruitful for that country. Remains from that glorious age have left the indelible and enduring aura of the orient on the land.

As they had done in southern Spain, the Muslims, by their technical skills and hard work, made Algarve an earthly paradise. They gave us the phrase 'to work like a Moor'. In Portuguese, the verb *mourejar*, derived from Moor, means to work or to labour.

Along with their skills and toil, the Moors created a luxuriant and productive countryside by the introduction or expansion of fields and groves of almonds, apricots, carobs, figs, lemons, olives, oranges, pomegranates, rice, palms, sugar, spices and a large number of vegetables. Many of these, mostly newly introduced fruits and vegetables, still carry their Arabic derived names like, to name a few, *albricoque* (apricot) from *al-barquq; alcachofra* (artichoke), *al-khurshuf; alface* (lettuce), *al-khass;* and *arroz* (rice), *al-ruzz.*

The wide cultivation of food plants was greatly aided by the construction of an excellent irrigation system — parts of which are still in use. The mechanism for this watering network and the processing of grain were firmly established after the introduction of the *azenha* (water-mill), from

the Arabic *al-saniya; nora* (water-wheel), *na'ura;* and the windmill. It is said that these machines were the greatest gifts the Arabs gave Spain and Portugal. Thanks to the Moors, farming in the Iberian Peninsula was for centuries much more advanced than in the other European countries.

To complement and make perfect the silhouette of the rich green countryside, the Arabs brought from the East the art of constructing splendid buildings. Glazed tiles used for exterior and interior decoration; the Moorish horseshoe arch; thick-walled white homes; latticework; venetian shades; and eastern type angles, cubes and domes were carried from the orient or invented by the Moors. All over modern Portugal, especially Algarve, cool-clean eye-catching coloured tiles, Moorish arches and exotic cubes decorate in an attractive fashion private homes, hotels, palaces and public edifices. Many old buildings which in other countries would be unseemly are made pleasing to the eye by easily polished tiles. The ornamented latticed chimney towers and domed churches which are the pride of Algarve are a living reminder of the Moorish contribution to Portuguese architecture.

In the daily life of the people, the frequent scrubbing of floors, constant whitewashing of houses and the habit of changing clean linen every week is a true Moorish inheritance. The brightness of the Algarvian homes form a striking contrast to the dwellings in the northern parts of the country which in most cases appear grimy and gloomy.

The hand of the Moor in the cuisine of the land is rarely disputed. There are a good number of Portuguese words for foods derived from Arabic. *Acepipe* (hors d'oeuvres), comes from the Arabic *al-zabib; almôndeqa* (meat ball), *albunduqa;* and *escabeche* (pickles), *al-skabaj* are a sample of these Moorish influences in the kitchen. In addition, almost all the almond and egg sweets were in one form or another cooked in the Moorish homes. C. Freyre in his book *Masters and Slaves* writes that old Portuguese cookbooks are filled with Moorish recipes. He mentions Moorish broth, Moorish fish, Moorish hen, Moorish lamb and Moorish sausage.

In traditions, folklore and music there is also a hint of eastern lands. The well known custom of Arab hospitality has left its mark throughout Algarve. As in eastern Arab lands, strangers are invited into village homes for refreshments or to pick fruit from the orchards of the host. At night when a village woman dressed in black pours out her soul in a sad-piercing voice, singing of a lost past and casting a spell over her audience, she reminds the listener of the *mawwal* or *qasida* of the Arabian desert. Coming from the heart's depth, stark and untamed, the *fado,* renowned in Portuguese folklore, is of pure oriental origin.

We rented an auto in Albufeira, a dazzling white town engulfed in Moorish atmosphere, then spent a week exploring some of the remaining villages and cities of Algarve which had been destroyed and rebuilt many times since the Moorish age. We began our tour at Silves — Shalb of the Moors from which its present-day name is derived. During the centuries of Muslim rule, it was a magnificent metropolis crowded with palaces and gardens and the capital of Algarve. Its idyllic atmosphere made it a famous

home for Moorish bards who sang of its fairytale beauty, vying in elegant verse when describing its attributes.

Today, it is a simple provincial outpost only one third the size it was during Muslim times. Its splendid Moorish structures have disappeared. Only the impressive Moorish castle known as Alcazaba, from the Arabic *al-qasaba* (the fortress); remnants of a former mosque in the nearby Cathedral; and a gate in the former Arab walls remain.

At night, when Alcazaba is floodlit, the dark red silhouette of the citadel crowning the hill gives the town a majestic aura. During the day, from its walls and turrets there is a magnificent view of the surrounding orchards and the tiled roofs of Silves, tumbling down the hillside to the river.

From this romantic city of the Moors we drove eastward to spend a few days in Faro, the capital of Algarve. According to tradition, it derives its name from the Arabic *faru* — a lighthouse which was first built by the Arabs. It was the last city taken from the Moors and marked the end of Muslim rule in Portugal. Only a number of gateways and parts of the Arab walls survive from the Moorish centuries. With a population of 60,000 it is the largest city in Algarve and, in the last few decades, has become an important trading centre due to its international airport and good harbour facilities. Surrounded by whitewashed villages with their almond, carob, cork and fig trees, it reminds visitors of a North African setting.

Loulé, our next stop, situated in one of the most lovely parts of Algarve, has managed to preserve its oriental flavour. It is a city of sparkling white houses adorned with attractive terraces and colourful pierced Moorish-type chimneys. Minaret-like in appearance, these chimneys made from mortar and plaster, beautify not only Loulé but most of the farms and towns in southern Portugal. Besides these Moorish elements in architecture, from the Muslim era, parts of the 12th century ramparts, talented craftsmen and a rich folkloric tradition remain. Every year a colourful carnival is held for three days and, as in Moorish days, artisans fill the marketplace with masterpieces of copper, tin and mirror decorated harnesses.

During the remaining days we toured the older sections of Olhão and Tavira featuring Kasba-style architecture. Their narrow streets and neat-looking white houses, with ridges accented in blue and crowned with charming Moorish chimneys, appeared more North African than European.

Olhão, often labelled 'town of cubes', impressed us as a glittering white cube-shaped town but Tavira intrigued us more because of its relaxing aura. One of the most pleasant urban centres in Algarve, it lies in a well-cultivated countryside. It is a beautiful and picturesque rather Moorish looking town with delightful gardens and a rusty expanse of North African type rooftops. Its castle, built on the ruins of a mosque, and whose gardens perfume the air, is a true reminder of the Muslim epoch.

During our week of exploration we travelled through a good number of towns and villages still carrying their Arabic names — a living reminder of the 500 year Arab rule of Algarve. These and other mementos from the days of Muslim rule have left an enduring mark.

THE LAST DAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

by A. D. Harvey

KEATS died at 25: Shakespeare may have been 25 or even 27 when he wrote the first of his surviving works. There are many cases of creative artists who, perhaps accumulating experience while in pursuit of false beginnings, make a slow start with their lives' work. Shakespeare's last known composition was written at the age of 48 or 49, at least three years before his death. He had apparently decided to abandon the London theatre world, but he is not known to have been in poor health, and his death was the result of a brief illness, brought on, according to legend, by an excess of socializing during a visit to London. His ceasing to write at 49 is much more remarkable than the slightly delayed commencement of his career as an author. It has been remarked that 'capacity for constant growth is among the surest indications of major creative power'. One should not think in this context of the etiolated second half of E. M. Forster's life but rather of Leonardo, Michelangelo, Titian, Milton, Goethe, Beethoven, Turner, Hugo, Tolstoy, Hardy: and yet during his productive years Shakespeare had been at least as prolific as any one of these. One might even suppose that the habit of dove-tailing themes, marshalling the poetry into verse, setting the magic down on paper, would have become necessary to him, as an addictive delight and as an indispensable means of organizing his solitary hours.

With the sudden termination of his writing career in view, one tends to see a coherent pattern in Shakespeare's dramas: the agonized power of the great tragedies giving way to the ambivalence and cynicism of the problem plays *(Troilus and Cressida, Measure for Measure)* and this giving way in turn to the relaxed and reconciliatory mood of the final romances. What indeed should Shakespeare have written after *The Tempest?* — though it turns out that, a couple of years later, he collaborated with Fletcher on the confusing and somewhat objectless *Henry VIII.* The mere fact that Shakespeare then withdrew to Stratford proves that, after *Henry VIII,* he did not have it in him — did not find the energy or the desire or the need — to write another play. But he was not simply a writer of plays, he had written narrative poems and sonnets in his time, was a master of prose as well as verse, and did not need to frequent London theatres if he was not proposing to write for the theatre. His transfer to Stratford evidently meant the end (or suspension) of his career as a dramatist: it did not necessarily mean a decision to stop writing.

Of course there is a version of Shakespeare which shows him as a long-headed businessman who took to writing plays merely to make money, and who ceased writing when he had made enough. This version of Shakespeare is little more than an elaboration of a Literary Agent's paradox ('If you can write better than Shakespeare, young man, you're probably smart enough to handle publishers yourself'). If Shakespeare had only been interested in the bread he could have made more — and with less uncer-

tainty — as a lawyer or a businessman. The fact that he acknowledged that even poets need to eat does not prove that he had no higher idea of poetry than the manager of a chop-house. There are many portrayals of the excesses of poetic imagination in his plays (Hotspur and Owen Glendower in *Henry IV* Part I for example, but perhaps even the protagonists of *Hamlet* and *Othello*) but however cynical his vision, it never fell back on the easy trick of reducing things to their lowest common denominator. His range of sympathy demands a similar effort of sympathy from us. Shakespeare the long-headed businessman may have co-existed with Shakespeare the author of *Hamlet*, but the one is not an adequate explanation of the other. And if, after all, Shakespeare's career as an author had no other guiding principle than desire for money, why should he have felt he had earned enough by the age of 49 when he was at the peak of his capacity to earn more?

It seems most likely that he retired to Stratford, not to escape from his career as a writer, but simply to put an end to his career as a writer for the theatre, a genre, after all, of no particular reputation or tradition. It seems most likely that he retired, not from writing, but in order to write: to write a work worthy of powers which he himself undoubtedly recognized as altogether exceptional.

The sonnet was essentially a minor genre, and one he had already explored. A long, philosophical poem without plot or action could never have been to his taste: 'the Growth of the Poet's Mind' might perhaps have been a theme worthy of Shakespeare but it belongs essentially to the *Zeitgeist* of Wordsworth's generation, 200 years later. He may have thought of writing an epic: he would have known Samuel Daniel's *Civil Wars* of 1595 and Michael Drayton's *Mortimeriados* of 1596, and, less depressing and discouraging models, Spenser's *Faerie Queene* of 1590, Harrington's translation of *Orlando Furioso* and Chapman's translation of the *Iliad*. The capacity of epic poetry to attract would-be epic poets in this period is indicated by Toinet's *Quelques Recherches autour des Poèmes Héroïques-Épiques Français du Dix-Septième Siècle*. And yet how backward-looking the whole business of writing epic poems seems in retrospect. Milton's triumphant gesture at epic killed the genre for all practical purposes in English literature: his example was later to inspire many imitators but no-one with the capacity to conceive and sustain such a literary effort, at the level required, and the achievement of *Paradise Lost* simply emphasizes the degree to which it was a literary dead end. Later Pope and Coleridge planned epic poems with which they found themselves incapable of proceeding. Perhaps Shakespeare did too: but he would have been at least as sensitive as Pope and Coleridge to the essential anachronism and irrelevance of such a project.

Epic poetry belonged to the past: the genre which was soon to replace drama as the focus of most European literatures was already taking shape in Shakespeare's time: the novel. *Gargantua and Pantagruel* belongs, indeed, to the generation before Shakespeare's birth: *Don Quixote* was published when Shakespeare was 41, and is approximately contemporary

with *Othello*. *Pilgrim's Progress* was not to appear till 1678: it is slightly odd that the English should make such a slow beginning with an international genre which they were to dominate in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and slightly humiliating that *Pilgrim's Progress*, England's first classic novel, is, in narrative concept and handling, markedly less sophisticated than the work of Cervantes three-quarters of a century earlier. The history of the novel would certainly look very different if Shakespeare were known to have written one.

One recalls that Sir Walter Scott — also a comparatively late starter as a writer — moved from poetry to the novel at the age of 43, and even with his much lesser talent shifted the whole genre into a new direction.

Looking at Shakespeare's plays, one is struck by how well-equipped he was to become a novelist. Though nearly all his plots were taken from older writers one may scarcely attribute this to lack of inventive faculty, and indeed, one cannot fail to notice his virtuosity in altering existing plots (as in *Measure for Measure*, where in the original story Isabella agrees to sleep with Angelo as the price of her brother's life, and is then presented with her brother's decapitated head) or in bringing out implications of the narrative and giving them an entirely new significance. Friedrich Schlegel acknowledged Shakespeare's contribution to the evolution of narrative when he noted, 'Ariosto, Cervantes and Shakespeare have each in different ways *poeticized* the *Novelle*'. Shakespeare was also a master of idiomatic prose: in fact, given the excellence of his prose it is odd that no work entirely in prose survives from his pen, though indeed, *Much Ado About Nothing* is almost entirely in prose, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* contains more prose than verse.

It may be argued of course that it is one thing to write dramatic dialogue, quite another to write a sustained, architecturally structured, narrative. But the prose of Shakespeare's plays is often something quite different — and technically more accomplished — than what one normally understands by dramatic dialogue. In *Henry V* for example, the King discusses the limits of his moral responsibility in prose:

> So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services.

This is not dramatic dialogue: it is the prose of philosophical argument, though few sermons or theological texts of the period are as clear and straightforward. In *Hamlet* too the Prince speaks in prose, when instructing the players:

> an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were not sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. (Act II sc. 2.)

This, and Hamlet's subsequent advice to the Players in Act III scene 1,

belongs as much to the history of critical discourse as to the tradition of stage dialogue. Hamlet's speech to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern concerning his melancholy is also not dramatic in the narrower sense:

> What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? (Act II sc. 2.)

This, surely, is a prose poem, and a clearer, more elegant example of the genre than any written by Lyly or his disciples at the time of Shakespeare's youth. And later in the play we find:

> Alas! poor Yorick. I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chapfallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.

This surely is more than a demonstration that Shakespeare could pen a bravura passage as well in prose as in verse: in its expository technique and sensitivity to the sequencing of mental processes it looks forward to James Joyce.

Of course Shakespeare might have been adept in almost all varieties of prose, without being particularly proficient in narrative. There is relatively little verbal narrative in his plays, in which, in contrast to the plays of Racine, most of the important action takes place on-stage. And such formal narrative as there is is mostly in verse. But both in verse and prose Shakespeare showed his skill in pace, timing and climax. His excellence may be brought out by quoting a passage written by one of his contemporaries: a striking piece of writing that in many respects is typical and characteristic of the English prose of Shakespeare's time:

> In this distress it pleased God to send us rain in such plenty, as that we were well watered, and in good comfort to return. But after we came near unto the sun, our dried penguins began to corrupt, and there bred in them a most loathsome and ugly worm of an inch long. This worm did so mightily increase, and devour our victuals, that there was in reason no hope how we should avoid famine, but be devoured of these wicked creatures: there was nothing that they did not devour, only iron excepted: our clothes, boots, shoes, hats, shirts, stockings: and for the ship they did so eat the timbers, as that we greatly feared they would undo us, by gnawing through the ship's side. Great was the care and diligence of our captain, master, and company to consume these vermin, but the more we laboured to kill them, the more they increased; so that at the last we could not sleep for them, but they would eat our flesh, and bite like mosquitoes. In this woeful case, after we had passed the equinoctial toward the north, our men began to fall sick of such a monstrous disease, as I think the like was never heard of: for in their ankles it began to swell; from thence in two days it would be in their breasts, so that they could not draw their breath, and then fell into their cods; and their cods and yards did swell most grievously, and most dreadfully to behold, so that they could neither stand, lie, nor go. Divers grew raging mad, and some died in most loathsome and furious pain. It were incredible to write our misery as it was: there was no man in perfect health, but the captain and one boy. To be short, all our men died, except 16, of which there were but 5 able to move.

This may be contrasted with the former Mistress Quickly's account of the death of Falstaff in *Henry V*:

> 'a parted ev'n just between twelve and one, ev'n at the turning o' th' tide; for

> after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was sharp as a pen, and 'a babbl'd of green fields. 'How now, Sir John!' quoth I 'What, man, be o'good cheer'. So 'a cried out, 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet; I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone. (Act II sc. 3.)

The first passage achieves its effect by its total artlessness: the horrific details are inventoried, not with a view to how they will affect the reader, but simply because they have stamped themselves upon the memory: there is no attempt to heighten the effect by ordering or arrangement, by highlighting or building up to a climax: the simile of the worms biting 'like mosquitoes', which more than anything else brings the awfulness of this experience home to the reader, owes its force and impact mainly to the fact that it is so triumphantly and unself-consciously banal and anti-climactic. By comparison the description of the death of Falstaff is all art: the garrulous confusion of the narrator is only a pretence: in the reality everything is organized, timed for maximum effect and bent towards the climax, where the former Mistress Quickly reaches under the bed clothes and follows the remorseless onset of mortality from feet to knees 'and so upward and upward'. To write a novel would simply be to write like this on a larger scale.

Every writer's work is in a sense a work in progress, left uncompleted at his death, so that posterity is left to judge the direction it was taking from the point it had reached at the moment of the author's ceasing to write. This is true even of authors who outlive their talent; but it seems very unlikely that Shakespeare at 50 or 51 had outlived his talent. He retired to Stratford for a purpose, and he was interrupted in that purpose. The whereabouts of the manuscript he was working on at Stratford is of course a mystery. The literary undergrowth of the seventeenth century is rich in mysteriously lost manuscripts that come miraculously to light, but Shakespeare's manuscript was simply, irretrievably lost, disposed of, dispersed or destroyed without hope of recovery. One cannot discount the possibility that its destruction, deliberate or accidental, was in some way linked to the author's death. He died, apparently on his 52nd birthday, the greatest dramatist that had ever lived. What more he might have become, had he been given another dozen years, we will never know: but surely we can speculate.

NOTE

The quotation in the first paragraph is from an essay on Henry Moore by Sir John Rothenstein. Marie Joseph Toinet's *Quelques Recherches autour des Poèmes Héroïques-Épiques Français du Dix-Septième Siècle* was published in two volumes in 1899 and 1907: his discussion covers 94 epic poems, of which 32 have Biblical subjects. The quotation from Friedrich Schlegel is from his *Literary Notebooks* 1797-1801, note 1154. The passage of Elizabethan prose quoted for purposes of comparison with Shakespeare is from Hakluyt's *The Last Voyage of Thomas Cavendish.*

A CHAMPION OF LONDON'S DOCKLAND

Recalled by John Slader

HE was a Malay of Royal blood; brown skinned with smooth black hair, pearly teeth, twinkling eyes and an ever present smile. He was born in Ceylon, now Sri Lanka, in 1886, the eldest of a family of five sons and four daughters. His father was wealthy, a leader of the Moslems, the head of the island Malay community and was known as the Tuan Kale, or Bishop.

Sent with his brothers to the Christian Kingswood College at Kandy, they were the first native boys to be admitted to this 'white man's' school of education. By the outbreak of the First World War he had risen to become Inspector of Police in the Malay States; later he sailed for Britain to enlist in the Public Schools Battalion. His name was Kamel Athon Chunchie.

We met at Camber Sands in Sussex during the 1930s when at nearby Rye my father was Superintendent Minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Surrounding him were coloured seamen from the East End of London, their wives and children. They were enjoying a day out at the seaside. The impression which Kamel Chunchie made on me that day and the tales which he told of his life and work have withstood over half a century of time. Many members of the Methodist Church and East Enders of all religions will still remember him.

He was one of the few black soldiers to serve in the British Army and the only black man in his battalion to serve in France, Italy and Salonika. He was gassed and twice wounded. In the trenches in Flanders he became a Christian; later, because of his conversion, he was disowned by his family losing all the wealth due to an eldest son. Even his life was in danger; in the tradition of the Moslem faith a 'convert' often met with a fatal accident arranged by the family to wipe out the insult to its honour.

He fell in love with a young Welsh girl serving in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps at Chatham. She was the daughter of Francis David Williams, a Swansea landowner and businessman. Later they were married in the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Walthamstow and so commenced one of the very early so-called mixed marriages.

In between playing cricket for the Essex County 2nd XI and fighting some of the toughest opponents to be found in the boxing booths, a sport which he had learnt in the Army and the Police, Chunchie dreamed of serving his spiritual leader. He became disturbed by the life led by black seamen who were arriving in the Pool of London in increasing numbers; he was particularly concerned by the racism which they met, by the poverty and hunger brought about by lack of work, both at sea and on land. With his wife he rented an upstairs room in Poplar so that he could be amongst 'his flock'.

Radiating happiness and uplift as always, with the backing of the Wesleyans and of his wife, who by this time had given him a daughter,

he launched in January 1922 a new branch of Christian service. First he worked for the Queen Victoria Seamen's Rest in Poplar and then, in a former dance hall which he rented, he started Docklands first church for black people; mostly they were Christians, others were Mohammedans, atheists and pagans, those in a foreign land without a friend to call their own. He was a pioneer in race relations.

Seamen from warmer climes, many of them from outposts of the British Empire, found life difficult without a spiritual leader. They ran foul of the 'demon' drink and of prostitutes which brought upon them much poverty and degradation, both to themselves and their families. They sought one of their own colour to help them.

It was to help such families that Kamel Chunchie gave his life; he could converse with them all for he was master of eight languages. In the East End he was known to preach to cosmopolitan congregations in six different languages in the same service. The Wesleyan Methodist Church gave him their backing, paying him an annual stipend for his pioneer work. Pastor Chunchie became a black missionary in a white man's country; in the Sunday school of his mission-church there were at the same time, boys and girls who were black, white, brown and yellow.

Four years later he moved to premises in Canning Town. Once a Chinese lodging-house and opium den, the Coloured Men's Institute flourished until 1930 when it was demolished by the West Ham Corporation in the interests of road widening. Here he lived together with his wife and daughter in a large upstairs flat which he called 'the manse'.

In addition to work at the Institute itself, he regularly visited hospitals, infirmaries, and the homes of his 'flock'. His wife took charge of the 'benefits' which he provided; boots and shoes, coal and clothes were distributed all the year round. They were 'benefits' made possible by the kind subscribers to his Annual Appeals for money and for clothes.

In the last year of its work the Institute found bed and breakfast for over 650 stranded seamen, ninety-four families received Christmas dinners and over 400 were entertained to the New Year party. Then, just at the time he needed support, the Church failed him in his effort to found a new Mission.

There was a difference of opinion amongst the hierarchy of the Methodist Church over the life he was leading. The Pastor had become a member of The Royal Empire Society, something one could not achieve without the help of those in 'high places'. There he sought a game of snooker or bridge, his favourite pastimes; he could be found in the snooker room with a brandy at his side, a cigarette in his mouth.

Then, sometimes in company with the wide circle of friends that he had made, he would visit clubs and restaurants in London's West End, at other times he could be found in the best seats of the theatres of Shaftesbury Avenue. It was on such occasions that he met and came to know many of the nobility of the land, including HRH the Prince of Wales, shortly to become King Edward VIII.

Many of his friends became firm supporters of the Mission. The Prince

of Wales and his entourage showed a great interest in Kamel Chunchie, a native of one of Britain's tropical colonies. But the new life he was leading did not appeal to many of the Wesleyans of the 1930s.

The Church assumed he was squandering his stipend and the money given to him by those anxious to help him in his work. Yet this was by no means the case. He had been forgiven by his family for his rejection of the Moslem faith; he had been made welcome by his father on a visit to Ceylon. He had access to the wealth of his father who made a small provision for him.

When Pastor Chunchie was offered a post outside London it was away from his beloved dockland people. He turned it down. Instead he purchased the Old Ship Inn with the intention of having it demolished to erect a new Institute on the site. He personally raised £2,500 towards its construction, much of which he 'earned' by campaigning up and down the country. At weekends he preached in Methodist churches. As many as 1,000 people gathered to hear his particular brand of world Christianity.

Often he could be heard at Hyde Park Corner and at Tower Hill, sharing the platform with the Rev. Donald Soper, now the Reverend The Lord Soper, and others. Working amongst all races and creeds he held a unique position in the grim streets of London's dockland. Accepted as an 'empire builder' in the country of his masters, he was recruited by MI6 to help safeguard the lives of those he loved. He was admired by Lord Soper who hails him as an outstanding Christian of that era.

For many of his 'flock' that day at Camber Sands, adults and children alike, it was their first sight of the British seaside. Much of the cost of such outings would come out of this champion's own pocket, topped up by subscriptions from friends, by the pennies and sixpences which he would 'beg' from the local Methodist minister. At the end of the day, before boarding the motorcoach for the return journey, tea would be provided in the schoolroom of the church, provided and served up by the Minister's wife and her helpers.

Kamel Chunchie's dream of a new Institute never materialised. The cost of his 'service' to those needy folk grew enormously, the cost of building became prohibitive. As the clouds of war gathered he purchased a 'semi' south of the Thames from where he carried on his work. All through the blitz and after the peace was declared he continued to carry on his work. He died in 1953, still caring for those in this country who came from his native Ceylon, guiding and helping them in their misfortunes. His Welsh wife outlived him and passed from us only four years ago, at the age of ninety-eight.

BERNARD SHAW — PHOTOGRAPHER

by Molly Mortimer

'THE Photographer is like the Cod, which produces a million eggs in order that one may reach maturity.' This famous remark by Shaw, certainly applied to his own work. Quantity far outran quality. Never an outstanding photographer, his pictures rarely reached exhibition level. One of the few published, was a delicately coloured and unlikely study of his local church at Ayot St. Lawrence. This appeared in the *Studio*, 1908.

Bernard Shaw had an enduring love affair with photography; he was a passionate and prolific snapper from 1898 to the time of his death. Yet little is known about Shaw the photographer. At the time of his death nobody quite knew what to do with the thousands of prints and negatives stuffed away at Shaw Corner. He did not bequeath them to the Royal Photographic Society with which he had had more than one spar. So, rather oddly all the photographs were bundled up with other documents and transferred to the London School of Economics (of which Shaw had been a Fabian Founding Father). And there they remain. Not perhaps of great aesthetic value, but certainly of social and historical significance. For Shaw, born during the Crimean War (the first to be reported by a photographer, Roger Fenton), lived on to the atomic era and through nearly the whole history of photography.

The exact origins of Shaw's interest in photography are not known. When he came to London in 1876 to live with (and on) his mother for the next ten years, he was too poor for such an expensive hobby. He was acquainted with W. K. Burton, one of the founders of the Camera Club 1885, and he certainly browsed in the city bookshop of Frederick Evans, another leading photographer of the eighties. Shaw's first public pronouncement on photography appeared in his unsuccessful novel *The Unsocial Socialist*, published in 1883, where photography is proclaimed as the supreme art of the future. Three years later, as art critic for the *World*, he was reviewing London photographic exhibitions in knowledgeable and provocative terms. More avant than garde, Shaw was angry that photography should try to imitate painting when it had a perfectly good and less mechanistic discipline of its own. Photography, he proclaimed, should build up its self esteem and realise that it had a greater claim than painting, that obsolete makeshift, to be counted as art: 'the day of the daubs is over'.

By 1898, the introduction of the hand camera, dry plates and a rich wife, made it possible for Shaw to become an active practitioner of the hobby he remained addicted to till the end of his life. He never overcame his lack of mechanical skill. He wasted much material. He was a natural Cod. He had some excuse. At the beginning of this century, photography was a difficult and even dangerous occupation. The collodian process (gunpowder in alcohol and ether) was explosive, and more than one amateur lost his studio and his life. Photography was also cumbersome. Bernard d'Alfieri,

an early member of the Camera Club recalled a day's outing with his father in the 1890s. A local lunatic was hired as porter. But his father carried tripod, camera, sensitising bath and water. He carried the tent made of black twill and a leather tab held in the teeth to hold the eyeholes in position. Wryly, d'Alfieri wondered who was the lunatic.

Nevertheless, Bernard Shaw became an influential critic during the first decade of the 20th century, when the art world blew up over the position of photography to a degree unimagined today. Even characters as far apart as Rossetti, Ruskin and Conan Doyle were interested. Shaw in his progressive element, wrote and spoke. His writing was mainly confined to thirteen articles in the *Amateur Photographer*, edited for many years by my father, F. J. Mortimer, the seascape supremo. In opposition to the conservatism of the Royal Photographic Society, he opened his pages to Shaw's pen. The last major article appeared in 1909 on the unending debate of photography as an art. But F.J. also gave publicity for Shaw's lectures to the London Camera Club which provided a captive and distinguished audience. In 1911 there is a full report of an Evening of Wit and Music with Shaw; Evans and the Pianola (which they both regarded as the camera of music). In 1917 there was the not unamusing spectacle of Shaw trying to explain to a bemused audience the significance of Alvin Coburn's 'Vorticism'. The young American photographer was his special protégé, whose portraits he claimed to equal Holbein, Hals and Gainsborough. Without going so far, Coburn's brooding mephistophelean study of Shaw in 1908 gives some credence to the idea.

After World War I, Shaw's fame spread theatrewards, and his role as 'stirrer' of the photographic world ceased. His last appearance at the Camera Club, arranged by F.J. was in 1930 when he opened an Exhibition of Soviet Art. Those were the days of Fabian and Webb support of the Russian Paradise and Shaw was wildly enthusiastic. He visited the USSR the following year. He and F.J. continued to swim together at the RAC pool, the two elderly ginger celts, barely escaping a bomb in 1942.

There were only two more photographic enterprises by Shaw: nine pages of his pictures, published by the *Countryman* in 1937. Much later came his Rhyming Picture Guide to Ayot St Lawrence, only just finished before his death in 1950. In this he was influenced by F.J. who had written the first book on *Photography for the Press* and was seen by Tom Hopkinson of *Picture Post* as the true forerunner of photo journalism.

Though Shaw was not a great photographer he contributed a unique measure of wit and discussion of the subject at a crucial time in its history. And he enjoyed his status of amateur photographer to the end, snapping away at the rather grim Fabians at play. He loved being photographed too, including some grisly nudes. Shaw did provide one delightful print of his beloved Mrs. Patrick Campbell in bed, presumably thinking up her famous aphorism: 'marriage is the result of the longing for the deep peace of the double bed, after the hurly burly of the *chaise longue*'.

Certainly the photo-historian will find no shortage of apposite material in the largely unexplored archives of Bernard Shaw, photographer.

CINEMA: A QUARTERLY REVIEW

by David Shipman

I did a radio broadcast on the best of last year's movies with one national critic who had some slighting words — I don't recall them exactly — because I did not like *GoodFellas* which, I have to say, was universally praised here and in the States. Technically, it's as accomplished as you would expect from Martin Scorsese, but it's only of interest to those concerned with the grubbier reaches of crime. It glorifies crime. Oh, the young 'hero' (Ray Liotta) ends up facing a dreary, anonymous existence after turning State Witness, to save his skin, but hadn't he told us that 'Being a gangster was all that I wanted to be. Being a gangster was better than being president of the United States'? And didn't his wife (Lorraine Bracco) inform us that 'after a while, it didn't seem like crime, more like Henry was enterprising'. These two statements may be a genuine representation of the criminal mentality, but the 'enterprising' crimes were not shoplifting from Woolworth's. The film lasts an interminable 145 minutes, and if they had cut out the shots of bloody bodies it would have been 45 minutes shorter — and conceivably a mite more edifying. After acknowledging the presence in the cast of a formidable actor, Robert De Niro, playing a particularly vicious gangster, I rest my case.

This was programmed at the London Film Festival, and if I draw your attention to two better films in the festival you may see why I object to mindless bloodletting. *To Forget Palermo* is also about crime, in this case the Mafia control of the drug-trade in New York. A young guy (James Belushi) running for mayor believes that the murder-rate in that city can be seriously curtailed if drugs are legalised: he is therefore a marked man when he takes his bride (Mimi Rogers) on honeymoon to Palermo, the Mafia headquarters. The director, Francesco Rosi, does not have as pure a blend of polemic and suspense as he did in his best films, *Il Caso Mattei* and *Cadaveri Eccellenti*, but there is enough of both to ensure a satisfying evening.

This film, unlike the paltry *GoodFellas*, is trying to say something about life in this century, and so is *Martha und Ich*, which has the temerity to deal with the extermination of the Jews under Hitler. It's a memory piece, written and directed by Jiri Weiss, returning to Europe after his exile in America. As a youngster, he was farmed out to an uncle (Michel Piccoli) who, after a messy marriage, weds his housekeeper (Marianne Sägebrecht). She is also a gentile; and she stands by him after he has been herded into the ghetto in Vienna. After he has been deported, she commits suicide. Despite its subject, this is a warm, even winning movie, ingratiating even at its most lumpish — as when the boy loses his virginity at summer camp.

Staying in mittel-Europe, we have *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, which has a fine title and a screenplay based on an acclaimed novel by Milan Kundera. Set against the Prague Spring of 1968, when the Russian

tanks thundered in, it concerns a young surgeon (Daniel Day-Lewis) with a healthy interest in having sex with as many women as possible. This being so, I can't imagine why he gets married — to a waitress (Juliet Binoche); but then I did not understand how she manages to make the transition to magazine photographer in one small step. Nor did I understand how they all settle into cushy jobs when they all flee to Geneva — 'they' including his mistress (Lena Olin), who seems to yearn for a lesbian fling with the wife. In fact, these matters only become believable once you come to the realisation that you're watching soap opera with knobs on — a sort of *Doctor Zhivago* with sex. You know, the lives and loves of people caught up in a political whirlwind. Philip Kaufman, who made *The Right Stuff*, was the director, and it was produced by Saul Zaentz, who gave us *Amadeus* and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. They really should have known better.

I cannot say that I liked *The War of the Roses* at all. This study of a disintegrating marriage, directed by Danny DeVito, goes further in destruction than any predecessor, till the house is in ruins and both of the couple (Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner) have murder on their minds. In the old days, quarrelling spouses like Irene Dunne and Cary Grant always ended up with a last minute reconciliation because they had never really fallen out of love. Because the dialogue of *The War of the Roses* has no wit or perception it can't rank with the comedies of yesteryear; because it has no pain (the children of the couple are simply shunted off screen) it is not affecting. That national critic I spoke of was praising this on the air, but I learn from an article by Bernard Levin that Fredric Raphael took him to task for this in a piece in *The Spectator*.

There was another critic with us, a nice lady called Minty Clinch, who dismissed one of my choices, *Driving Miss Daisy*, as 'sentimental' — which is precisely what it is not. This is the one, you will recall, which won some Academy Awards last year, including Best Picture. I thought it sounded awful — this tale of the relationship between a Southern Jewish widow (Jessica Tandy) and her black chauffeur (Morgan Freeman), over a twenty year period from the Civil Rights days to almost the present. Not to digress, I recently saw a not dissimilar movie, also from a stage-play, also about an unusual relationship — or, rather, correspondence, between an American Jewish lady writer and a British bookseller, *84 Charing Cross Road*. That also took place over a number of years, in New York and London, and the director, David Jones, piled on the local colour, period detail, personal idiosyncrasies, till the frail material collapses underneath. Given that *Driving Miss Daisy* moves smoothly from significance to jokes and back, I may not have cared for it in the theatre. In fact I went to this film with great unwillingness. Alfred Uhry has written the screenplay from his play, but the director, Bruce Beresford, has stood back from his material, and has made his players be equally reticent. The old lady might have been a curmudgeon with a heart of gold, but instead she is someone of no distinction but blessed with common sense. The greatest criticism levelled against the film is that she loves the chauffeur at the end because he knows his place,

but that is its great virtue: she likes him eventually, but he remains a black man, a black man whom she likes. Morgan Freeman is outstanding. What the piece has to say about racial prejudice is unexceptional, but as I've said before in this column that is something always worth re-stating. *Goodfellas* could use a glimmer of any message.

So could *Dick Tracy*. What sort of movie industry that can spend $50 million or more on a tale taken from a comic strip? As it happened, what gave rise to that strip in the first place, in 1930, was indignation about organised crime in America. So this movie is set in the 30s, and it uses the bright primary colours of comic strips. But the result, produced and directed by Warren Beatty, who stars, is like nothing so much as the B movies of my childhood; it has the same 'dead' feeling, packed with action but without interest. The piece has a number of songs by Stephen Sondheim, who is always happiest doing pastiche — and these are fun; alas, they are sung by a lady called Madonna, of whom I have heard much but about whom I expect to hear little in future, the least effective blonde seductress since Lana Turner.

I'm happy to have to report that the public preferred *Presumed Innocent*, which has the misfortune to be compelled to jettison the first person narration of Scott Turow's novel — in which a prosecuting attorney detailed his investigation of a colleague with whom he was having an affair, and subsequently his own trial when arrested on the charge. He never informs the reader of his guilt or innocence, presumably on the ground that that would be superfluous. The film has to keep us alive to the fact that nice Harrison Ford might be as guilty as he is thought to be, and he certainly looks glum enough throughout. But he's a fine actor with a strong screen presence, and Alan J. Pakula does an excellent job in keeping us guessing, even finding some twists which Turow overlooked in his overdense novel.

One of the advantages of being critic of the *Review* rather than, say, *The Spectator* is that I'm not limited to the latest sensation in town. I've just seen four films which passed almost unnoticed a couple of years ago, and I bring them to your notice as items most definitely to be plucked from the shelves of your local video library. *Punchline*, written and directed by David Seltzer, stars Sally Field as a New Jersey housewife and Tom Hanks as medical student. Both are obsessed with the idea of being a stand-up comic, and movies about obsessions and/or closed societies, in this case the cabaret in which they perform, are often first rate — and this is no exception. Both players are outstanding, as is John Goodman as Field's long-suffering husband. The film is not especially funny, but it's so well-aimed that it's just about perfect. And so is *Nadine*, in which Kim Basinger goes to retrieve some 'art studies' for which she had posed, believing the photographer to be a friend of Hugh Hefner. He gets to be very dead while she is waiting for the pictures, so she turns to her estranged husband, Jeff Bridges: as they inadvertently have something which some ruthless people want their lives are soon in danger. Robert Benton wrote and directed a film whose virtues include its length, just 82 minutes.

Looking back, I think we'll see the 1980s in the cinema as marked by

several fine thrillers. Ridley Scott's *Someone to Watch Over Me* certainly scared me. A filthy-rich New York girl (Mimi Rogers) witnesses a murder and has to be protected by a very ordinary cop (Tom Berenger). He's happily married, but there is a mutual attraction, to which they succumb — but there is a gap in their social positions which can't be surmounted, even in common peril. If this is a film about class, *Tequila Sunrise* is about enigma. As written and directed by Robert Towne nothing is quite what it seems and motives are exposed without being explained. Given that the three leads are playing at full star wattage, the result is quite satisfying: Mel Gibson, as a former drugs dealer who may or may not want to return to the game; Kurt Russell as his college buddy, now a cop, who cannot bring himself to arrest him; and Michelle Pfeiffer, who looks like a knock-out but is too naive to be running a restaurant which may or may not be the centre of the drug trade.

POEMS

TWO FANCIES

A FRAMED MIRROR

That mirror wears a frame fit for a Rembrandt.
What it reflects can't fail
To be a masterpiece:
In it this quiet room becomes resplendent.

But looking into it invites disaster:
Just now I glanced that way
And caught my puzzled eye:
What looked straight back at me was an old master!

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GARDEN

Gnats, not fairies, dance here
Like animated motes of dust,
Cavorting in leaf-shadowed air
On crimson sunbeams from the west.

A ritual sacrifice! at times
A dancer breaks ranks to drink
My blood: its tiny blood-stream
Bears what, for it, is a large chunk

Of me; and now I seem to hear
Their wailful choir boasting that
While still alive I'm in the air —
Re-incarnated as a gnat!

Edward Lowbury, 1983

Literary Supplement

THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

The University of London and the World of Learning, 1836-1986, ed. by F. M. L. Thompson. The Hambledon Press, pp. xxviii+260. £25.00.

The University of London was the first initiative in education by a British government. It was an expedient to solve an immediate problem, but it had lasting effects. A college calling itself the University of London had applied for a royal charter enabling it to confer degrees. But a rival King's College, supported by the Established Church, was offering similar courses and not only opposed the aspirations of its rival but was likely to press its own claims. Both colleges had eminent medical practitioners among their founders and the improvement of medical education as important aims: nevertheless the London teaching hospitals were strongly against allowing either college to award degrees in medicine. The government out-manoeuvred all the contending parties by setting up its own university to examine and confer degrees on students from both colleges and — no doubt with the teaching hospitals in mind — any other institutions that might be nominated.

The government's anxiety for the success of its bold venture is shown by the impressive Senate it appointed. Nearly half of its members were Fellows of the Royal Society. Not surprisingly, 16 of the 38 were medical men. They quickly set about planning courses in areas of knowledge previously uncharted for systematic study. Arts, Laws and Medicine were the first Faculties. In 1858 to allow more advanced teaching of the natural sciences which the two original colleges had taught from their beginnings, a Faculty of Science was added. As the century went on further subjects were developed and Faculties created — in 1877 one for Music (though it was largely nominal) and in 1900 one for Engineering, one for Economics and Political Science, and one for Theology.

While advancing the frontiers of higher education, the University was also making it more widely accessible. It was never really possible to check the credentials of institutions seeking to enter candidates for its examinations, and from 1858 individuals have been able to register as students. The service continued after a score of London colleges and teaching hospitals entered into a federation with the University in 1900. A number of other colleges in London and elsewhere prepared students for external degrees and so gained experience which enabled them eventually to become universities or polytechnics. In the third quarter of the present century the University accepted its role as a nursery for universities and formed partnerships with a dozen colleges in the UK and in widespread overseas countries with the specific purpose of assisting them to become independent universities, as they have done.

The sesquicentury of an institution so fundamental to higher education in the Commonwealth was an occasion to take stock of its achievements. A series of lectures was delivered and has now been revised and edited by Professor F. M. L. Thompson, the Director of the Institute of Historical Research. In his introduction he admits the difficulties and problems of the University

throughout a somewhat troubled history, and he is not quite sure about its future, but he describes how it determined the character and scope of university education in this country and much of the Commonwealth.

One of the causes for which it was a pioneer was the higher education of women. This is quite rightly given a chapter in the book. London was the first UK university to confer degrees on women and the first to appoint a woman professor. Ms G. R. Sutherland traces the progress towards equality of opportunity for the two sexes with satisfaction at what has been achieved but awareness of persistent needs for greater participation of women in higher education.

The main purpose of the book is to assess the University's 'contribution to scholarship, letters, science and knowledge' (p.ix). The range of the University's interests makes this task very difficult. The obvious way of sorting out all the relevant information is to take it Faculty by Faculty, but the Faculties are preserved only in the titles of degrees: Faculty Boards were abolished in 1966 because, as Professor Thompson says, 'they were sometimes found to be irksome or obstructive in the multi-subject Faculties, Art and Science' (p.xxi). He himself deals with the Faculty of Arts, called here The Humanities. He ranges widely, touching on the borders of some other Faculties in a comprehensive and judicious survey. Sir Hermann Bondi adopts a different strategy with Science, selecting some of the scientists he admires and who seem to him to have been particularly innovative or influential. Medicine also encompasses a large number of disciplines but has a professional coherence. Professor L. P. LeQuisne's enlightening chapter relates London developments to the progress of medical science in general. Professor H. Billett gives interesting information about the establishment by the University of Engineering as an academic discipline. Professor W. L. Twining discusses the relations of academic study of law to professional training and practice and argues that the federal constitution of the University and its external system give a special character to legal education in it. Lord McGregor, too, refers to the role of the external and extra-mural activities in spreading study of the social sciences and considers there have been disadvantages and losses as well as advantages in the concentration of the study of them in one institution, The London School of Economics. Rt. Rev. S. H. Evans is urbanely ecumenical on Theology. Only in the last quarter of a century has the University treated Music seriously, but it has now become a leading centre for music studies. Professor B. Trowell who has been largely responsible for its transformation, has a history of frustration to record but has written a very interesting chapter of social history. Sir William Taylor can point to considerable achievements in the newest Faculty, Education, and produces evidence that 'Few universities in the world, and none in Britain, can claim to have played such a significant part in the development and dissemination of educational ideas and practices as London.' (p.253.)

This is the last sentence of the book, and it is fitting that it should be confident, for the book as a whole supports the editor's statement about the University: 'The record of intellectual achievement, scarcely more than sketched in this volume, is impressive by world standards, and it is a record of what has been done within the much criticised framework of the federal university, maybe in spite of it, maybe because of it, maybe because gifted individuals have got on with doing whatever they felt capable of doing.' (p.xxiii.)

BRUCE PATTISON

ESSAYS ON MODERNISM

The Philosopher on Dover Beach. Essays by Roger Scruton. Carcanet. 1990. £18.95.

Roger Scruton's theme — if there is a single one in this collection of mainly-already-printed essays — is 'modernism'; from which his escape route is 'not forwards into the unknown, but backwards into the familiar'. Although his chair is in aesthetics, at Birkbeck College, his range is daunting. Although he excludes pieces that he has published in many learned journals, essays on architecture (to appear separately) and what he regards as ephemera, he nevertheless offers here commentaries on Spengler and Hegel, Gierke and Masaryk, Pinter, Beckett, Stoppard and Bernard Shaw, to itemise a few unlucky individuals. He reflects on topics like 'The usurpation of Australia' (notable for his attack on the 'effeminate' radical state), and on the role of 'The left establishment'. Even so, he is a ruthless editor of himself, since he also excludes verdicts on Central Europe and on the Lebanon, all of which he knows well, but to which he makes only one reference here (the grimness of Czechoslovakia under Marxism). This is, moreover, the third volume of his collection of essays, and he is also a novelist, a lawyer, and an editor (of the conservative journal, *The Salisbury Review*).

The range is impressive, but un-nerving and episodic. His best piece is his long analysis of 'Man's Second Disobedience', his moralist's assessment of the significance of the French Revolution. In it he pays his respects to Burke, even if without the command of the Master's style. In Part III of the Collection, mainly culled from his political journalism, he is more outspoken and more lucid than elsewhere and, in places, savage.

ESMOND WRIGHT

LEADERS OF THE WEST

Reagan and Thatcher. Geoffrey Smith. Bodley Head. 1990. £14.99.

For long, Geoffrey Smith has been among the best 'insider' journalists on *The Times*, gossip, raconteur, diarist. To help him write this survey of the decade of the 1980s, *The Times* gave him leave, and the Woodrow Wilson Centre in Washington gave him a Fellowship; these opportunities made the writing of this book possible. As a result, we have here one of the best, kindest and yet most incisive portrayals of a great and special friendship. It is unnecessary to say that he writes well. To his style he adds a vast amount of homework: many detailed interviews with the principals, and many more with their friends, colleagues and officials — and even with their critics. The result is an account of the similarities and contrasts of two remarkable 'conviction politicians', one a vivid and sincere communicator who had come up the hard and tortuous way of American politics — a gifted 'generalist' in a television age, for which he was trained as a *pro;* the other an equally gifted speaker, whose strength was a lawyer's skill in command of detail, speed and authority in gladiatorial confrontation, a scientist's ability at analysis, and an intense conviction of the justice of her cause — rare even among dedicated politicians. In alliance they were formidable, and were clearly 'ideological soul mates'. And they were what their times called for, for in 1980 in each country the economy was in slump, and morale very low. This is a vivid account of a great, indeed unique, partnership. It is a book rich in anecdote, warmly written

and wide-ranging, from the Falklands to Irangate, from Grenada to Gorbachev. It is probably the best inside story of one of the unique episodes in the odd story of 'the special relationship'.

ESMOND WRIGHT

AN OXFORD BIOGRAPHY

C. S. Lewis — A Biography. A. N. Wilson. Collins. £15.00.

The astonishing thing about Mr. Wilson is his prolific brilliance. I read his *Milton* twice, indeed a fine book. He learned Russian in order to write *Tolstoy*, which is much and justly praised, according to *Time* magazine. And in thirty years I cannot remember any book given more radio and press space than this biography of Lewis.

What I like best is the Helen Gardner story. She and Lewis argued about the syllabus at Oxford. 'Lewis, in roaring police-court style, defended "his" syllabus with great paradox and gusto. It was precisely because he valued the 19th century above all others in literature that he thought it was an unsuitable subject for undergraduate study. It was too big. How could you understand it if you merely read bits of its poets, and a few novels?

'Not to be outdone, Helen Gardner was on her feet to respond to this. "If Mr. Lewis takes the line that it is improper to read the literature of the period without a thorough knowledge of all the intellectual background, does this argument not extend to all periods of literature? In the area of the 16th century, for example, which of us has pupils who have read Calvin's *Institute of Religion*?" Carried away by the heat of the debate, Lewis replied, "Well, my pupils have all read Calvin." His eyes met Miss Gardner's. He knew that she knew he was lying.'

It would be interesting to know who gave that story to Mr. Wilson. Dame Helen (as she subsequently became) has died. Possibly Austin Farrer or John Lawlor? John Wain? No, he would have told it long ago. It could have been a woman, a friend of Dame Helen's. Whoever it is obviously told Mr. Wilson to keep his mouth shut.

Thus almost inadvertently Lewis is caught — according to Mr. Wilson — telling a lie. Well, so does Mr. Wilson. In describing his visit to the Wade Center at Wheaton College, Illinois, Mr. Wilson writes: 'The Marion E. Wade Center on the upper floor of the college library is devoted to the memorabilia of various Christian writers: George MacDonald, T. S. Eliot, Dorothy L. Sayers, Charles Williams, J. R. R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis and his brother Warren. The library has also recently acquired the papers of that veteran journalist and cynic Malcolm Muggeridge, and here the faithful may see Muggeridge's portable typewriter, kept, like the body of Lenin, in a glass case.' 'Like Lenin in a glass case!'

Oddly enough the curator of the Wade Center, Dr. Lyle Dorsett, called in here at my abode the same day — or perhaps the next day — after visiting Robertsbridge to collect the Malcolm Muggeridge papers. His car was loaded. He opened the back door and off the top he picked a couple of passports and offered them for my inspection. 'Even passports!' I said. Now if he had had Mr. Muggeridge's typewriter he certainly would have shown me that, wouldn't he? To make sure, I asked Dr. Dorsett and he writes that 'Malcolm Muggeridge's typewriter is not and has never been' at the Wade Center. I am afraid

such a big mistake undermines my confidence in anything Mr. Wilson writes.

STEPHEN SCHOFIELD

AFRICAN MINDS

Nine Faces of Kenya. Elspeth Huxley. Collins Harvill. 1990. pp451. £16.00.
The Mind of South Africa. Allister Sparks. Heinemann. 1990. p424. £16.95.

Elspeth Huxley is very much the doyenne of European life and literature in Kenya — a country largely created by the British. Certainly no African country has been so well loved and served in their brief sixty years of dominance. The huge bibliography alone indicates this. Elspeth Huxley has an honoured place for her evocative stories and memories. *Red Strangers* and *Flame Trees of Thika* are unforgettable. Somehow, the shining air of Nairobi, 6,000 feet up created a kind of lightheadedness for certainly Kenya had more than an average share of eccentrics and 'characters'. From Karen Blixen to Happy Valley; Beryl Markham to Joy Adamson and the Leakey family: Lawrence van der Post and Lord Delamere; the great white hunters beloved of Winston Churchill and Theodore Roosevelt. The only ommission in this book is of Donovan Maule, who with his wife and daughter ran a pioneer repertory theatre for all races in Nairobi; their adventures deserve a book at least.

Every page in this anthology-cum-encyclopaedia is rich in joy, from early Chinese travellers to modern Mau Mau, and each dip indicates many more faces than nine to this satisfying survey (which includes excellent maps and chronology). Each section, whether on exploration, settlers, wildlife or legend, is prefaced with a brief introduction. The choice of material is wide and balanced, but Elspeth Huxley does not hesitate to express her own robust views, in relation to changing public opinion on colonialism. 'What was formerly believed to confer enormous benefit on "backward" peoples through law, better health and standards of living is now seen to be through the other end of the telescope as an intolerable exercise in racial arrogance'. She gives one salutory warning: No one foresaw the enormous increase in population that followed the introduction of colonial rule due to the abolition of war, famine, epidemics and reduction of infant mortality. Kenya now has the highest birthrate in the world. While people have multiplied the land that supports them has not.

Population is also a basic problem in South Africa. (Durban has tripled in the last ten years from one to three millions, mostly black shanty dwellers). But Allister Sparks does not see it that way. Population is a useful weapon for the ANC. Industrialisation, urbanisation and population explosion have created an inexorable black tide which must swamp apartheid. The four and a half million whites who barely replace themselves have little chance against the five to one black majority still increasing at 2.8% a year. Mr. Sparks gives no credit to the peace, prosperity and medical skills which have created this phenomenon.

Indeed the whole book is largely a catalogue of colonial evil and its effect on the comparatively idyllic African tribal life. Even the violence of Shaka and Dingan; the horrors of guerilla bombing and 'necklacing' are blamed on white repression. One begins to wonder why nearly a million Bantu seek to enter South Africa illegally every year from their independent black paradises. How is it that more blacks than whites are graduating today and forty per cent of all university enrolment is non-white? It was after all, South Africa who

first conceived the idea of the non-racial Open University, which Harold Wilson copied for his much publicised model in England.

This is a disagreeable book. Truth is often disagreeable. But are the Whites of South Africa so irredeemably white? *Die Land wat de vuuur in hom dra* (this land with fire in itself, as the great poet Breytenbach has put it), has surely enough love and humour to weave a true pattern from its complicated past and many peoples.

MOLLY MORTIMER

A LIFETIME OF CAVALIER LOYALTY TO CHURCH AND CROWN

The Cavalier Duke: a life of James Butler, 1st Duke of Ormond 1610-1688. J. C. Becket. Pretani Press, Belfast. 149pp. Paperback. £5.95.

For over forty years J. C. Becket has been in the vanguard of Irish history writing; his aim here is to introduce the Duke of Ormond, descendant of the 12th century Anglo-Norman invaders, the Butlers, and a dominant figure in the political life of seventeenth century Ireland, to a wider public. The Butlers survived the vicissitudes of aristocratic Anglo-Irish life in holding on to their lands and offices by a successful series of fortunate marriages to heiresses and that against the notable opposition of the Kildare FitzGeralds. James Butler came to the earldom of Ormond in 1633, by 1635 he was in the Privy Council and adviser to King Charles I's chief minister in Ireland, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford.

Ormond's loyalty to the Stuart cause is the one consistent thread by which the biographer guides us through the shifting sands of the civil wars, amidst treachery, intrigues, changing fortunes and a complex series of battles involving the three kingdoms. Again, throughout the long, impoverished, yet dissolute years of the Stuart court in exile, it is Butler who refused to compromise his principles and acted as a restraining conscience (no laughing matter) on the future Charles II. In face of personal dangers and temptations James Butler stuck constantly to his faith and king and was rewarded for his courage, patience and loyalty after the Restoration with a dukedom and the viceroyalty of Ireland (1662-1669). Like so many of his house Ormond was a survivor; he came through the attempt on his life by the celebrated Colonel Blood, of crown jewels notoriety; he endured the ignominy engendered by the Popish Plot and recovered from a period of royal disfavour to remain the effective agent of royal policy in Ireland until his death in 1688.

For close on thirty years Ormond was in his own person the government of Ireland, for ten years the strongest link in that much tested chain which bound the two islands together. Ormond avoided the extremes of puritanism and papism; he was essentially a pragmatic man of affairs. However, in a real sense his constancy was wasted on the Stuarts; and yet, he achieved true greatness in the service of bad masters, saving Ireland, to some extent, from 'the grim wolf with privy paw'. Under his direction was laid the foundations of Georgian Dublin — no mean legacy.

J. C. Becket has accomplished a sound, sensitive and balanced biography of Ormond for the twentieth century reader; few, other than specialists of the period, will now return to the two volume life of 1912 by Lady Burghclere (Winifred Gardner) not to mention the six volume life by Thomas Carte in 1735/6. Becket's work is no mere abridgement for herein are major new historical insights given by a master of historical empathy, a quality of his writing which shines through every page.

JOHN MCGURK

LITERARY TALENT UNLIMITED

Ford Madox Ford. Alan Judd. Collins. 471pp. £16.95.

Fifty years after his death and more than half-a-lifetime of under-estimation in this country, Ford Madox Ford (1873-1939) is enjoying a delayed, but definite, phoenix re-birth; and Alan Judd's book on him, by its sympathetic judicious assessment, will undoubtedly hasten this renaissance.

The reasons for such tardy recognition are numerous. First, he spent a great part of the first Post-War out of Britain working in France and the US where he published, taught and obtained a good readership. Secondly, he was essentially a *homme-de-lettres* (novelist, poet, critic, prose-writer all rolled into one), a species better understood and acclaimed in France than over here. Thirdly, he was a person whose veracity was impressionistic rather than factual. This inventive imagination, in the field of daily living, often led to his being dismissed as an arrant liar, whereas his *obiter dicta* should be viewed as an extension of his unceasing creativeness.

Amorous entanglements (never promiscuous, but serious long-term marital affairs) ruined Ford financially, though they may have had a role in inspiring him. As a result, he was forced to write very many books to keep solvent, and the rare gold of his genius tended to be down-graded by the make-weight product of his talent (never without some bright idiosyncratic streak).

Even so, as novelist, poet and editor, his distinctive triumphs ensure his reputations. *The Good Soldier* (1915), has been described as 'the best French novel written in English'. His Katherine Howard trilogy is outstanding in the canon of historical fiction; and the Tietjens tetralogy a memorable Great War romance written by a serving soldier. *On Heaven* (1918), is a narrative love-idyll in verse, almost alone in the genre as a twentieth-century achievement; and this still leaves out his many memoirs and autobiographical reminiscences, and his brilliant editing of *The English Review* (1908-9) and *The Transatlantic Review* (1924-25) since Ford's enthusiasm for the writing of others equalled his own actively keen self-appreciation.

Ford himself possibly believed that his greatest construction was to the theory and practice of fiction as an art-form (as distinct from mere entertainment). His monograph *The English Novel* (1929) is an up-dating of the Flaubert tradition in terms of the history of English fiction. It is a document of critical importance, but George Moore had blazoned the path before him as well as the greater but less lucid Henry James.

Ford's appeal, it seems to me, lies in his multifariousness as a writer, his knowledgeability (though not that of a scholar) and his warm and humane communicativeness. Beside him, Moore and James, for all their artistry, are limited.

Since Graham Greene edited a Bodley Head selection of his work and Carcanet Press reprinted a number of titles, Ford's reputation has continued growing. Coterminous with Mr. Judd's book, there appeared a special Ford issue of William Cookson's magazine *Agenda*. His name is now receiving — at least among liberally acquainted readers — a portion of the honour and credit it deserves.

Mr. Judd's perceptive book supplements the outline of Ford's literary career with the extraordinary story of this fascinating man in one of the best biographies of the year.

DEREK STANFORD

A VENERABLE INSTITUTION

The Chapel Royal Ancient & Modern. David Baldwin. Duckworth. £25.00.

To write the history of any venerable institution is never an easy task: the sheer weight of available material can be a formidable barrier as well as an essential aid. David Baldwin has met the challenge and produced a comprehensive history which will be turned to for many a year.

The Chapel Royal is perhaps best known to average people as that choir of boys and men who add a splash of colour to the annual Royal British Legion service in the Albert Hall and Remembrance Day observations at the Cenotaph. It is of course, much more than this. It is not, as many would suggest, the chapel at St. James's Palace but the body of priests and choir which attend the Sovereign and her Household.

The task facing any historian of such a body is seen in the first and last chapters. The first traces the origins of a 'chapel' in which those were who ministered to the religious needs of Christians in the family and household of the British King, Caractacus in the first Christian century. In the final chapter the author describes how the Chapel Royal now functions both as something of a *de facto* church and as a valued accompaniment to great state occasions. As Mr. Baldwin says in his concluding sentence, 'The life of the Chapel Royal today is thus as vigorous as it has ever been since its inception in AD 58.'

In twenty-six chapters the author traces in detail the story of this moveable chapel from that time to the present. He has done a massive amount of research among a wide variety of manuscript sources. As 'Serjeant of the Vestry in HM Chapel Royal' he is peculiarly blessed in having access to materials and information indispensable for such a history.

The book is lavishly illustrated, beautifully printed and even has the luxury of footnotes, a rarity among books published today. David Baldwin has produced an enjoyable, well researched and well written history which provides a definitive record of one of this country's oldest institutions.

JAMES MUNSON.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Who's Who in International Affairs. (Europa Publications Ltd. £150.00.) This substantial volume, first published in November 1990, seeks to provide 'biographical details of approximately 7,000 people who are prominent in international politics, diplomacy and cultural and scientific affairs to a depth hitherto impossible'. The date of entry in most cases is September 1990. There are cross indices so that, for example, the name of an occupant and the biographical entry can be traced in an index by occupation. The difficulty inevitably in a work of this character is to be really up to date. For this purpose regular supplementary publications between editions is essential. Within its limits this is a useful publication.

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© 1991. Published monthly by the Contemporary Review Co Ltd., 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG, England, and printed in England by Mandeville Press, 136 Southend Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 2BJ. U S Mailing Agent: Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc , 2323 Randolph Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Second Class postage paid at Rahway N J. Annual subscription (including postage), U K £26.00, U.S.A. and Canada $120.00. Rates for all other countries on application Copies can be sent by airmail outside U.S and Canada: extra costs given on request. U.S Postmaster: please send all address corrections to 'Contemporary Review', c/o Mercury Airfreight International Ltd Inc., 10B Englehard Avenue, Avenel, N.J 07001. Contemporary Review.
(ISSN/0010/7565)

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

May 1991 Vol. 258 No. 1504

FROM RIYADH TO RIBBLE VALLEY: REFLECTIONS ON POLITICIANS AND THE GULF WAR

by Paul B. Rose

THE astonishing ease with which domestic politics moved into a war consensus and back to business as usual reflects the gentlemen's agreement that permits Parliament itself to function. However, not everyone is a gentleman—or lady—for as the greatest of our political war leaders once explained: 'Politics are very much like war. We have to use poison gas at times'. He lost the General Election in 1945 after inspiring leadership and oratory in another war against a dictatorship that annexed one small nation after another in the face of appeasement.

By contrast, the neat figure of John Major—he never seems to wear a coat—standing outside No. 10 was unflappable and reassuring. He is no orator. He uses few adjectives. Those he uses, he repeats frequently. He seems a genuinely likeable, modest man who looked more than a little embarrassed when handed a gun and steel helmet by the lads in the Gulf. This was not the flamboyant kitted out Michael Heseltine acting Tarzan in the desert. It was not the high noon folksy world sheriff of the White House cleaning up the baddies of Baghdad. Nor, thank goodness, was it a latter-day Boadicea flushed with victory in the Falklands. It was the reliable chap on the morning train to the City who had just finished his *Times* crossword, come up with all the answers and folded the paper away before presiding over the War Cabinet.

Even an attempt by the IRA to do what Saddam Hussein could not do by landing a mortar shell in his back yard, did not dispel this solid reassuring image. By not exploiting divisions in the Labour Opposition, John Major not only showed generosity in statesmanship. He helped to preserve the unity that was needed in what was after all a United Nations sanctioned war.

In this he was ably aided and abetted by Neil Kinnock. The fact of the United Nations resolutions were a great help both to the Labour Party and other supporters of the action. Kinnock had his problems from the hard Left, his doubting Cooks and Prescotts, his pro-Palestinian lobby and assorted fringe elements. Rumours of conspirators in a 'supper club' were met by him with a long spoon as he made his position quite clear to those doubting and dissenting voices. Mr. Major could manage the ever disaffected Mr. Heath, whose minor coup in hostage releasing was equally

part of an initially successful propaganda campaign by Saddam Hussein. That campaign was directed so successfully towards the Muslim and Arab world that North Africans, Yemenis and Palestinians held high the portrait of a brutal dictator as if he were their liberator. Their minds were closed to the actions of a man who had killed more Arabs and Muslims than any other individual in the world. As he unleashed Scud missiles aimed at a non-combatant nation with no apparent military purpose, one realised that he was fighting a political rather than a military war. Perhaps it was the realisation of that political dimension that led such an esteemed figure as Denis Healey to fear the consequences of the Gulf War even if it succeeded militarily. However, the coalition did not break and the diplomacy of the Allies, which must include Douglas Hurd, was immensely successful. However I rather think that the military imperative dictated that the coalition held together. This was primarily in its execution a soldiers war.

By the same token the coalition held together at Westminster. If there was one politician starved of exposure and who has talked good sense on many issues for too long without recognition, it was Paddy Ashdown. With David Owen's meteor losing its gasses, here was the soldier politician, veteran of both military and political campaigns, hating the consequences of war but hating the consequences of appeasement even more. He voiced what most of us clearly felt, that this was the 'less worse' alternative.

The assorted clergymen, environmentalists, pacifists, class warriors, haters of the US or Israel, decent peace-loving folk or militant Muslims — the anti-war lobby was a disparate fringe. This was not like the lobby (in which I was actively engaged) who opposed the Suez venture. In this context, there was much talk of 'linkage' with regard to the right of self-determination for the Palestinians. This was Saddam Hussein's justification not before but only after the occupation of Kuwait.

However that question of linkage was seen by all but the most blinkered as a *non-sequitor*. That occupation of land had resulted from a three pronged attack on a country the size of Wales with a population of little more. After the Six Day War, Israel's enemies had declared 'No peace, no negotiation, no recognition'. The right-wing expansionists had flourished as a consequence. By the time moderate Palestinians had come to recognise reality it was too late. Further, the myth of Resolutions 242 and 388 being equated with the numerous resolutions in respect of Kuwait omitted the references to frontiers and the right of nations to live in peace, de-militarised zones, and the deliberate omission of the word 'the' from territories occupied.

The Palestinian factor was seized upon by opponents of the War not least by the ever-vocal Clare Short who seemed oblivious to the plight of 25 million Kurds or the horrific description of torture and killings documented by Amnesty International that were occurring in Kuwait. The father of the House, Sir Bernard Braine among others, repeatedly drew attention to this aspect of the War.

Tom King as Minister of Defence was steadfast in his realism. Those who were concerned about the so-called hidden agenda must have been

incredibly naive since to liberate Kuwait without the destruction of the war machine capable of invading at any time would indeed have been a Pyrrhic victory. On the other side of the House, Gerald Kaufman, in measured terms, not only drew legitimacy from the United Nations resolutions but assured front bench support by the Labour Party in step with the actions of the Government. Perhaps Martin O'Neil, the Defence Spokesman, was the most eloquent of Labour spokesmen — yet another of those Scottish Labour front benchers who have given the Party some semblance of credibility as an alternative Government.

Tony Benn who opposed the War from the start, continued to demand sanctions which no realist expected to work, and complained of hidden agendas and other bogeys. The American Admiral Fisher had once stated that 'The essence of war is violence, moderation is imbecility'. That might have given comfort to Mr. Benn in his assertion that diplomacy had failed which was self-evident. Yet moderation there was. 'Smart' weapons allowed a precision which insofar as was possible, avoided the obscenity of Coventry or Dresden or the deliberate incineration of civilians at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The miraculously few casualties on the Allied side bore witness to the value of technology and air power in a desert war against an unmotivated enemy.

In Tony Bank's resignation as a Labour spokesman, there was a more valid point in his disgust at the arms suppliers. Indeed, it was a French writer who once pointed out that although armaments may be supplied from the same source, they have an allegiance of their own according to who receives them. The West was certainly not blameless in building up Saddam Hussein. Nor were we blameless in building up Adolf Hitler as a bulwark against Bolshevism. Neither affected the reality of ultimate threat.

Oil was clearly a major issue, but the world is more complicated than that. Clearly we had not faced all cruel dictators or dealt with other aggressors but then this was the first time, as Lord Jenkins among others pointed out, that the United Nations had been able to take action without the constraints of a world divided by the Cold War. Nor was this a war for democracy since of the coalition partners in the Arab world only Egypt could claim any semblance of a Western-style democracy. Paddy Ashdown's description of the 'less worse' option was totally ignored by these dissidents. Interestingly, the Scottish Nationalists with their emphasis on the rights of small peoples like the Kurds and Palestinians, nevertheless rallied behind the forces in the Gulf of whom 40 per cent came from that part of the United Kingdom.

Occasionally, listening directly to the responses of back bench Conservative Members of Parliament, one might have been mistaken for thinking that 95 per cent of the troops fighting in the Gulf were British with a small token group from the United States. On the other hand, the hard Labour Left which had been so anti-European to the point of imbecility a decade ago, also retains a strong strain of anti-Americanism. This is partly justified by Vietnam, El Salvador, the support for the Contras and the uninvited role as policemen in Grenada and Panama. That the United States had also

saved democracy with all its manifest faults, and has retained the leadership of the West is often forgotten. For some like Dennis Skinner, the only war is the class war and some like Dave Nellist might go further in the mythology that those who resist what he would undoubtedly term as 'Imperialism' are the defenders of the British working class. One Labour MP who sups with Colonel Gaddafi appears to have a soft spot for Arab dictators, incurred the wrath of the House and it would require a somewhat long spoon for his own leader to sup with him. Others like Max Madden and Keith Vaz have become the Bradford survivors who know where their votes are spread. For them, hounding Salman Rushdie was legitimate but hounding Saddam Hussein was not.

Outside Parliament the most vocal opposition came from CND, which once represented an honourable broadly-based campaign to rid us of weapons of mass destruction so horrific that even hardened military men felt anything was better than their use. Why the organisation should have taken a stand on the Gulf War is difficult to follow. Indeed, failure to act against a nation nearing nuclear potential would have allowed a scenario of further annexation of the Arabian Peninsula leading to a probable nuclear war with Israel. Against that background many honest and decent people permitted immediate revulsion to war to overcome a long term analysis, i.e. failure to meet a lesser challenge rather than suffer greater destruction at a later stage. Whether Joan Ruddock shared that view or whether she chose to remain silent in order to retain her front bench portfolio, was not made clear but there are signs of a greater realism on her part in relation to the simplistic opposition to all violence displayed by her erstwhile followers.

For Tam Dalyell special words should be reserved. He was desperately concerned about 'Mother earth' and the environmental catastrophy that could result from the War. In part he was right in that Iraq set fire to the oil wells of Kuwait and polluted the Gulf in actions of unparalleled environmental vandalism. Tam is a uniquely British phenomena, coming from an aristocratic Scots family. He is the eccentric individual who is frequently right when in a minority of one. Whether it be Deo Garcia, the *Belgrano* or the Gulf he approaches his cause with an intensity and acts with a tenacity that is deserving of respect. Without his ilk, Parliament would be the poorer. At times of moral certainty he proclaims the voice of doubt. At times of consensus we have to measure our certainties against his own yardstick of scepticism. He changes our perceptions. On this occasion, I believe him to have been utterly wrong and yet his dissent and the right to dissent of all those to whom I have referred, is at the heart of what our democracy is all about.

There were some Conservative MPs concerned perhaps understandably to impose greater censorship by preventing journalists broadcasting or reporting from Iraq. This particularly occurred after the carnage of the Baghdad bunker exploited to the full by Iraq when a 'Smart' weapon was wrongly targetted with the most horrifying results. In part they were right in that reporters were on the other hand not permitted to see the gouging

out of eyes in Kuwait. In my view they underestimated and insulted the intelligence of the British people and the professionalism and skill of the reporters in Iraq. They added greatly to our sum of knowledge. The very fact of highlighting this tragedy pointed to the accuracy of most of the air war. Ernest Hemingway knew that 'The most important gift in a good writer is a built-in shockproof shit detector'. Most of our reporters, if they did not possess such a 'Smart' weapon at the outset of the War had certainly obtained one by the end.

There was much outrage expressed succinctly by Douglas Hogg over the treatment of Allied prisoners. Martin O'Neill most eloquently justified the refusal of the Allies to countenance a one-sided Russian negotiated ceasefire at a time when the Iraqis were putting Kuwait to the torch and firing off Scud missiles. Liberal Democrats, Paddy Ashdown and Sir David Steel were stressing the need to justify the War by a just peace. The final images brought to my mind a similar sight that I had seen years earlier of burnt out tanks, abandoned stacks of ammunition and mines, pathetic but cared for prisoners who had been hit from the air, train tickets spread like confetti in the mad dash for the last train from Khan Khunis. The odd sub-machine gun still sounded and I unwittingly walked into a minefield protected only by my British passport. A lone Irish UN soldier poured me the best cup of tea I have ever enjoyed into his mess can in Kuneitra. That six day war was a miniature version of the fire power over forty days the land war over a hundred hours that ended the Gulf War.

Meantime, at home questions began to pop up over the Poll Tax, about the economy, over rising unemployment, over interest rates. A nation at war with mutually congratulatory speeches and regular statements and briefings was still able to go on with domestic politics almost as usual after the initial decision. As it ended, Pat Duffy — a war-time flier who knew all too well the horrors of war — placed the most timely verbal bomb under the appeasers from the Labour benches.

Then came the Tory defeat in the Ribble Valley by-election. Not even a remarkable military victory could blot out the perceived iniquity of the Poll Tax and concern about the economy. Democracy was safe, and Paddy Ashdown, after a good war, was beginning to have a good peace. Mr. Major, after his firmness in war, was being warned that the electorate expected the same firmness in a decision on the most unpopular tax imposed since Window Tax had been removed.

By the time this article is published, many things may have changed on the political scene, but it would be churlish even for his worst enemies to challenge the quiet, conciliatory and cool manner in which John Major handled his first test as Prime Minister. The ultimate test of nerve will be on the home front in divesting himself of the legacy thrust upon him by the support he received from former supporters of the Iron Lady. More remarkable still is the flexibility that can allow a democracy to go to war and remain politically pluralist and return so quickly to business as before, turning from Riyadh to the Ribble Valley.

THE SOVIET UNION LOST THE ARMS RACE IN THE GULF WAR

by Ian Christopher

THE poor performance of Soviet weaponry, when pitted against allied high-technology hardware in the Gulf War, has so worried the Kremlin that it threatens the peace derived from the ending of the Cold War. Devastation wrought by allied arms, tested for the first time in combat, has raised fears about the security of Soviet borders and is being exploited by senior commanders who want offensive capability redoubled.

The Gulf toll has made grim reading for the generals. As many as 4,000 Soviet-made Iraqi tanks, including the latest T-72s, were destroyed amid reports that the crews were so out gunned that they could not see the enemy. Scud missiles rarely hit their target and the MIG-29s fled to Iran.

The controversy deepened even further when Colonel Alexander Tsalko, the former head of a Soviet air force training centre, said the war had shown the entire Soviet military model to be obsolete. 'Some military authorities in this country continue to believe that the outcome of a war is determined by a clash of huge ground troop masses', he said. 'This is sheer madness. The war in the Gulf showed that the Iraqi army was simply strafed by air strikes. Troops had to keep their noses buried in the sand all along.'

The Iraqi air defence system 'failed in most cases', said Marshal Dmitry Yazov, the Soviet defence minister, although he insisted 93 allied fighters had been shot down, many by the Shilka missile system. The allies say only 51 aircraft were lost.

'When we ask ourselves whether it worked in Iraq, we have to answer, mostly it did not, and then we ask, why not?' Yazov told a parliamentary meeting hearing in Moscow. 'What happened in Kuwait necessitates a review of our attitude to the country's entire defence system'.

This was the first time that such concern had been voiced explicitly; earlier on in the war Soviet generals blamed the worst defeats on the poor calibre of Iraqi forces and said that much of the equipment supplied to Saddam Hussein was two generations behind the allies state-of-the-art-weaponry.

Some analysts fear the demonstration of American might will push the world back into a superpower cold war. Professor John Erickson, director of defence studies at Edinburgh University, said: 'The Russians have seen the future and it works. It has caused them to think again. They want to restore overt offensive capability; they argued it cannot be caged'.

Others believe the concern voiced by the Soviet military is a political ploy. One Western diplomat said: 'Yazov is being too candid, the military-industrial complex is fighting for its life, and fear of the West is an East emotion to exploit when competing for more money in a limited budget'.

It is little consolation for Yazov that the blueprint for the final allied

assault was based on the doctrine of AirLand Battle, a framework to defeat numerically superior Warsaw Pact forces in war in Europe. The fusion of the word AirLand symbolises how ground and air power is blurred into one devastating force.

The Soviet Union, which was among the first to develop large forces of paratroopers to drop behind enemy lines, has experimented with similar strategies. But in spite of such experience, the sheer speed, mobility and firepower of Operation Desert Storm came as a shock for the generals.

Ironically, it was the American experience of defeat that dictated how the Gulf War should be fought. In the post-Vietnam trauma over casualty figures the Americans put their faith in expensive, high-tech weapons that allow the operator to 'stand off' (keep a safe distance from the enemy while attacking). This feature, along with air supremacy, allowed the allies a victory with miraculously few casualties.

The confusion of close fighting has always cost lives in 'friendly fire'. In the 1982 invasion of Lebanon by Israel, one in five casualties was caused by their own side. In the Gulf War, American planes killed more allied troops (including nine British soldiers) than the number of US servicemen who died in land fighting.

In spite of such tragedies, 'stand off' has paid off. In the eyes of the Kremlin, the disturbing success of the new hardware has overshadowed the loss of faith in its own. 'What will happen in two or three years time?', asked Colonel Rakhim Akchurin, commander of Soviet anti-aircraft defences. 'The echo of missile thunder in the desert must put us on our guard'.

The weapon that proved most devastating at the start of the war was never seen by the Iraqis, and never heard until it delivered its payload. The Lockheed F-117A stealth fighter-bomber, whose flat, angular surfaces hide it from radar, found its targets using heat-seeking infra-red sensors that cannot be detected. The delivery of each bomb can be pinpointed down to the ventilation shaft of a bunker.

In the first three days of the war, two out of five targets were destroyed by stealth bombers, which compromised only one in 50 of the allied aircraft in the theatre. Bill Sweetman, a military analyst who has written three books on stealth fighters, said: 'Lockheed took what people thought was a weird exotic machine and built something usable. It is a super performance'.

Other aircraft, such as the F-15E Eagle and F-16 Fighting Falcons, also used the latest precision-bombing technology supported by up to a dozen on-board computers, each performing as many as five million calculations a second. They delivered laser-guided 'smart' ordnance from as high as 600 metres, well above light-calibre Iraqi flak. Crewmen followed images relayed from a television camera mounted on the bomb and charted its course with a joystick.

Helicopters also proved crucial in the AirLand stategy of maximum mobility and fast attack. The Apache AH-64, which was criticised last year for being too unreliable for combat, has shown its colours as an

effective tank-killer despite peacetime studies that showed key equipment failed every two hours of flight. In combat it lived up to its motto: 'Apache owns the night', and attacked Iraqi troops who never had a chance of identifying the source of fire. 'The Apache', said one army colonel, 'is the Mercedes of helicopters'.

General Norman Schwarzkopf, commander of Desert Storm, had the right credentials for the job: Vietnam combat experience and a degree in missile engineering. Cruise missiles, 'smart' bombs and defensive Patriot missiles have all shown that surgical strikes are possible and civilian lives can be spared.

In contrast, the Soviet-built Scuds are unwieldy dinosaurs that miss targets by a mile; their inaccuracy has won them a reputation as terror weapon. During the Iran-Iraq war, Baghdad and Tehran fired Scuds at each other, killing hundreds of civilians.

The success of Patriot interception denied Saddam the chance of repeating such wholesale carnage. Even so, a third of allied missions were diverted to destroy Scuds during the first three weeks of the war, when planners predicted they would be eliminated in three days.

The Soviet Union remains sensitive to criticism of the Scud, a system Moscow began phasing out in the early 1980s in favour of the more versatile SS-23. General Sergei Bogdanov, chief of strategic studies of the Soviet General Staff, said Scuds had been around for thirty years and that the Iraqi version was flawed. 'Modernisation of the Scud by West Germany gave them greater range', said Bogdanov, 'but it did not improve, and maybe even worsened their effectiveness'.

Some outdated weapons, however, did prove their worth in the Gulf. The B-52, now 36 years old, inflicted terrible damage with carpet-bombing raids in which each plane unleashed 20 tons of explosive on Iraqi troops.

The A-10 warthog, one of the ugliest low-tech aircraft in the theatre, destroyed hundreds of tanks with armour piercing bullets while anti-aircraft fire bounced off its titanium-lined cockpit. Designed to withstand punishment, the A-10 is so resilient, said its makers, that it can lose an engine, 16 feet of wing and part of its tail and still return to base. It was no idle boast: many 'hogs' limped home having suffered appalling damage.

Saddam Hussein was not the only loser in the Gulf War.

STUDYING SOVIET REALITIES

by Leo Muray

THE ongoing crisis in the Soviet Union, getting more complicated week by week after the Gorbachev referendum, should be assessed against the realities of the economic situation and of the existing, but seldom appreciated, actual administrative set-up. This can best be done by registering the implications of the recent Study of the Soviet Economy that was ordered by the Houston Summit of the G7 governments (Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Canada and the US) in response to a Soviet request, and this is important. The study was carried out by the International Monetary Fund, the World Bank, the European Bank for Reconstruction and Development and by the OECD itself. The study has over a thousand pages in three volumes. It was undertaken by a group of specialists from the four organizations that paid visits to the Soviet Union where it had friendly meetings with officials of three ministries and twelve official organizations responsible for key sectors of the Soviet economy.

This implies the obvious, that many of the views expressed in the study are those of Soviet officials. It is seen as significant too that it was the Soviet government that asked for the study and invited the Western officials. This can be interpreted, and was, in fact, interpreted so in Moscow, that the Gorbachev leadership admitted that it could not produce a factual analysis of the situation just by employing the criteria and judgments based on their own Leninist Command Centre Economy.

The object of the study is simply to set out the main features of a programme of assistance to the Soviet Union and this required a straightforward analysis of the present situation. It attempts to formulate the criteria and forms of external assistance programmes. There must be a mutual consistency of the necessary major structural reforms as well as new financial policies, especially regarding broad based liberalization of prices and clarification of property rights. This is linked with the need to set up a new legal framework and judicial system as 'rapidly as possible'.

The linking of structural reforms with new financial policies is seen as a key condition. It assumes effective control by the relevant authorities and their ability to make the necessary decisions and see them carried out. But the study says bluntly that the specific measures so far adopted do not yet constitute the coherent and comprehensive programme necessary for a successful transition period of the present Command Centre Economy to a Market Economy. The study admits that time is needed and, above all, that the initial changes must be 'sufficiently deep and wide' to be seen as an 'irrevocable break' and establish a climate that encourages and protects private economic activities.

Less comprehensive measures had a poor chance of success, because, as the study puts it politely and mildly, the mechanisms for administrative control are 'in disarray' and there are major internal and external imbalances. Moreover, the reforms will largely depend on whether the Soviet

people accept these reforms during the transition period. An 'effective social safety net' as well as compensation for unemployment will have to be introduced. Under the Soviet system, of course, there is no unemployment.

The study lists the reforms that are needed to get a proper Western assistance plan going. There should be legislation on bankruptcy—again this does not exist in the Soviet system—on property rights, on contracts and monopolistic practices (which in fact every Soviet undertaking employs). Western type accounting, banking, foreign exchange practices, fiscal and marketing management, labour market regulations must all be organized and set up. Substantial foreign investments should only proceed once a comprehensive reform programme has been started. This means that real aid should only concentrate, for the time being, on special early investments that promise a 'quick pay off' like oil extraction technologies, improvement of pipe lines, nuclear plants and telecommunications. Energy would then be saved early. The Soviets, of course, depend on exports of oil for hard foreign currencies. Immediate attention has to be given to reforms of 'infrastructures'.

When discussing special projects of immediate assistance, as distinct from major assistance projects, the study says that this reform of the 'infrastructure' implies that 'autonomous units need establish horizontal relationships'. This means a complete and immediate break with the Centralized Command Economy that is supposed to exist. It means that enterprises need not only make their own decisions, but also that they must have the right to drop the old Stalinist practice of having to go right up to the top of your own sector and organization if you wanted to trade and co-operate with the enterprise across the road and your request had to be passed on at the top and go down again in the organization the enterprise across the road belonged to. This means, of course, that the power of the bureaucracy at the top will have to be ignored, in fact largely abolished. This administrative practice is a main feature of the Centralized Command Economy and also the power base of the Party bureaucracy.

The study is plainly uneasy about the transition period even if it were to be started properly. It regards distribution and retailing as critical for the transition to a Market Economy and therefore suggests that assistance programmes there should be initiated faster and earlier than in the sectors requiring heavy investments. New investments should be made in small scale production technology and in banking. The Kremlin, of course, has been wedded for 70 years to large scale projects that are very visible. These projects, of course, have wrought havoc to the environment in large areas like the fantastic ruin of the Aral Sea.

There is also the difficult issue of giving assistance through establishing a Stabilization Fund to get the balance of payments right and make the ruble convertible at last. It is bluntly stated that such a fund should only be set up once that major and comprehensive Reform Programme has been truly started. Without additional financial resources granted it would not be effective. With such a fund the difficult transition towards real integration into the world economy could be attempted.

In the last two years the economic, trade and financial situation in the Soviet Union has deteriorated dramatically and there is no end of that decline in sight. The 'Net Material Product', the overall production achievement, rose by 4.4% in 1988, by 2.5% in 1989 and fell by 4% in 1990. Investment was cut back by 20%. These figures are believed to understate the real decline. The trade surplus, substantial and taken for granted in the middle '80s, in terms of convertible hard currencies, dropped sharply in 1988 and simply disappeared in 1989. This deficit grew in 1990 although Western traders proved more and more reluctant to export to the Soviet Union because payments went into arrears. This year 12 billion dollars in payment of amortization on medium and long term debts have to be settled — in convertible currencies.

It is a complicated picture. Some trade debts to the West are guaranteed by governments while banks have unguaranteed debt claims. Until last year the banks' unguaranteed share rose to 62% while the officially guaranteed share dropped to 22% in 1988. The total net debt at the end of 1989 was 39 billion dollars. One reason, and this is highly significant, is the virtual collapse of control of international payments by the central authorities. The new, practically independent, banks and enterprises are now borrowing and importing without being authorized. Often the two key banks, Gosbank and Vneshekonombank do not even know. Between 1988 and 1989 short term claims on the Soviet Union have risen from 12 to 19 billion dollars. In June 1990 the Soviet Union was estimated as being in arrears of short term payments by five and half billion dollars. Significantly in 1989 Soviet enterprises were able to obtain 2.6 billion dollars in syndicated credits and bond issues. In 1990 they only managed to get one 500 million Deutschmark bond issue.

The Soviet Union is confronted with serious trouble about the debts owed to it by its former clients in Eastern Europe and Cuba, Mongolia and Vietnam. Its claims add up to 120 billion dollars. Western institutions had believed for a long time that the Soviet Union was the main creditor in this arrangement. But now it turns out that it is only Poland that has trade debts with the Soviet Union. The Soviets have now switched to dealing in Western currencies only. Behind the scenes there is embarrassing wrangling over deducting Soviet debts from Eastern European hard currency payments for oil and raw materials for instance.

The dramatic price rises introduced in April are not really the 'price liberalization' demanded in the study since all prices are strictly detailed and exceptions made and subsidies paid. Prices have played little role until now. They were linked with targets of production planning and therefore fixed for long periods. Price increases were not even included in the national economic index since they were regarded as having been 'balanced' by improvements of quality — on paper, at least. Just as it is estimated that there are around 1½ million unemployed not mentioned in statistics.

Prices did not play a key role in Central Planning nor did output, except in the defence industries. Production targets were fixed as the first priority. Now, and this is a key problem, 46,000 industrial enterprises have to be

put under management that can handle market techniques and fix prices accordingly. Credits have to be taken up and repaid. And all this is to be done against the background of a partial collapse of the traditional administration. Wages have to be settled and paid in a country where overall 18% of all families have been waiting for more than 10 years for an apartment.

The study insists that relations between the Soviet Union and the Republics regarding administration and the economy must be 'more delineated'. This means that rights and powers must be clearly defined at a time when, in fact, as the study says, central control is weakening. There are 15 Republics in the Soviet Union with 20 autonomous Republics within some of them, like the Russian Federation, in addition to 120 ethnic groups. Again, of the 288 million inhabitants 20% live outside the Republic or area they belong to ethnically. Some of the Republics are now trading by barter with each other and some have set up border control posts. The impression is created that the Republics are acting more and more independently in their day to day affairs and this is becoming more visible now.

This development is making any Western assistance or even short aid programmes more tricky. The study, for instance, favours food aid for the big cities independent of aid programmes in order to help maintain a minimum of stability in the transition period that may last years.

However there is a new Union Constitution proposed, but the details are still in the balance. This may mean that the reform proposals the study has suggested in bare outline have not got any political and therefore practical basis as yet. It is quite unclear what powers the Union government will keep and whether the various Republics will be allowed to work out different laws, and legal procedures, different from each other while remaining in the Union.

There is also the simple question whether the individual Republics will be entitled to negotiate directly with foreign powers, with the G7 powers in particular, on the conditions for the aid and assistance they are expected to receive, above all whether they will be entitled to make separate, and different treaties and arrangements. Here again the issue of the right to negotiate loans will emerge. So will the key problem of introducing separate or identical laws and regulations for those structural reforms the study suggests the G7 powers should insist on.

The Union government can be expected to insist on being in on every deal and a critical item will be the ruble exchange rate. The Kremlin is bound to insist that it must be a uniform one. The study stresses that the adoption of a genuinely radical reform with all prices being decontrolled, a new financial sector set up, and an extension of trade and investment ties is necessary. In all this Western technical assistance, the launching of selected projects and short term food aid could play an important role.

Three closely related elements are the core of the study's proposals: stabilization of the economy in macroeconomic terms, ownership and price reform in an environment of increased domestic and external competition. Even the start will be neither easy nor early.

DOWRY ABUSE: NO HAPPILY-EVER-AFTER FOR INDIAN BRIDES

by Jan Knippers Black

ONE sunny afternoon, Usha, 26, a trained chemist and a bride of seven months, slipped silently away from her workplace in a Bangalore pharmaceutical plant and did not return. Colleagues found her some while later, unconscious, in the restroom. She regained consciousness at the hospital and, before she died, let it be known that she had consumed sodiumarsenate and phenobarbitone.

Usha's husband Eshwar, who ran a tutorial service, was arrested shortly thereafter on charges of dowry abuse. In accordance with legislation passed in 1986, the death of a bride in the first seven years of marriage automatically calls for a post mortem report and a coroner's inquest. Were Eshwar to be found guilty of driving his wife to suicide, he might be sentenced to two-to-seven years in prison; but while apparent dowry deaths become more and more common, convictions remain rare.

Like most marriages in India, even among the urban affluent, that of Usha and Eshwar was arranged. Usha's father, a government geologist, had met Eshwar through a relative, and the young couple were betrothed before they had met. The betrothal ceremony, five months before the wedding, was an elaborate affair with some 200 guests. The wedding was even more elaborate, with 3,000 guests entertained at a cost to Usha's father of 100,000 Rupees, or about £4,000.

At the time of betrothal, Eshwar's family had demanded from Usha's father a dowry amounting to some 60,000 Rupees. Along with a cash 'gift' of 10,000 Rupees, itemized demands included the following: For the Bridegroom — one gold chain — 2 half sovereigns; silver articles weighing about 2 kgs. For the Bride: one necklace set including a pair of earrings and one ring; one gold mangalya with rope chain — 3 sovereigns; one pair of gold bangles — 3 sovereigns; one pair of earrings with pearls; one gold nose-stud; one pair of gold ear-studs.

The gifts listed as being for the bride in fact had to be turned over to Eshwar's father, and additional gifts were demanded during the period between the engagement and the wedding. Furthermore, some of the original gifts were rejected and had to be replaced by finer ones. Meeting these demands, along with the cost of the wedding itself, drove Usha's father deeply into debt.

Following Indian custom, the new bride moved in with her husband's family, into a household that included Eshwar's two brothers and their wives. The abuse began almost immediately. Even though she was the only daughter-in-law employed outside the home, Usha had to prepare her own breakfast and lunch, and after returning from work in the evening, she had to wash the entire family's dishes. She was neglected when she was sick, and she was rebuked by her husband on a monthly basis for not having conceived a child. She was, in fact, continuously

taunted and insulted by the entire family. And the demand for gifts from her family to his continued.

In December, in a long letter to a friend, she wrote, 'I had dreamt of a beautiful married life. But alas! I feel I am doomed. I just feel like ending this bloody life... I don't have the nerve to die — all my hopes are shattered... At least my husband should understand me; it really hurts — I am treated like an outcast. If suppose I die (I will never die), I will mention the names of everyone, including my husband. I just hate him. I feel like divorcing, but all this is not possible in our society. At least for my parents' sake I have to live. My parents have spent nearly 1 lakh (RH. 100,000), but then these people are not satisfied...'.

Like so much else in India, abuse of women is a long-standing tradition. The disturbing and puzzling thing about dowry abuse, however, is that it is a relatively recent phenomenon. It is most prevalent among the urban middle class, and it is spreading fast. Registered cases of dowry death, about 1,000 in 1985, were expected to exceed 2,000 in 1989, and those registered were assumed to be only a small fraction of actual cases.

The dowry system came about, in Hindu custom, because real property could not be passed to a daughter. As the daughter would be relocating to her husband's household, she could inherit only movable goods. The dowry, then, was simply the daughter's inheritance, passed to her at the time of her marriage. The interests of the in-laws were irrelevant to the transaction.

The potential for abuse in the system was officially recognized, however, and proscribed by the Dowry Prohibition Act of 1961. The act was almost universally violated; but it was not until the 1970s that accounts of brides being killed in bizarre accidents, particularly kitchen fires, became so common as to demand the attention of researchers and law enforcement officials. The concept of 'bride-burning', once a reference to the practice of *sati* (the immolation of the bride on her husband's funeral pyre), has since taken on a new meaning. The real story behind the fatal kitchen fire has all too often turned out to be that of a husband or mother-in-law spilling kerosene on the bride's sari and striking a match to it. Along with such 'accidents', there has also been an upsurge in suicides. A great many brides have apparently seen suicide as their only acceptable escape from the incessant pressure to drain the livelihood of their parents to satisfy the whims of their in-laws.

Sociologists and others who have studied this trend tend to attribute it in part to the new materialism or consumerism infecting the middle class. For the bridegroom and his family, marriage may become a means of acquiring the shiny new toys — stereos, video recorders, motorcycles, even cars — that they could never afford on their own salaries. And the extortion may go on long after the wedding, as brides rarely feel that they have the option of leaving their husbands. It is socially unacceptable for a bride to return to her parents' household. Indian women are expected to marry and stay married, and, apart from a few shelters established by charities or women's groups, there are virtually no alternative living

arrangements. Even for female professionals who could afford to rent their own apartments, there are few landlords who would rent to single women.

Formerly prevalent only among Hindu middle class families in the northern states, dowry demands — and dowry deaths — have spread across lines of geography, class and caste, and even religion. The practice is now common throughout the country, even in areas of Moslem or Christian settlement. In a region where women have traditionally been undervalued, at least in modern times, the steady inflation of dowry demands has led many parents to see female offspring as a distinct liability. Thus the dowry system has exacerbated the problems of female infanticide and, where amniocentesis is available, feticide. It has also contributed to the neglect and ill-treatment of female children. The ratio of females to males in the population has been dropping steadily for two decades. A recent survey counted only 930 females per 1,000 males. Furthermore, India is one of the few countries where women's life expectancy is markedly shorter than men's.

The only good news with respect to this grim topic is that recognition of the seriousness of the problem has served to mobilize women. Indian women are better organized now and more active politically and socially than they had been at any time since Gandhi tapped their energies for the independence movement. In the aftermath of Usha's death, more than five hundred women, representing six women's support or solidarity organizations based in Bangalore, led a march to the residence of Usha's husband. The local Lion's Club also participated in the demonstration, as Usha's brothers and cousins were members.

The demonstration was an impressive event and, I suspect, a fairly effective one in consciousness-raising. Protesters carried placards with such slogans as 'Usha was Murdered', 'Down with Dowry Murder', and, for good measure, 'No more Police Atrocities against Women'. They sang and chanted, pounded on doors and windows, and swore they would not leave until members of the family made an appearance. In time the mother-in-law came to the door and conceded that family pressures might have contributed to Usha's suicide. The media covered the scene, as did a contingent of police, who only stood back and watched. Before it was over, a great many neighbours had joined in the clamour to ostracize Usha's in-laws.

Usha's own family remains inconsolable, but determined that the story of her loss should bring other families to their senses. Her brothers declare that when they marry they will not demand, nor even accept, dowry. Her younger sister simply vows never to marry.

[Professor Jan Knippers Black is Research Professor of Public Administration at the University of New Mexico. She has written books on Latin America and contributes to *The Washington Post*, *The International Herald Tribune* and many journals.]

SELF-HELP FOR A HUNGRY WORLD

by Jenni Sinfield

WHAT is genuine development in the Third World? Are Western nations, under cover of the term 'aid' only serving their own interests, unconcerned as to the effect this may have on the people most at risk far away? How can we *genuinely* help?

The problem, we all know, is complicated and 'experts' disagree as to the root causes or the most useful place to intervene, but one of the most important surely has to be malnutrition. The lack of adequate nutrition, especially during the early years, leads not only to unnecessary deaths but also to lives that can never reach their full potential; minds and bodies stunted by lack of sufficient vitamins and minerals; apathy caused by anaemia leading to lack of concentration and energy.

These children, in a harsh world, are additionally handicapped in their fight for survival and their contribution to their society is always less than it might be.

The basic diet of most Third World children is severely deficient in energy, protein and in many vitamins and minerals. Half a million children lose their sight every year because they do not have sufficient vitamin A — many of these die shortly after going blind. Four million children under five die each year from diarrhoeal diseases — vitamin A is now thought to be implicated in both diarrhoea and respiratory infections. Five hundred million children suffer from anaemia because they do not have enough iron in their diets. Lack of calcium in traditional weaning foods is another area of major concern.

And it need not happen.

In the mid-1960s, Carol Martin, founder of the charity 'Find Your Feet' (FYF), having read Elspeth Huxley's book *Brave New Victuals*, decided that leaf concentrate might prove a useful approach to the devastating problems of child malnutrition in the developing world. A review of Carol Martin's book, *All Grass is Flesh*, documenting the struggle to get this idea looked at and accepted by governments and agencies, was published in *Contemporary Review* in September 1990.

For those who are unfamiliar with it, leaf concentrate is an excellent and highly nutritious food made by pulping and pressing fresh green leaves to extract the juice, which is then heated to boiling. This coagulates the nutrients, making it easy to separate them out by filtering and pressing. The concentrate, or leaf curd, is rather similar to a green cottage cheese, but less liquid and sticky, and tastes of the leaves from which it was made — but not, as a rule, strongly. It is extremely nutritious, being particularly rich in betacarotene (which the body converts to vitamin A) and iron, and containing significant amounts of calcium, high quality protein and a variety of other important nutrients. It is simple to make, pleasant to taste, and a tablespoon a day will give a five year old child all the vitamin A and iron it needs and a goodly proportion of the other

nutrients present.

It can be eaten just as it is, or added to dough to make bread or pasta and then baked or dried. It can be mixed with fresh lemon juice, sugar and water to make a highly nutritious lemonade. It can be added to stews or soups. It can be dried and kept for up to a year in a dry, airtight, dark environment. The possibilities for its use are nearly endless.

The fibre, which has been removed, is very good ruminant feed, as good as the original crop, and the juice, rich in nitrogen and potassium, makes an excellent liquid fertiliser.

The whole process should therefore be an economic proposition, with particular benefit to the local farming community who can be involved in growing the crop, feeding the cattle and fertilising their land. Those involved in the production and sale of the various food products can also make money.

What has not yet been done is to establish a self-sustaining production unit realising the value of all three basic products — curd, fibre and whey. There is plenty of experimental and field data to support the conviction that once this is done it will be a most attractive proposition, so our current preoccupation is with finding how best to do it in differing cultural and geographical contexts and so to make the package marketable. We believe that we will be able to do this within the next few years through programmes already designed and about to start in India.

In the meantime, however, FYF has been running small village projects in countries in four continents, showing that local people — usually the mothers of small children — are prepared to make the concentrate for their own children and for sale locally. We have also established that even at this rate of production, leaf concentrate can be sold cheaper than any other food of similar nutritional quality and at a comparable price to foods with less nutritional value.

As a direct result of these projects, school meals programmes in the areas around Oruro and Cochabamba in Bolivia are now buying the concentrate from the programme and, in Nicaragua, a local group is also using leaf concentrate for its feeding programmes in and around Managua. In Mexico, DIF (the nationwide organisation responsible for the health of mothers and children) is using the concentrate in its breakfast programmes in two states and starting a nationwide training programme for health and nutrition workers.

We believe this is an important step forward. Nations must reach a position where they are no longer dependent on outside supplies to keep their children alive and healthy. If FYF can show them that, by making leaf concentrate from locally grown crops, they can do this while at the same time helping generate income in areas where incomes are low, an immense step forward will have been taken.

One example of how leaf concentrate can help the movement in this direction is our project in Nicaragua, which started in August 1989 in the Rivas area with funding from the Commission of European Communities and the Overseas Development Administration. After several years

of civil war and the embargo by the US, there was a serious shortage of nutritious, local foods available.

Working with two indigenous groups (Soynica and AMNLAE), the FYF project was devised to help two women's co-operatives produce and sell foods containing leaf concentrate and locally grown soybeans so that they could become self-sufficient businesses, able to continue without outside support.

When the project began, despite the American embargo, the USSR, Eastern and Western Europe and Canada were still sending in supplies of items like wheat and milk powder. However, the problem with donated food is that, regardless of source, it tends to be more responsive to the agricultural situations and political perceptions of far off lands than to the actual needs of the recipient. The rapid economic and political changes in Eastern Europe led to drastic cuts in their food aid. These same changes have also affected aid flowing from the Western European nations as they started to recognise the poverty and potential instability of their Eastern neighbours and began donating their surplus food closer to home. With electoral victory of the UNO coalition in Nicaragua, and the promise (still unfulfilled) of massive US financial aid, many solidarity groups began thinking their efforts might be better used elsewhere, and their aid too has dwindled. Fortunately in Nicaragua by this point FYF's programme was under way.

To appreciate the potential value of these two foods, compared with rice and beans — the mainstay of the Nicaraguan diet — the tables below give the approximate price per pound of the four foods in Rivas in early November 1990, and how much it would cost to meet the daily needs of 100 four year olds for protein, calories, vitamin A, iron, and calcium using each in turn.

	Rice	Beans	Soybeans	LC
Price per lb in US$	.30	.42	.30	.85

Cost to supply US Recommended Dietary Allowance to 100 four year old children in US$

	Rice	Beans	Soybeans	LC
Protein	31	12	6	21
Calories	40	46	31	93
Vitamin A	none	trace	217	1
Iron	87	14	80	4
Calcium	231	54	25	18

From these, one can immediately see that soy is by far the cheapest source of protein and calories and that leaf concentrate is by far the cheapest source of vitamin A, iron and calcium.

The health of the children on the programme in Nicaragua, as well as in Mexico and other countries, has improved dramatically. The children put on weight, have fewer problems with colds, diarrhoea and skin infections. A recent medical evaluation of 24 malnourished children in Michoacan, Mexico fed on leaf concentrate, found that only two were judged still to be malnourished after four months.

Our project is reaching only a handful of the children in Rivas and Managua who need our help. But we are showing that it can be done.

'Find Your Feet' can offer peoples and governments the knowledge of how to produce an inexpensive, highly nutritious food supplement from local resources instead of continuing to rely on imports or donations. If they take it up, their children will be in a far stronger position to grow up and live normal, healthy, productive lives and, in turn, bear healthy children in the future.

This *is* genuine help.

[Jenni Sinfield is Director of Programme Development at Find Your Feet, 318 St. Paul's Road, London N1 2LF.]

The June number of *Contemporary Review* includes *The Thatcher Revolution in Academe: the First Twelve Years* by A. D. Harvey, *Technology and the Environment: the UN Programme to Cut Eastern Europe's Energy Gap* by Thomas Land and *Ann Radcliffe and the Extended Imagination* by Donald Williams Bruce.

PERSONAL DEBT: ARE INDIVIDUALS ALWAYS RATIONAL?

by S. Cameron and D. Golby

ARE individuals or households always rational in their attitudes towards debt? Despite the frequency with which debt is discussed nowadays, there is little academic research into this problem.

Conventional economic analysis would have us believe individuals are always rational. Debts are simply negative savings and their appearance is often quite normal. They can be paid off later in life. We would expect the average younger couple to be in debt with a fairly large mortgage as they are starting out. At the opposite extreme we often find elderly couples owning their homes outright and enjoying a large 'nest egg' of savings. Market analysts are increasingly interested in this group and see them as a growth sector for new products.

Unfortunately, life's path is not smooth for all of us. There may be unanticipated shocks around the corner. Current high interest rates are a good example. Households taking on a large mortgage as late as August 1988 could be forgiven for not anticipating the rapid rise in interest rates the following Autumn. We see disturbing cases in the media of young couples who find that almost their entire disposable income is needed to service their mortgages. Interest rate rises which are unexpected have an impact on other loans too. Repayments on credit cards can quickly mount to alarming levels as they rise in line with bank rates.

It is difficult to adjust to such unanticipated events. Households cannot easily cut the cost of child rearing and without more nursery provision it is often impossible to keep two incomes flowing in at the crucial early stage of parenthood. Neither is it easy or costless to move to smaller properties as interest rates rise rapidly. Often the only option appears to be to do nothing and hope the problem will go away. This could lead to default on present mortgage and loan repayments and if it is not checked, serious social policy problems of homelessness or family breakdown.

Lack of self control

Could individuals who fail to manage their debts be seen to lack self control? In this instant age of material wealth, individuals should perhaps be forgiven for wanting a house with all the trimmings immediately. Are the failed debtors just unlucky because they have been unable to predict accurately their ability to repay loans in the future? 'If only my husband had not been made redundant we would have been all right but now we have lost everything', is often the cry.

If households do lack self control, they are not being helped by the enthusiastic way in which certain financial institutions market their loans. Emphasis is often placed on the short term gain. 'Take a foreign holiday now, you owe it to yourself — nothing to repay for several months.' Mortgages are being offered in higher multiples of income. There appears to

be no systematic checking of the total indebtedness of the individual taking out a loan. Simple 'rules of thumb' such as credit scoring seem to operate. An individual's score will be related to factors such as: has the applicant moved house within the last three years or have they recently changed job?

Finance companies seem to be concentrating on their average return from all their outstanding loans. They are willing to absorb the costs of default from a limited number of individuals. The cost of extensive checking on every new loan to ensure little or no default is too great. Provided default does not get out of hand and increase costs unduly there is no pressure to vet clients more thoroughly. In fact the problem will probably get worse as recent financial services acts make it easier for banks and building societies to compete against each other to offer loans.

A framework for analysis

To analyse the implications of debt further, we can think in terms of four main influences on the volume of debt experienced in a crisis.

(1). 'Normal factors', over a life time of spending, often referred to as the 'Life-cycle' hypothesis in economics jargon. It is quite natural to expect households to be in debt or have significant amounts of savings at some time or other. For example, older retired people have on average lower debts than the rest of households. They have paid off their mortgages and expensive children have left home.

(2). 'Unforeseen shocks' such as the present high level of interest rates, being made redundant or having a serious accident. Although it is possible to cushion unforeseen shocks with insurance it is unlikely that all future financial obligations can be covered. For example, mortgage protection policies tend to operate for a limited period only as do hospital payment plans.

(3). 'A degree of self control', weakened perhaps by the attitudes of finance companies and life-style advertising. As we have noted, there is often a desire to be materialistic regardless of the financial outcome.

(4). 'An ability to screen out unwanted information': for example, any perception of the true extent of total debt.

Screening

We may have to wait a long time before individuals perceive that they have a debt crisis. They may try to reason that 'things will get better' whilst getting further into debt. Doing nothing about a debt crisis often appears to be the only option available. In the short term it is less stressful to put problems to the back of your mind than to attempt to solve them. This could explain why so many people with a mounting debt crisis put unpaid bills straight into a drawer and block them out of present reality.

This type of screening is often referred to as 'cognitive dissonance'. Individuals filter out from their perception of reality facts or events which they cannot come to terms with. For example, most people are shocked when they are told how many young people are homeless in London at the present time but quickly block it out as they are bombarded with fresh information on other issues. The issue becomes real only if someone they

know closely is homeless, then the filter stops working.

Screening of financial problems will eventually weaken and end with the realisation of a debt crisis. We would expect reality to hit home sooner for those on low incomes. A single parent living on benefits will soon exhaust supplies of credit compared with a couple who are both working. The realisation of a crisis will be followed by a search for a solution. Our research[1] is based on those using the Citizens Advice Bureau as a route to solving their crisis. Obviously there are others — many manage to come to terms with their debt problems unaided or sink completely, leaving it too late to seek help.

Statistical sources

The data analysed in our work on the economic aspects of debt has been generated from returns compiled by the Staffordshire County Citizens Advice Bureau Money Advice Service. The service was set up in April 1986 to help the Citizens Advice Bureaux cope with the increase in clients approaching them for help with multiple debt problems. Our findings are based on returns compiled from the cases dealt with in the period April 1987 to March 1988 inclusive.

Money advice is a lengthy process. After an initial interview there is often a need to prepare a financial statement and engage in negotiations with creditors. In the extreme this can involve representation in the courts or an appeal against repossession of property. Often the full extent of debts incurred only emerges over a series of interviews.

In order to generate a statistical analysis of the work of the service we devised a questionnaire in conjunction with the Advice co-ordinator. The individual bureau money advisers have completed these from their records generated during client interviews. Our findings must be viewed with caution. We have only looked at a small sub-set of the indebted population who have chosen to use the CAB money advice service.

Preliminary findings

'Normal life cycle' factors seem to be operating. For example, the very young have low debts. Those under twenty-five have only half the debt levels of the rest of the sample. Unforeseen shocks are prevalent. Loss of income, illness and accident and business failure generate higher than average debt levels. Self control or rather lack of it is very important. In a significant number of cases 'over-commitment' was given as a reason for indebtedness. We have also been able to detect that the probability of over-commitment seems to rise with earnings. Higher earners appear to take more risks with their financial affairs.

The influence of screening can be found too. Individuals who do not work outside the home, i.e., with full-time domestic responsibilities, have much lower debt levels than the rest of the cases looked at. Home owners have higher debt levels (excluding mortgage debts other than arrears) than those in rented accommodation.

On the negative side, several variables which might have appeared to be closely related, such as over-commitment, budgeting difficulties and unfore-

seen increases in expenditure, do not appear to be. Individuals who give one of these reasons for difficulties do not often state they have problems with the others. This may simply be a problem related to questionnaire design. Relationship breakdown as a reason for debt variation is not statistically significant. This is surprising and will need further analysis in the 1989 data run.

In summary, it does appear that individuals are to some extent irrational in their attitude to debt. The desire to consume now leads many to over-commit their financial resources and screen out unwanted signals about the true level of their indebtedness. Income and circumstances force low earners back to reality fairly quickly. Home owners can postpone the inevitable by unlocking the equity in their houses. There appears to be a need to make individuals aware of their true levels of indebtedness earlier: this must be partly an educational issue. Legislation to make it more difficult to offer finance without adequate screening seems necessary. We cannot rely on individuals' own self control.

NOTE

1. 'An Economic Analysis of Personal Debt.' *Bulletin of Economic Research*, Vol. 42, 1990. S. Cameron and D. Golby.

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ANARCHISM — A POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY FOR THE AGE?

by Royce Logan Turner

ONE thing in common between the poll tax protests in London and the pro-democracy protests in Moscow is that the black flags of anarchism have been raised at both.

If anarchism is a resurgent political philosophy, however, it remains unclear to many as to what anarchism actually means and what anarchists actually believe in. They do not believe in government: do they actually believe in anything? Is it a coherent body of thought?

The answer is that anarchism as a body of political thought has a long tradition, surfacing in the nineteenth century as an alternative revolutionary theory to Marxism, during the Spanish Civil War in the 1930s, and in the 1960s as an outgrowth of post-materialist radical chic. The truth is, essentially, that different anarchists believe in different things. What holds them together is a series of core principles which appear to be items of faith for all anarchists: the right to complete individual freedom, a complete rejection of authority of all forms, and an abiding belief that human nature is always essentially good. Where it is evidently bad, this is always a consequence of capitalist exploitation and influence.

Whether these beliefs really characterise anti-poll tax protestors, or if their black flag is merely one of convenience, is another matter. There have been attempts to put names to the different varieties of anarchism: there is anarchist-communism and anarcho-syndicalism, the latter advocating the general strike as the vehicle of revolution, collectivism and the 'mutualism' associated with the nineteenth century libertarian socialist Proudhon which foresaw a future of federated communes and workers' co-operatives. Some anarchists are pacificists and some believe in force. The Anarchist Communist Federation, which publishes the magazine *Organise!* states: 'the ruling class will not relinquish power without the use of armed force, [so] revolution will be a time of violence as well as revolution'. The anarchists have no infallible guru to whom they look and no near-sacred texts they refer to, as traditionally Marxists have with Karl Marx and *Das Kapital*, for example, or even free market capitalists with Adam Smith.

Anarchism has a spiritual or quasi-religious quality to it. It looks to an enlightened future but laments the dawning of an idyllic past and with it the simple life. Most other political doctrines — Conservatism, Liberalism — accept human nature as it is and try their best to work within that, or adapt their philosophies to it. But the quasi-religious element surfaces in anarchism in that it believes itself to have a character-transforming power. Man is, they hold, a naturally social animal. After the supposed spontaneous revolution of the people, character traits which would otherwise betray the post-revolutionary society, such as greed, jealousy, possessiveness, will disappear. It is the established and establishment institutions such as govern-

ment, police, the established church, the legislative apparatus, which negate man's natural tendency to be social.

Anarchism's main contention is that all authority and coerciveness is wrong and therefore bad. Government, as the chief institution of authority, representing the abdication of responsibility and sovereignty by individual people, must be abolished. Once this abolition has been achieved there would not be total chaos as a result, as many might imagine, for the anarchist has a fundamental belief that man has a naturally strong ability to form and live in a society based on mutual co-operation and voluntary association.

Coupled with the rejection of authority, and therefore government, the stress on the idea of freedom is expressed in the anarchist vision of a society in which formal laws are totally rejected. What are usually talked of instead by anarchists are 'contracts' or 'deals' within and between communes: the commune or collective co-operative forming the basis of the new society. These in turn would be held together by the flimsiest of federations and only then when absolutely necessary.

This urge for complete freedom precludes the possibility that the anarchist movement could form for itself some type of political party as other political movements have done. Parliament and representative democracy are rejected and attempts at reform through these channels are treated with scorn, the anarchist emphasis being on spontaneity of action and spontaneity of revolution, rather than on reliance on gradual reform or vanguard parties.

How would distribution and exchange be handled within anarchism's non-hierarchical society? In all modern industrial societies this is based on money, but much anarchist thought envisages the abolition of money and its replacement by a system of 'open store houses' — this was probably first mooted by the leader of the Diggers, Gerrard Winstanley, in his pamphlet of 1649 'Truth Lifting Up Its Head Above Scandals' — where provisions can be obtained when needed. A difficulty is that this assumes abundance, and, of course, that greed and looking after number one first will have disappeared with capitalism.

Connected with this is the idea that what work there is to be done will be carried out by people voluntarily. There will be no need of incentives, material or otherwise, because people will realise that it is in their common interests to work and help each other. Capitalists and many socialists, of course, will dismiss this as a kind of naive primitivism, but let us assume that what the anarchists say is correct. What, then, of those who will not work? It is worth quoting the nineteenth/early twentieth century Russian anarchist Kropotkin on the subject:

> If you are absolutely incapable of producing anything useful, or if you refuse to do it, then you live like an isolated man or like an invalid. If we are rich enough to give you the necessities of life we shall be delighted to give them to you... You are a man, and you have a right to live. But as you wish to live under special conditions, and leave the ranks, it is more probable that you will suffer for it in your daily relations with other citizens. You will be looked upon as a ghost of bourgeois society, unless friends of yours, discovering you to be

> a talent, kindly free you from all moral obligations by doing all the necessary work for you.

If this is representative of anarchist thinking, it means democratically debated laws would be replaced by a kind of public-opinion based tyranny. A capitalist might find it more difficult to opt out of an anarchist society than an anarchist would from a capitalist society.

There are obvious problems with anarchism as far as practical application is concerned although, aside from these, anarchism does have the theoretical advantage of being the one major political doctrine that has yet to be tried anywhere.

Nevertheless, the anarchists have raised a series of questions that need serious attention. Authority, the hate-term of anarchists, is not just about government. What they are questioning is the nature of the whole hierarchical system that governs us, and the nature of society that has developed in the late twentieth century.

The class base of anarchism has shifted. It was once considered, in the 1960s and early 1970s, that flirting with anarchism was a middle class pastime: something to occupy underemployed intellectuals. The 1980s were different. The decade spurned, on the one hand, an increasingly consumerist society and, on the other, an underclass completely excluded from it. Anarchism might well find a more receptive and permanent home amongst the underclass. In that sense, anarchism might well be a truly appropriate political philosophy of our age.

Excluded from 'normal' society, present day underclass anarchists, with half-shaven heads, nose rings and torn clothing, exclude themselves from normal appearance. What has an excluded underclass to lose by seeking a refuge in anarchism? Even if it does not offer practical answers to society's problems, it provides a focus for rebellion as good as any other. The violence seen in the poll tax riots in London is unacceptable, but true, traditional anarchist vision is none-the-less noble and honourable. Moreover, it possesses that underrated quality of sounding like fun.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION NEEDS TEACHERS

by Desmond Sullivan

AN almost constitutional clash is quietly approaching in the education world of England and Wales as regards religious education. The express will of Parliament is being effectively ignored and frustrated by those employed to implement it.

Parliament in 1988[1] clearly indicated that religious education is integral to the national curriculum, is to be taught in every class of every LEA school to every pupil from the age of 5 to 17-plus. Such religious education should, while considering other religious traditions established here, be 'broadly Christian' expressing the Christian culture, tradition, and heritage of the country.

Each of these three decisions requires positive action. Statistically the 18,974 schools (in January 1991) and their 4,791,593 pupils (1990 figures) require a predictable number of teachers as RE specialists. One specialist in each school would not do justice to the needs of religious education for our four million plus school children. For many years the Religious Education Council of England and Wales has alerted the government and the public to the national shortage of trained RE specialists. The needs in raw numbers is clear.

The first government response has been to make the shortage invisible. Instead of counting needs, the government has quoted job vacancies. Headmasters hide RE shortage, being naturally reluctant to show breaches of the RE legal requirements. They also use teachers with no RE specialist qualifications to teach religious education. Most secondary schools also dropped any RE (except for those taking O level RE) for all pupils after the age of 13 or 14. The 1988 Act requires all classes, even Form 6 pupils to have RE classes. The Act therefore makes more acute and urgent a sudden surge in recruitment, training and deployment of RE specialists. As regards sheer numbers schools now are starved of RE specialists more than ever.

Another major innovation in religious education is in the new style, content and methods required by the new Education Act. Three particulars are not worthy. For the last decade, under pressure from social, political and religious changes in the country, there has been a considerable development and revolution in religious education and in the training of teachers. The leading trends have been towards an empirical approach, a stress of updating teachers with an awareness of world religions. Such a massive change has inculcated a phenomenological approach to current beliefs, values, festivals and practices of non-Christian religions. Teachers have been urged to learn and use discussion and dialogue techniques to look on religions from a sociological point of view, and to carry also much of the burden of changing our society from a traditional one to creating a multi-faith, multi-cultural society.

Certain elements in the new curriculum however have implied a very

different scale of priorities and values. The populist secular view that religion is a marginal, private matter has been replaced by the thesis that, on purely educational grounds, religion should be an academic subject as part of the curriculum, that religious education is an integral part of human education, and that an absence of religious education constitutes a deprivation for children in schools.

This thesis does not of course sit well with many of the leading educational theorists and some well established authorities in the education establishment, at county level, and in the Department of Education and Science.

The new approach to RE is articulated in the requirements of the new Act. Whilst taking into account other religions, the Act says the content should be broadly Christian. It should concern itself with those Christian beliefs and values which have been formative of our culture and heritage. Phrases like 'our traditions' and 'heritage' all suggest an academic, and historical approach, rather than a sociological and phenomenological method.

The Act does not give Christianity such a special place because of any religious reason. For one can hardly expect politicians to wish teachers to inculcate religious convictions. However on education and historical grounds Christianity has this special place.

This was expressed succinctly by the former Prime Minister, Mrs. Thatcher — many times. She wrote:[2] 'All children, whatever their ethnic or religious backgrounds, should be introduced at school to those Christian beliefs and values which permeate our traditions and cultures.' Such statements, ideas and priorities require RE teachers to be equipped for this task at all levels of schooling, from primary level, up to and including standards of teaching the subject in Form 6 classes which has to be equal and comparable in academic excellence and challenge to the standards in mathematics, physics, or any other subject. As the former headmaster of Leamington Spa School, Peter Hastings, has said, we need teachers trained in theology to do justice to this subject.

Clearly the current requirements of schools, and of Parliament, demand academic training and retraining programmes for a whole cadre of RE specialists suited to these new requirements. But what has happened in the two and a half years since the passage of the Act by Parliament? It is revealing to examine the current attitude of the education establishment in regard to religious education. They first of all tried to marginalise RE in the draft bill[3] put before Parliament. All the bill said was that the 'religious instruction' (sic) of the 1944 Act be retained. They gave a second sweetener to calm likely opposition by inserting 'spiritual development' as one of the elements in a good school. Parliament and the country reacted. Eventually the new elaborate clauses on RE and 'worship' were put in the Bill, and even the word 'Christian' was included.

A second opportunity came up, after the Act was passed, in the House of Commons Select Committee[4] on the supply of teachers for the 1990s. The Committee was aware of the requirements in numbers and qualities

for RE teachers as specified in the 1988 Act. The Committee received many recommendations from significant bodies on these requirements for RE. The past shortage of RE specialists were made clear to them, the need to train and retrain RE teachers was presented with numbers, statistics and recommendations. However the report, after long delays, failed completely to admit the problem, to articulate the solution. But they did more. By a clever manipulation of the usual techniques of reports of committees they massaged the text.

The report was published in April 1989. It sat on the fence and dodged the question. For example it stated in paragraph 89 under the heading religious education: 'DES officials assurred us that there is an adequate number of RE teachers'. It is note worthy that it merely repeats the statement of the DES: it does not specify 'trained RE teachers', and it does not say 'teachers with RE specialisation' or 'teachers with RE training'.

The next sentence is a fence sitting one. 'However we are concerned that there may be qualified RE teachers who have been attracted into teaching another subject by the lack of career ladder in RE, and that there may be teachers not qualified in the subject who are forced to cover it in the curriculum'. Yet the committee had before them statistics showing that 48% of all RE teachers were not qualified.

Another trick was to list the memos they had received on this matter, but not to include them in the actual report, to publish some of them in the appendices to the report, to separate the appendices from the actual report and place them in a separate volume, which is not so accessible. Finally two of the memos were placed 'in the library of the House of Commons and in the records office of the House of Lords'.

As somebody has said the passages on religious education in the report 'are as slippery as an oiled billiard ball'.

So clever and yet obvious was this official attempt to avert public gaze and attention from such an overt conflict with the actual needs of schools, that no less a body than the Religious Education Council of England and Wales issued a statement under the able direction of its then chairman Dr. Brian Gates[5]. The title chosen for this report was 'What conspired against RE specialist Teacher Supply?'

However a more important question touches on the nature and 'actualité' of Parliamentary government, and the control of the implementation of the clear wishes of Parliament for education, and religious education is the case here. But the same problem seems to crop up in health matters (for example the closure of hospitals against the democratic voice of the people, e.g. in Northleach Glos) or in the social services, in the case of children (e.g. the Orkney children) and in matters of justice.

In this matter of religious education therefore we can rightly ask, and continue to ask: for how long will the wishes of Parliament continue to be thwarted? When will actually money, recruitment and training of teachers for RE for every child in every school be undertaken for the new Education Reform Act?

This is no small matter of a tussle between the secure anonymous bureaucrats and government policy. For it is a long struggle for the soul of our civilization. As far back as 1943, during the gestation period of the Butler Education Bill, the classicist, Sir Richard Livingstone[6], wrote that the quality of our civilization 'depends on its standards, on its sense of values, its idea of what is first rate and what is not. The vocational and the social aspects of education are essential but the more fatal to omit is the spiritual aspect; fatal, because its absence may be long unperceived, and, as with an insidious disease, a State may suffer from it, and be unconscious of its condition till the complaint has gone too far to cure'.

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THE DESTRUCTION OF NUCLEAR PHYSICS AS AN ACADEMIC DISCIPLINE

by Peter Hodgson

THE decision to close the Nuclear Structure Laboratory at Daresbury is the latest of a series of decisions that is destroying nuclear physics as an academic discipline in the United Kingdom. This is not only a serious matter in itself, but will certainly have repercussions not only in the nuclear industry but also in medical physics, the design of safety and control systems, and other technologies that benefit from nuclear expertise.

Events have been moving in this direction for a long time, and the trend is now almost impossible to reverse. As an illustration, the Nuclear Physics Laboratory in Oxford for the first decade or two consisted of two practically equal sections, devoted to particle and nuclear physics. (There is a confusing ambiguity here due to historical reasons. Particle physics grew out of nuclear physics, and was originally considered part of it, and hence the name Nuclear Physics Laboratory. Subsequently particle physics has become practically a separate subject, and the name nuclear physics then became attached to the study of nuclear reactions and nuclear structure, and it is in this limited sense that it is used in this article.) Over the years, particle physics has grown at the expense of nuclear physics, particularly following the closure of the Oxford accelerator, so that now the Laboratory is about 90 per cent particle physics. The same development has taken place in other universities, and in the last few years very few academic staff have been appointed in nuclear physics. The situation has been somewhat better in universities near Daresbury Laboratory that made use of its facilities, but with its closure the same will probably happen there as well.

As it is, there have been over the last few years several highly qualified young nuclear physicists, with proven research experience and excellent teaching ability who had all the qualities required for a university lecturer but who nevertheless failed to obtain an appointment and were therefore forced to leave nuclear physics. The country cannot afford to lose such a scarce resource. As a result of this, the remaining university staff in nuclear physics has more members nearing retirement than at the peak of their careers, and in a few years there will be very few left.

The popularity of particle physics has for years ensured that most of the research studentships went to graduates in that field. It was however possible to obtain some graduate students in nuclear physics by using the CASE studentships in collaboration with institutions such as AEA Technology. However, due to changed priorities, they are now no longer willing to make the relatively small contribution necessary to support such studentships, so this possibility is now no longer open. Furthermore, it has just been announced that there will be very few Science and Engineering Research Council studentships in nuclear physics next year and none thereafter.

In any case, whether or not there are studentships available, it is most

unlikely that there will be any students wanting to study nuclear physics. They can see only too clearly that there is no future for them in nuclear physics, and it would be practically suicidal to choose that subject for their research. Quite apart from this, the number of research students is declining over the sciences as a whole as young graduates see that they can earn two or three times as much in accountancy or business. Thus the few remaining younger staff in nuclear physics will very soon have no UK research students. This cannot be made up by students from overseas, since these have already been decimated by punitive fees. Without students, their research will be seriously curtailed. Most of those with any ambition will change their field before it is too late, thus still further reducing the number of university staff qualified in nuclear physics.

It will thus not be long before there are very few active professional nuclear physicists in our universities, and so no one to lecture to undergraduates. In a very few years, a whole area of expertise will no longer exist. How, one wonders, will the nuclear industry obtain staff with sound training in nuclear physics? We already have a huge nuclear industry, which is probably at the turning point in its fortunes. In the next few years it is very likely that nuclear power will steadily come back into favour as the public realises the pollution caused by coal and the risks of oil. The nuclear industries in Britain may try to obtain the nuclear physicists they need from countries like France and Germany that have not destroyed their academic nuclear physics communities, but even this may not be so easy as it may seem.

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SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN — A RENAISSANCE MAN

by Muriel Julius

IS it the fate of great men to be taken for granted by their countrymen or are the British just particularly prone? One enquires because once again, as in the case of Inigo Jones last year (see January 1990 issue of this magazine) the fascinating new exhibition at the Royal Academy in London — 'Sir Christopher Wren and the Making of St. Paul's' — comes to us via American instigation.

Sir Christopher's simple wall tablet in St. Paul's states briefly *Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice* (Reader, if you seek a memorial, look around you). Those words have stood the test of time. Two hundred and eighty years hence will James Stirling's Museum in Stuttgart, or Richard Rogers Lloyds Building in London withstand similar scrutiny? Wren's economical inscription does less than justice to a man of multiple talents.

That Wren became an architect at all, let alone one who the great Nikolaus Pevsner esteemed 'the greatest English architect' was purely fortuitous. Had he died aged thirty he would still be remembered, but as a significant figure in English science.

Wren was born in 1632 and lived for ninety-one years. The son of the Dean of Windsor, he was educated at Westminster School and later at Oxford. There he joined a group of brilliant young men immersed in experimental science who would later found the Royal Society: to this day Britain's most prestigious scientific academy. The diarist, John Evelyn called Wren 'that miracle of youth' and Isaac Newton thought him one of the finest geometricians of the day. Having graduated early, at the age of only twenty-one he was elected a Fellow of All Souls. He found time to invent a deaf and dumb alphabet; a mechanical weather recorder and a device for writing in the dark. He obtained a Doctorate in Civil Law. In 1657 he was appointed Professor of Astronomy in London, and in 1661 Professor of Astronomy in Oxford. As if all this was not enough, his portrait in this exhibition shows that he was good looking, slender, elegantly dressed and had extremely beautiful tapering hands.

In 1663 however, his career took an entirely new direction. He received his first two architectural commissions. His uncle, Bishop Matthew Wren had been imprisoned by Oliver Cromwell. He vowed that if he survived he would commission a new chapel for Pembroke, his old Cambridge college. He asked his nephew to design it. It was conceived by Wren as a single cell lit by tall windows on either side, with a deep coved and fretted ceiling. Now much altered and enlarged, particularly by George Gilbert Scott in 1880, Wren's major remaining statement is the exterior, to the street. This has the characteristics of a temple front at the end wall, with Corinthian pilasters and a pediment.

Wren's second commission came from Gilbert Sheldon on his appointment as Archbishop of Canterbury. It was for the theatre in Oxford which bears his name and its primary function was to provide a suitable setting

for university ceremonies. He decided on a U-shaped plan with tiered seats and galleries. With its brilliant fenestration the Sheldonian was far more ambitious and innovative than the Pembroke Chapel. Particularly ingenious was the roof structure which spanned seventy feet across and was carried entirely on the walls without internal supports.

It was in about 1664 that Wren decided that architecture was his proper vocation, and from the start his contemporaries took Wren the architect as seriously as he did. There were no schools of architecture in the seventeenth century so like Inigo Jones half a century earlier, Wren was entirely self-taught. If Inigo Jones came to architecture through painting, Wren came to it through his brilliant disciplined scientific mind. They learned their craft through experience. In order to enlarge his Wren went to France. In Paris his entry to French cultural circles was smoothed by the British ambassador. He met François Mansart (1598-1666), the first great protagonist of classicism in French architecture. The elegance, clarity and restraint of his style reached its apogee in his masterpiece, Maisons Lafitte. Louis Le Vau (1612-70), was the leading Baroque architect in France and created the Louis XIV style at Versailles. Most probably Wren saw his two grandiloquent hôtels privé in Paris, the Hôtel Lambert and the Hôtel Lauzun.

Most significantly Wren met the universal genius, Gianlorenzo Bernini (1598-1680) sculptor, painter and poet as well as architect. After his work in St. Peter's in Rome his fame was so great that Louis XIV begged him to come to Paris to design plans to enlarge the Louvre. Wren had a tantalisingly brief glimpse of them; they were never carried out.

About this encounter Wren wrote: 'Bernini's Design of the Louvre I would have given my Skin for, but the old reserv'd Italian gave me but a few minutes View... I only had Time to copy it in my Fancy and Memory: I shall be able by Discourse and a Crayon to give you a tolerable Account of it'.

Wren saw also Bernini's magnificently baroque bust of the King, now at Versailles, and perhaps this influenced the treatment of his own, life-size marble portrait bust by Edward Pierce that dominates the principal gallery in the present exhibition.

Yet the most significant of all Wren's visual experiences in France were the domes that climaxed many important French public buildings. They were completely new to him for at that time there was no domed building in England.

In March 1666 Wren returned home. He had been appointed to the Commission for the Restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral in 1663, and now he produced reports and drawings for a new domed crossing for the old cathedral. A place of worship had existed on that site for a thousand years, from Anglo-Saxon times. Between 607 and 1087 it had repeatedly suffered damage from fire and lightning. King James I had initiated a survey of the medieval structure in 1608, and Inigo Jones had submitted designs most of which were never carried out. During the Civil War and the Commonwealth that followed it St. Paul's was deliberately vandalized.

For a time soldiers' horses were stabled there. On one occasion the font was used for a mock baptism of a new born foal — an astonishing act of sacrilege. The beautiful pillars of Jones' portico were cut and defaced.

Before any improvements could be implemented the Great Fire reduced the old cathedral to a shell. The Fire began on September 2nd 1666 and raged for three days. As the cathedral burned, stones flew off it like grenades, lead ran in rivers down the streets, pavements glowed red hot. It devastated almost all of the City and many acres beyond. No fewer than eighty-seven churches were destroyed. The Fire gave Christopher Wren the greatest architectural opportunity of his lifetime. It also gave London a wonderful opportunity to re-design its urban muddle along the bravura designs of Paris or Rome. Within a few days John Evelyn submitted such a scheme to King Charles II. On 11th September Wren presented his 'Plan for the City of London' (No. 11 in this exhibition). He conceived broad avenues radiating to important sites, St. Paul's, the Exchange, the Tower of London, etc. intersecting a grid pattern of streets. These plans and several others were thwarted by the avarice and stupidity of the citizens who wanted to restart their trades as quickly as possible. After World War II another great opportunity was similarly rubbished. London, it seems, will never have vistas, or boulevards.

A rebuilding commission was set up with three architects, including Wren, chosen by the King and three by the City. In 1669 Wren was appointed Surveyor General of the King's Works. He resigned his professorship of Astronomy, and undertook to rebuild fifty-one parish churches. There had been no comparable programme of church building since before the Reformation.

Every facet of Wren's empirical genius found scope for expression in this project. No two of his churches were alike; no steeple or tower design was duplicated. His knowledge of structures enabled him to make new, brick buildings that weighed no more heavily on the original foundations than the old. In many cases he did this by ingeniously making the external roof and the internal wood and plaster vaulted ceiling as a single integral construction.

The churches were built between 1670 and 1686. In the peak year, 1677, nearly thirty were under construction at the same time. Today less than half of them survive, and half of those that do have been more or less rebuilt. Visitors to this exhibition have only to cross the road to visit one of them — St. James's, Piccadilly, built between 1676 and 1684. Badly bombed in 1940 it has been rebuilt. Professor Kerry Downes, biographer of Wren and curator of this exhibition, states 'The authorship of the spire, now reconstructed, is uncertain'. One admires still Wren's calm white interior and the magnificent plain glazed windows. As if this was not enough, while all this was going on, Wren twice sat as a Member of Parliament — from 1685-87 and again from 1701-1702.

In 1673 Wren was chosen to be the architect of a new St. Paul's Cathedral. He was knighted. King Charles II was as hard and shrewd a judge of men as he was soft with women. He recognized in Wren a man with infinitely

adaptable gifts and two natural talents — he could draw with ease and accuracy and his scientific training had taught him how to construct excellent models.

Wren's drawings, invariably in pen, ink and wash are exquisite and in excellent condition still. This exhibition enables us to see his development as an architect, from a stumbling early design to the sophisticated Greek Cross designs for St. Pauls (the Greek Cross was a cross with four short arms of equal length). In a fascinating sequence, drawings Nos. 40 to 47, we follow his attempts to design the perfect dome. In Paris in 1665 Wren is thought to have consulted with Guarino Guarini, who came from Modena, Italy, and was well known as a philosopher and mathematician before winning fame as an architect. His major buildings survive in Turin and include two churches crowned with cone shaped domes of unprecedented ingenuity. Among Wren's drawings are a Study for a Dome of Sixteen Sides (No. 40): a Dome on a Concave Octagonal Podium (No. 42): A Part-Section of a Thirty-two-sided Dome (No. 47): and a most subtle and delicate Comparative Study of Two Domes (No. 41). It is possible that Wren's most Baroque solutions for the dome were inspired by Guarini's fantastic originality.

The dome of St. Paul's as we know it today, is one of the most majestic in the world and is, in fact, purely classical in style. It consists of three ingenious structures: a stone and brick inner dome; a leaded wooden outer dome, and a brick cone between them that cannot be seen but carries the stone lantern, whose counterweight gives mechanical stability to the whole dome structure (No. 83).

Wren began designing the cathedral in 1670 and completed a model in wood which survives in St. Paul's Library. In all he designed five versions of the Cathedral. The 1670 design was comparatively modest and when taken to Whitehall for royal approval he was asked to submit a grander — no expense spared — design. The result was the superb Greek Cross design (No. 15) his most splendid effort. It was Wren's favourite and bore a major and a minor dome very much in the classical spirit of Bramante. Charles II approved it in 1673. In case of accident to the architect he asked that a permanent record be made. The result was the Great Model, the undisputed high-spot of the present exhibition. It is a virtuoso display of the carver and cabinet-maker's art, now on its first outing since the Second World War. Made in oak and limewood it is eighteen feet long and was designed to be walked through. It is perfect inside and out. The complicated Corinthian capitals of its many tiny pillars are flawless. It took one year to complete and cost £600 — a sum that could have paid for a substantial town house. It remains a perpetual reproach for what might have been. For the design displeased influential members of the clergy. It was too European, too Popish, specifically too close to St. Peter's for some tastes; for others too far from the long naved old St. Paul's.

This rejection changed Wren's attitude. He refused to build a medieval cathedral; ceased to be available for consultation; became secretive. He would make no further models nor exhibit drawings of his plans; experience

had taught him that it wasted his time and subjected his work to incompetent judges.

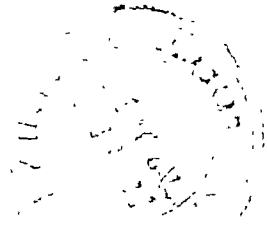
The next plans were known as the Warrant Design (No. 18), so called after the Warrant of 14th May 1675 originally stitched to the drawings. This seems to have pleased no-one. Next came the Penultimate Design (Nos. 19-23). It was hardly finished before being superceded by the Definitive Design (Nos. 25-61). Most of these beautiful final drawings were done by Wren himself. A few are the work of Wren's gifted pupil, Nicholas Hawksmoor.

In all Wren spent nearly fifty years working on his masterpiece. Building began in 1675, the year his son was born, and was finished in 1709 when this same son placed the last stone on the lantern. It was officially declared finished in 1711. Later Wren's son recorded with pride: 'Thus was this mighty Fabrick, the second Church for Grandeur in Europe, in the Space of 35 Years, begun and finished by one Architect and under one Bishop of London, Dr. Henry Compton ... whereas the Church of St. Peter in Rome (the only Edifice that can come in Competition with it) continued in the Building the Space of 145 Years, carried out by no less than 12 Architects successively ... during the Reigns of 19 Popes.'

The cost of building St. Paul's Cathedral was £738,854 5s. 2½d. Nothing like it had been seen in England before. It was a triumph of intellectual self-reliance. Its many Baroque elements, evident notably in the towers, the main facade and illusionist features such as the sham perspective window niches were all entirely new. In its building Wren confirmed the mark of a great architect — the ability to respond to the challenge of different circumstances. In addition he had courage, perserverence, tact and extraordinary generosity.

In his classic essay, 'The Mind of Wren' the art historian, Sir John Summerson, analysed the extent to which Wren's intellect formed his artistic personality and concluded that his scientific disciplines clipped the wings of his imagination. 'Wren's work,' he wrote, 'lacked the panache of Hawksmoor and John Vanburgh in the next generation.' Panache or not, it seems to me that Wren's buildings are among the most pleasing and distinguished to be found in these islands.

The exhibition, sponsored by Reed International and Paternoster Associates, continues at the Royal Academy until 12th May, 1991. Professor Kerry Downes and Ralph Hyde, Librarian at the Guildhall, have written the excellent and mercifully slim catalogue.



WHY WE SHOULD PRESERVE THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

by H. R. Harris

THE English language, as spoken today, has taken over a thousand years to evolve. During that time it has been subjected to many influences, and undergone many changes. Up to the beginning of this century, the changes took place quite slowly, but with the advent of newspapers and radio the pace of change has increased. New words and new constructions are communicated instantly to millions of people, and because of the authority of the media transmitting them, the new forms are readily accepted by most people. Thus what was a steady development has turned into a headlcng rush.

One result of this has been the creation of two distinct groups of people. There is a small group of well-educated, older people, who remember the language as they learned it in their early life, and who resist change. Then there is a much larger group consisting of the less well-educated, and the young, who accept almost any change uncritically. The former group would argue that many of the changes are unnecessary, while the better educated among the latter would say that the language cannot be frozen forever at one point in time, and must continue to evolve and change. Both sides have a case, but it is a fact that, as things stand, the second group is destined to win, partly through weight of numbers, and partly because any older generation eventually dies off.

So we have change, and it is both rapid and inevitable. Or is it? Let us put a microscope on some of the changes, and consider the implications. And if, as I believe, the implications are serious for all of us, let us then consider what can be done.

The personal safety of each one of us depends on the maintenance of a civilized society. Such a society, in turn, depends upon the maintenance of law and order, and that in turn depends on the existence of a body of rules or laws. To provide a point of reference, those laws must be expressed in words, and written down. To safeguard them against misinterpretation, there must be further laws to cover the possibility of variations in the meanings of words. (In Great Britain, this section of the law is called 'The Interpretation of Statutes'.) But in the end, there is no law which says that the meanings of words, as understood by the population at large, cannot be changed. So an uncritical acceptance of change in the language could have a direct and serious effect on our safety. If the word 'murder' lost all meaning, murder could be committed.

Such a view, of course, in our present fairly civilized society, will seem alarmist. The language has been changing for a thousand years, and alongside this our laws have developed both in scope and precision. As a result, despite the changes in the language, the law is enforced to a greater degree than it was say 300 years ago, or 600 years ago, and society is on the whole more stable. However, as the unit trust advertisements say, 'past

performance is not necessarily a guide to the future'. We are in a completely new situation where the rate of change is faster, and less controlled, than ever before.

So let us look first at a few harmless words which have changed slowly over the last few hundred years, and then at some more sinister changes that are currently occurring.

Every schoolboy will be familiar with the word 'nice'. It is an example of a word which has undergone a complete reversal of meaning. In Chaucer's day it meant 'foolish' or 'ignorant'. Gradually it changed: first to 'strange', then to 'reluctant', then to 'difficult to please', then to 'fastidious', then to 'punctilious', until finally it acquired its present general meaning of 'agreeable' or 'commendable'. So what in Chaucer's day would have been a 'foolish' man, becomes today the complete opposite: a 'commendable' man.

A less well-known, and perhaps more interesting case is the verb 'to protest'. Originally this meant 'to affirm', which in turn meant 'to ratify' or 'agree with'. When groups of churchmen broke away from the Roman Catholic Church in the sixteenth century, they 'protested' or 'affirmed' their new faith. Hence the language acquired the noun 'Protestant'. But these people were objecting to the Roman Catholic Church, and in a relatively short space of time (1539-1608) 'to protest' acquired its more common present-day meaning of 'to object'. So a word underwent a complete reversal of meaning in a man's lifetime, and we are left with a curious paradox: a major part of the establishment of this country (the Church of England), which in practice stands for normality and conformity, is associated with a word (protest) which is the complete opposite.

At this stage we may note that not only can there be a complete reversal in the meaning of a word, but it can go in either of two directions: from unpleasant to pleasant (nice) or from pleasant to unpleasant (protest).

Up to about 1900 society was able to cope with changes of meaning like these because the pace of change was slow, and the changes themselves were largely harmless and academic. However, the advent of mass-circulation newspapers and the radio, in the first half of the twentieth century, meant that changes could be communicated to a vast audience more or less instantaneously. That there was no immediate collapse in standards was due to one simple fact. All material, whether for newspapers or radio, continued to be written, and it is an axiom that the written word is less wayward than the spoken. Thus any tendency to misuse was prevented for a time by the discipline of the written word.

With the arrival of television in the nineteen-fifties, broadcasting underwent a major change. Much television material was transmitted live, and radio programmes started to move in the same direction. The formal news bulletin, which had previously been written down and simply read out, was replaced by magazine-type programmes in which there were numerous live interviews. The written word was substantially replaced by the spoken word, with all its associated pitfalls. No matter how good the speaker was (and many were not good) there was a natural tendency to use the first

word one might think of, rather than the precise word, to speak in cliches, and to use the latest popular words and phrases whether these served any purpose or not. In summary there was a decline in British broadcasting in the nineteen-sixties and nineteen-seventies, from a predominance of well-written, grammatically correct English, to a predominance of vulgar, ungrammatical English, with considerable misuse of words. This has been picked up, passed on, and magnified by millions of listeners and viewers, such that quite ordinary words which were in use thirty years ago are now going out of use, and being replaced by a jargon that is increasingly vague and misleading.

The new jargon comes in two forms. Some words are being used in a vague way, so that one is not sure of the sense, except by very close reference to the context. Alongside this, certain basic and entirely sensible words are being replaced by rather vague catchwords. What is disturbing about this second group is that many direct and fairly blunt expressions are being replaced by expressions from which the bluntness has been discreetly removed. We are no longer calling a spade, a spade. The danger of this in a world where the law is no more than a series of words, is self-evident.

So the word 'intimidate' which means basically 'to make timid' or 'to frighten', and which was hardly used thirty years ago, has flourished in an age of terrorism. In less than a decade, it has swept aside 'threaten', and 'frighten', and 'threaten and frighten', and is used indiscriminately to mean all three. Whenever violence is described, the aggressors are guilty of 'intimidation', and the victims are 'intimidated'. But this is just not good enough. An aggressor may or may not make threats. A victim may or may not be frightened. There are in fact four possible combinations: threats without resultant fear, threats with resultant fear, fear without threats, and an absence of fear and threats. To cover all this with one word is irresponsible. We need to bring back the fast disappearing words 'threaten' and 'frighten', and describe precisely what is going on: who (if anybody) is doing the threatening, and who (if anybody) is frightened. I am well aware that one of the meanings of 'intimidate' is 'to frighten with threats', but there has been such indiscriminate use of the word that one cannot be certain any more that this particular meaning is intended.

This is no mere academic quibble. There is already confusion in the practical world of legal reference books. The *Concise Dictionary of Law* published by the Oxford University Press in 1983 defines 'intimidation' as 'the act of frightening someone into doing something'. The *Concise Law Dictionary* published by Sweet and Maxwell in the very same year defines it as 'the misdemeanour of using violence or threats to a person'. Here is a practical example of the muddle we are getting into.

The word 'fund' is a fairly straightforward word. As a noun it means 'a reserve of money set aside for a certain purpose'. In order to set money aside it must, in normal circumstances, first be earned, and then saved. So 'fund' as a noun has highly respectable connotations: of working hard, living within one's means, and saving. It follows that, when used as a verb,

'fund' continues to be respectable. Money has been earned, and saved, and now it is being used for that 'certain purpose' which was mentioned earlier. There is nothing wrong in any of this. In recent years however the verb has been over-used and become a catchword. It has invaded the domain of the simple verb 'to pay'. So, increasingly, we no longer 'pay' for various goods and services, but we 'fund' them. The direct, rather blunt word 'pay', with all its connotations of parting with money, is being replaced by the more respectable word 'fund' with all its connotations of saving money. The danger here is that if the direct word 'pay' is edged out, we may delude ourselves that important items can be obtained without parting with money, and from some magical fund that somebody, somewhere, has saved up for us.

Similarly, following the removal of certain controls from the British Stock Exchange (deregulation), the word 'deregulate' has come into widespread use to mean 'decontrol'. This is a very new word indeed. As recently as 1979 'deregulate' did not appear in the *Collins Dictionary of the English Language*, a book whose specific aim was to be 'the most up-to-date guide to the English language throughout the world'. (This is no reflection on that dictionary. I make the point to emphasize the newness of the word.) 'Deregulate' is derived from 'regulate' which means 'to control', and especially 'to control by rule or regulation'. So there was not much wrong with the coined word 'deregulation'. It properly described the removal of certain Stock Exchange controls or rules.

Unfortunately, 'deregulation' has spawned 'deregulate' (instead of 'decontrol') and, by association, a widespread use of 'regulate' (instead of 'control'). The situation is similar to that of 'pay' and 'fund'. 'Control' is a blunt word with rather severe connotations. We control unruly children, irresponsible hooligans, and violent criminals. 'Regulate' on the other hand has no such connotations. It is derived from 'regular' which means 'normal', 'usual', or 'customary', and has therefore quite respectable connotations. Indeed, it might easily be confused with 'regularize' which means 'to make regular', or 'to make customary'. So instead of 'controlling' malpractices, we are beginning to speak in terms of 'regulating' them. As an example, I have heard radio interviews in which people talk of 'regulating football hooligans'. The intention is to convey the idea of controlling, but by association with the word 'regular' the effect is the very opposite. We begin to sow a seed that the malpractice might be 'normal', 'usual', or 'customary'. We begin, not merely to reverse a meaning, but to reverse a nation's ideas of right and wrong. I do not wish to press the argument too far, but I do believe that if it is allowed to continue, we could be in danger of 'regulating' quite serious crimes, and so, by misunderstanding, 'regularizing' those crimes: to the point where law and order begin to break down.

It might be said that learned judges and barristers are quite capable of sifting through the variations of meaning that I have described. But the new jargon is now in such widespread use that the next generation of judges and barristers will be brought up on it from the cradle. What is the position

going to be, in fifty years' time, when this new generation tries to administer the law?

We have certainly reached a point where a more disciplined approach to the use of language is required. Given the will to achieve this, and a certain amount of common sense, such an objective should not be unattainable. We cannot force people to speak and write properly all the time, but we can set up a framework that gives them the best possible chance: an Official Dictionary of Standard English which preserves the best of the last one thousand years, but removes the abuses of the last thirty; yearly supplements giving agreed new words for such things as scientific discoveries and truly new concepts; mandatory teaching of Standard English in schools; mandatory use of Standard English in official documents; and perhaps most important of all, a mandatory allocation of broadcasting time and press space to material written in Standard English. We would then get the best of both worlds. We would freeze the language at a given point in time to prevent abuse, but would allow development and change in a controlled way.

The last thirty years have been a time of rapid change in many fields, and at least one of these is directly relevant to my proposition. The use of computers has grown from negligible levels thirty years ago, to a point where they are now in virtually every factory, office, and home. Computers function by means of language: computer language. But unlike ordinary language, the language of any given computer is precisely defined, within clear limits, and without ambiguities: it is frozen at a certain point in time. If a computer programmer deviates in the slightest from the set rules of the language he is using, the computer concerned will not begin to function. This may sound limiting and restrictive, but in fact it is not, because computer languages are periodically updated to accommodate sensible new developments.

So in freezing a real language, like English, and allowing controlled development, we would not be out of step with the times. We would be learning a lesson from the rapid changes going on around us, and safeguarding our future, at one and the same time.

THE NEWMAN BROTHERS: FREE CHOICE OR FATE?

by Robert Milburn

APOLOGISTS for the Christian tradition commonly find themselves in a position of difficulty when called upon to reconcile the almighty power of God, accepted as Creator and Ruler of all that exists, with the responsibility of each human being to exercise throughout life a meaningful freedom of choice that leads inevitably to weal or woe. Awareness of a certain liberty to decide things may well invite the claim

> I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul,

while emphasis on the divine sovereignty leads St. Paul, along with Augustine, Calvin and many another, to compare God with the potter who, according to choice, makes some vessels for honour, others for a dishonourable ending on the scrap heap. And then, if the inscrutable will of God, or even the blind force of chance, be recognised as the deciding influence, how can it be fair for the fugitive human spirit to take the blame?

The problem presents itself with special force when the heroes, or victims, of the drama share a common heredity, upbringing and opportunity as did John Henry, Charles and Francis, the three sons of John and Jemima Newman, born in close succession between 1801 and 1805. Three sisters, all of them graceful, lively and intelligent, completed the Newman family, and the way of life in Bloomsbury or by the Thames at Gray Court, Ham, was one where the ordinary conventions of a civilised and prosperous household were no bar to wide-ranging interests. Moreover the happy school at Ealing, which the boys attended, was conducted by Dr. Nicholas in such a manner as, without undue pressures, to encourage excellence in any undertaking. Even the sudden failure of Newman's Bank in 1816 did not spell complete financial disaster and the children were able to choose freely his or her own path. There was no obvious reason for a chip on any shoulder.

Yet the three brothers, similar in physique and mental alertness, chose to develop along markedly diverse lines and were not slow to criticise each other's way of life. Charles, for his part, displayed from early years a streak of cynical rebellion against the piety, conventional but sincere, in which he was brought up. He came to adopt the socialist principles of Richard Owen and felt thereby impelled to give up the position which he had obtained in the Bank of England, a course which did not prevent him from borrowing a thousand pounds of his mother's dowry and failing to return it. Aided by this and other subventions from his family, Charles hired rooms at Tenby, then a newly discovered seaside resort, where he passed the remainder of his long life composing a few bellicose pamphlets but otherwise in total idleness. His temper of aggressive sarcasm, however, mellowed into genial mockery. Mrs. Griffiths, his landlady, became very attached to him and the rector of Tenby, while deploring his resolute

atheism, visited him regularly and admired his 'fine intellectual and gentlemanly bearing'.

John Henry, the elder brother of Charles by just over a year, shaped differently. While Charles pursued lax and easy-going ways, John was systematic and immensely industrious. Hot-tempered and romantic, easily moved to tears, he looked on the world around him as a 'maze of vast complicated disorder'. But, whereas Charles, viewing things in much the same way, concluded that the Universe is, in essence, meaningless, John Henry felt that religion furnished the clues necessary if not for full explanation at any rate for general understanding. On this view, the method for ascertaining truth is provided by the conscience, pictured as 'that solemn Monitor, personal, peremptory, unargumentative, minatory, definitive'. What John Henry meant by this lumbering string of adjectives is closely akin to the power which, in poet or artist, occurs as an indefinable sense of pitch. He names it the 'illative faculty', the power of looking at things from the right viewpoint and thus investing reason with a sharpness of vision and concentrated power not otherwise to be obtained. In his agonised quest for certainty, however, John Henry wished for something more secure than probability as the guide of life. The conscience, he came to feel, may be the only spur to belief in God but dogma, the crystallisation of expert understanding, is necessary in order to define and explain this one Object of conscience. Finding such a dogmatic foundation most obviously accepted by the Church of Rome, John Henry, after some initial repugnances, discovered in that Church the assurance which his nature required. Through failure, controversy and success alike he retained that confidence until his lined, ascetic features came, in old age, to be surmounted with the fantastic adornment of a Cardinal's hat.

The youngest of the Newman brothers, Francis, was the handsome one, with his long black hair and piercing blue eyes. Intellectually brilliant, totally without humour, described by his mother as 'a piece of adamant', he, too, was consumed with a passionate idealism and determined in his search for truth. But, whereas John Henry hankered after a rock-like security which did not finally depend on private judgement, Francis chose as his guide the instincts and impulses of his own questing intellect. After completing, with the greatest success, his studies in the classical languages and mathematics, and fired by a not very clearly defined instinct to spread enlightenment, he embarked on a missionary expedition to Persia. The party was organised on undenominational lines by a Devonshire dentist, A. N. Groves. It included a certain Dr. Cronin, accompanied by his elderly mother who died at Baghdad, his sister, a baby and Lord Congleton, who married the sister in Aleppo. After the total failure of this project, Francis Newman settled down to the life which suited him, that of a university lecturer who valued the power of free, not to say eccentric, expression above the cautious moderation which would have gained him greater fame and advancement. Vegetarian, teatotaller, supporter of women's suffrage, exponent of completely new methods of translating Greek verse, Francis chose in most things to side with the minority while a conscience which caused him to

stumble over the word 'justification' made it impossible for him to give assent to the Thirty-Nine Articles and thus proceed to the degree of Master of Arts and retain the Fellowship which he had gained at Balliol. In the event he found the atmosphere of Manchester New College more congenial, formed a close friendship with James Martineau and other prominent Unitarians and retained their by no means uncritical affection after 1846 when he moved to London to become a professor at University College.

Here he set himself the task of writing an enormous work outlining the content of early, original Christianity and exposing the corruptions later introduced by Church leaders hag-ridden by a passion for power. But, finding his own beliefs less and less secure, he changed the substance of his book and produced it under the title *Phases of Faith* in which wistful, mid-Victorian questioning combines with a stark assurance that man's only guide along his darkling path is the light of his own unaided reason. 'Religion', he maintained, 'is created by the inward instincts of the soul: it has afterwards to be pruned and chastened by the critical understanding'. But he was always the adventurer rather than the scorner and a poem, with the unpromising title *Theism*, which he composed in 1857, reads like a primitive rough draft of Robert Bridges' *Testament of Beauty*. It was only in his last years that, vexed by his brother's success and the neglect of his own works, he fell into bitterness.

The three Newman brothers, so alike in background, intellectual power and awareness of the shimmering, elusive nature of reality, thus reacted to life each in his own markedly different manner. Some observers have interpreted this fact in terms of morality, of free choice between good and evil. To others it has appeared part of an absolute, arbitrary election of men, now as standard-bearers of enlightenment, now to be vessels of wrath. In the words of the Victorian poet, Arthur O'Shaughnessy,

> One spirit shall be like a star:
> He shall delight to honour one.
> Another spirit he shall mar:
> None shall undo what God hath done.

[The Very Reverend Robert Milburn is a former Master of the Temple.]

A LAST BOUQUET FOR DAME MARGOT

by James Munson

THE death of Dame Margot Fonteyn earlier this year has not only marked the end of an era in the history of British ballet, but also in the lives of thousands who saw her. Obituaries and television documentaries have paid well-merited tribute to her genius as a dancer: her grace, her technique, and her ever-present musicality. None who ever saw her could forget her skill at portraying a character — indeed becoming that character — whether it be the ageing courtesan in *Marguerite and Armand* or the lovesick girl in *Romeo and Juliet*. She possessed all these abilities off stage as well.

In the 1960s I was one of those who used to queue for standing-room tickets at Covent Garden whenever Dame Margot was dancing. We would patiently wait for hours outside the box office with our 10s. 6d. ready for the time when Sergeant Martin — the larger than life majordomo on whose broad shoulders the Royal Opera rested — would beckon us inside. In those days Covent Garden was still London's fruit and flower market and our queueing was often relieved by the sight of the heavily-laden carts trundling up and down the streets. Occasionally there would even be a free apple or orange from an indulgent worker. All round were the odours of fruit and vegetables. On a 'Margot night' the flower market would sell out of bouquets.

Later that evening, we rushed to get a good place in the standing room at the back of the stalls circle. For the next few hours Dame Margot would lift us into a world of perfect grace and beauty. She was a master of the little gesture. Who can forget the way her arms would flutter like a swan's wings as she slowly disappeared off stage? Once the performance was over, we raced down to the foyer and then up the aisles to the orchestra pit, where we would stand, clapping, shouting, and stomping. When Margot — to her devoted audience, she was always 'Margot' — came out for her individual curtain calls, we would hurl our bouquets at her feet in tribute. From above, in the 'gods', other devotees would rain down flowers on her head. It was a tribute of love and regard and these curtain calls became part of the performance. None who saw them can ever forget that look of assured confidence combined with the innocence of a little-girl wondering that she should inspire such applause.

When the great red curtain with the Royal Arms finally closed, we rushed round to the stage door to wait for another glimpse of Margot. When she appeared there would be more applause, more bouquets, while eager hands pressed forward to have a programme autographed.

When she had finally left in her limousine and we made our way home — in my case, back to Oxford — we speculated what sort of woman she was. We all knew, of course, the romantic story of her marriage to a Panamanian diplomat, his tragic condition after an assassination attempt and her devotion to him. Yet few of us knew much of her as a person. I had been

told by a friend who worked at Grosvenor House that when in London, she stayed in a penthouse at the extraordinary price of thirty guineas a night. I related this morsel to eager friends and it made its round of London balletomanes — undoubtedly the cost of the suite rose with each telling. Still, we wondered: what was Dame Margot Fonteyn de Arias, born Peggy Hookham in Reigate, really like?

I got a chance to know in 1969, when she was dancing in Stratford. A friend and I decided to hitch from Oxford to see the matinee performance of *Swan Lake*. We got a lift with a lorry driver delivering coffins to villages lying between Oxford and Stratford, but only on condition that we would help him unload his burden at each stop. My goal was not just to see the performance — balletomanes, like other addicts, can never get enough — but to ask Margot to autograph a photograph I had bought of her and Nureyev in *Giselle*.

In Stratford, we went round to the stage door. Someone who knew her, or claimed to know her, told me that it was better to ask for this before a performance than afterwards. So we waited: it began to rain and then to rain hard. Still she did not turn up. We could hear the orchestra begin the overture and then the music of the first act. We knew she did not appear on stage until Act II, but even so the delay was unnerving. Finally she arrived, obviously in a great rush. She had only minutes to change from an elegant traveller into a unhappy swan. I came forward with my photograph. 'I hate this photograph,' she said, yet she agreed to autograph it. Then things really got bad: my pen seized up half way through her signature so that today I have half an ink and half a scratched autographed photograph.

After the performance I made my way down to the orchestra rail, flowers in hand but wondering if she would throw the flowers back at me. Yet she deftly grabbed the bouquet in mid air and gave me one of her most charming smiles.

Once back in Oxford, I wrote a letter to Dame Margot apologising for my rudeness and to explain why I had done it. A few days later, I found a letter in my pigeon-hole at College on Grosvenor House stationery. I take the liberty of quoting from this letter. 'I hate to be rude to people but I am so nervous when arriving at the theatre to dance *Swan Lake* that I am apt to snap at anyone who talks to me. I really do not mean it and I am terribly sorry it happened. Please don't apologise. How were you to know? With many thanks for the flowers.'

That the world's most celebrated dancer would take time to write a charming letter to an undergraduate shows what a truly kind lady Dame Margot Fonteyn was. In the following years we were to exchange other letters and she was genuinely pleased when I dedicated my first historical work to her. Like many other people I had been enriched by the vision of beauty and grace that Margot Fonteyn held out both on the stage and in life. Even those who saw her briefly knew she was somehow different. One day she was leaving a building in New York. She turned

to the doorman and said, 'Oh! It's raining.' 'Yes, ma'am, but *you* can walk between the raindrops.'

[James Munson is an Oxford historian. His latest book, *The Nonconformists* will be published by SPCK at the end of May.]

Mrs. Betty Abel has announced her retirement as editor of *Contemporary Review*. Her devoted service to this journal reaches back to the editorship of G. P. Gooch. Her late husband, Deryck Abel, succeeded Dr. Gooch as editor. Betty Abel assisted Rosalind Wade in the editorship for many years and became editor in 1989. Fortunately, she will continue to play a role in the journal by reviewing books.

The new editor, Dr. Richard Mullen, has taught history in the Universities of Oxford and London. His most recent book, *Anthony Trollope: A Victorian in His World*, has been awarded the 'Book of the Year' Prize by the *Yorkshire Post*.

Literary Supplement

IN TIBET

Tibet: the facts. Paul Ingram. Tibetan Young Buddhist Association. £7.50.

This book is a report prepared by the Scientific Buddhist Association for the United Nations Commission on Human Rights — though there is no information as to whether it was a volunteered or commissioned report. It was published in India, though it is available in Britain from an organisation called Optimus (30 Hollingbourne Gardens, London W13 8EN), whose secretary is Paul Ingram, who is also the author of the report. The Scientific Buddhist Association is now Optimus, and it was Optimus and Paul Ingram that made it possible for the report to be revised and updated for wider publication. The report (and book) is largely therefore a one-man crusade, and it would be none the worse for that if it did not read so obviously as one man's passion. I say this because supporters of China's presence in Tibet will find in Mr. Ingram's book many aspects of style, narrative and research with which to quibble. The book is its own worst enemy, given to shallow comparisons (unemployed blacks in South Africa, Aboriginal peoples in Australia, Maoris in New Zealand, Tibetans), unattributed accounts and reports, and overstatement. To refer to holocaust and gulag is to lay claim to particular enormities which have not yet been committed by the Chinese Government on the scale that these terms suggest.

This approach by Mr. Ingram is a pity, because there is no doubt that China has committed very great wrongs in Tibet. The account that reveals them would shock us more greatly by its dispassion. It would also move us if it were able to construct a comparative dimension. The Chinese have effected great good in Tibet. A feudal culture with fundamental stratifications, great backwardness and cruelties has been attacked. An author on Tibet needs to argue that great good has been subverted or overthrown by greater bad. He or she needs also to confront the final recourse of Chinese apologia, and that is the contention that backwardness and cruelties would return if the Chinese left. The programme of the Tibetan resistance, if it is to have a resonance in the modern world — as opposed to the modern sentiment for things old and disappearing — has to be one that guarantees freedoms and equality. There is, however, a peculiar chauvinism in Tibetan protest. There are the pictures of protests by monks, but no evidence of a young, technocratic generation waiting to fill vacuums in public administration. If such a generation has been suppressed, or prevented from coming into existence, then this is as great a critique of Chinese rule as the suppression of religion and should be accorded equal space.

Mr. Ingram makes an early and easy comparison between what is happening in Tibet and what happened in Tiananmen Square. Both are examples of the ruthlessness and cruelty of the Chinese leadership. The tragic sub-text of Tiananmen, however, is what a peculiarly Chinese protest it was. The Chinese youth had very little real idea of the outside world. It was an uprising and slaughter of *ingenues*. They had little idea of Tibet, and what their idea of a democratic China would do for Tibet. If there is no technocratic generation in Tibet, and if the technocratic generation of China has no knowledge of

Tibet, the coincidence of those forces necessary to drive Tibet forwards towards a real liberty — not a cultural revanchism — is absent. I am as horrified by this as by anything Mr. Ingram has written. The most passionate book often makes the least persuasive case. STEPHEN CHAN

A POETIC TRADITION

Apollo. An anthology of poems by doctor poets, compiled and introduced by Edward Lowbury. 158pp. The Keynes Press. British Medical Association. £20.

Selected and New Poems 1935-1985 by Edward Lowbury. 140pp. Hippopotamus Press. £15 (cloth), £7.95 (paper).

The medical profession has always made great contributions to literature. To honour the persistence of this tradition a poet who belongs to the profession has produced an anthology. He has taken his title from Thomas Campion, the Elizabethan poet, musician and medical man, on whom he published a book twenty years ago. His choice of poems shows the length and breadth of the tradition. Naturally the order is chronological: it begins with the Greek Anthology and ends with contemporaries of the editor.

The editor has surveyed the world from China to Peru and found poems in Hebrew, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Japanese, Czech, Swedish and Russian. Most readers will have to take on trust fidelity to the originals: where one can judge the translations are excellent, and they all read very well in their English versions. Well-known poets make a token appearance, and some items are perhaps included because of their author's medical eminence, but all are interesting. An erudite introduction adds to the pleasure of reading the volume.

The maker of the anthology is himself an accomplished poet and has recently published a volume demonstrating his long commitment to poetry and (happily) his continuing practice of it. The only poem to be preserved from his first set, issued as far back as 1935, presents a young man wondering about old age. Near the end of the selection is a poem for his seventy-fifth birthday, and the last poem is entitled 'Eternity'. Time and aging are recurring motifs, but a great variety of moods and occasions stir reflections which will stimulate sympathetic vibrations in contemporary readers. The poems are, as Campion said short poems should be, 'skillfully framed, and naturally exprest . . . many of them shewing as much artifice, and breeding as great difficultie, as a larger Poeme'. BRUCE PATTISON

VICTORIAN REBEL

Samuel Butler: A Biography. Peter Raby. Hogarth Press. £25.00.

Whenever I want a good laugh I take down Samuel Butler's *Note Books*, a prime favourite with me, as Butler himself is. The thing is not to take him seriously, any more than he did himself, certainly not to take him at face value. He was a terrific tease, and had a keen nose for humbug of every kind, in which the Victorian age was thick. To have exposed it, made fun of it at every level and in every guise was his main achievement. I love reading the *Note Books* for sheer fun, and they are his best work.

Of course he took people in, and he said of himself that he was 'gullible'. Candour and honesty are among his delightful qualities, also common sense and an enormous amount of uncommon nonsense, some of it also amusing and always lively. He was out to irritate and provoke — and succeeded beyond

his hopes. He had enough bees in his bonnet to populate a hive — many of them stung himself as often as others. For example, he hated the Family, particularly his own, every member of it. 'I believe that more unhappiness comes from this source than from any other', and he went on to smite it hip and thigh. But is this true? Many families go on happily enough. And need we accept Butler's view of his own family, as Mr. Raby and others mostly do?

Nobody says a good word for his father, though it was awkward for a Victorian Canon to have a son who publicly insisted that Christ did not die on the Cross, but revived. And, after all, Father shelled out £5,000 to set up Sam in New Zealand. Nor did he see why he should go on shelling out when Sam was wasting £200 a year on Pauli. The younger son, Tom, was worse — this is new in Mr. Raby's book. Tom was sent down from Cambridge, lived in Brussels with a succession of mistresses, married and had children, was a drunk, became an alcoholic and died of VD. The poor Canon supported them then and thereafter, more or less uncomplaining: I wouldn't have done, better to set such a fool adrift.

Sam fancied that he had had an unhappy life. Henry Nevinson, who knew him well, did not think so; nor did Festing Jones, he and Butler had any amount of fun together. Bachelor life, free and easy, in pleasant old Clement's Inn in the days of blissful Victorian security; innumerable trips abroad when the going was good, above all to Italy; walks and journeys about the English countryside when it was unspoiled; concerts, theatres, music halls; poking fun at everybody, perpetual jokes; moreover, occupied all the time with what interested them, painting, music, writing. Above all, independent.

Butler enjoyed paddling his own canoe against the stream, going against 'received ideas' as Flaubert did with much less enjoyment. True, it was difficult for writers to keep afloat in that ocean of humbug, like swimming in treacle. Clerical humbug was obtrusive, and Butler — offspring of the Church — was obsessed by Victorian religiosity. Somebody said that Canon Ainger would bowdlerise even Wordsworth. The thought of a bishop was enough to give Butler an erection, and it tickled his fancy to photograph one — gaiters, apron and all — being sea-sick on a Channel crossing. Only one escaped censure, Mandell Creighton — but he had no humbug and very little belief.

Butler had a roll-call of the Seven Humbugs of Christendom: Plato, Christ, Marcus Aurelius, Dante, Raphael, Goethe, Beethoven. He positively loathed Gladstone, who was of course swaddled in inspissated humbug — apart from that, a great man. Butler disliked Tennyson almost as much, also Thackeray, Matthew Arnold, Meredith, John Morley (who charmed Gilbert Murray). He disliked all the successful Victorian painters, and equally their opposite numbers, the Pre-Raphaelites. I suspect that envy of success was an ingredient in Butler's dislikes.

Another element was obviously psychotic. Mr. Raby rightly sees that Butler was a simple either-or man, either all white or all black, no subtlety. Because Handel was all-in-all in music, nothing much is to be said for Bach, still less for Beethoven; in fact, not much for any music after Handel. Silly. I suspect that he disliked Raphael because the Victorians put him on such a pedestal. To Leonardo and Michelangelo he much preferred Tabachetti, his own pet, whom he hyped up among the great.

I find Butler's prejudices and crotchets comic, though serious-minded Victorians did not, and they didn't take any of his writing seriously. This was a mistake, for half of it was good, the other half wrong-headed and even boring. He wrote four books on Evolution, and entertained a bitter feud

against Darwin and the Victorian scientists. Himself was no scientist, he was a man of ideas, who chased ideas like a paper-chase.

Similarly with his books about Homer, insisting that Homer was a woman. Again he was not a classical scholar, and would not take telling from those who were. Butler was up against the whole of classical scholarship — Robert Graves is no authority to quote in this field. Nor in regard to Shakespeare either. Butler had an interesting correspondence with Robert Bridges about Shakespeare's Sonnets. Some sensible points were made, but both were fencing in the dark — no knowledge of dates, ages or the historic circumstances. And each of them was looking for a Mr. W.H. as the young patron of the Sonnets, when he was but the publisher's man of the dedication years after they were written. Another of Butler's abortive books.

So what remains that is good? Evidently *Erewhon*, a classic among Utopias — if you are addicted to Utopias. *The Way of All Flesh* is a classic among novels, though a flawed one — and one must certainly not take the portrait of Butler's family life, autobiographical as it is, for gospel truth. The two Italian books, *Alps and Sanctuaries* and *Ex Voto*, are entrancing. Best of all are the several volumes of the *Note Books* — the whole of Butler is in them, one can skip the boredom about Religion and Evolution for the travel, the naughtiness and the fun. Not much fun in Raby: he keeps a steady head and is reliable, but takes Butler too seriously.

So did Bernard Shaw, for his own anti-Victorian purposes: he made a cult of him, without realising that Butler didn't like him. Butler disliked too many people. What was wrong? He was undersized, ugly and vulnerable, so he got on best with the lower classes, where warmth of heart could be exercised. His real emotions were homo-erotic, though those apparently were not exercised. Hence his devotion to the handsome Pauli, teutonically selfish, who sponged on Butler for thirty years and never once responded, in fact didn't like his benefactor. What a fool the clever Butler was to go on supporting him, while Pauli maintained a better style of life than Butler, who saved on himself to keep the parasite. Only at Pauli's funeral and with his will did Butler discover how he had been 'cheated', and that Pauli had lived similarly off others. He left £9,000; £6,000 and more of this came from Butler — he wasn't mentioned in the will, and never got a word of recognition or gratitude.

Robert Bridges was the brother-in-law of Butler's awful sister Harriet; Butler made the mistake of being too unbuttoned with the handsome poet. Bridges thought him 'vain and ugly in mind. There was a meanness in his general attitude towards humanity, as in his actual social habits and personal appearance'. Bridges would go no further: he was shocked by him. We must remember that Bridges was ethically and aesthetically a perfectionist, and rather prudish. But when we look at the self-portrait as a handsome, virile fellow on the book jacket we see the vanity. For in fact he looked like a seedy old tramp.

A. L. ROWSE

THE ARCHETYPAL GREEN MAN

Green Man: The Archetype of our Oneness with the Earth. William Anderson. Harper Collins. £14.95.

Anyone with an insatiable curiosity about the origin, meaning and future of the Green Man need really look no further than William Anderson's engaging book. I say really, because even after proof stage, information kept coming in, and it hasn't stopped. But it is information concerning the where-

abouts. The wherefores are already like nuggets buried in the text, and in the facial expressions of some of the splendid photographic examples taken by Clive Hicks. For those merely interested, this book might be described as an absorbing history of the Green Man.

Who is the Green Man? There is an evocative photograph of the Earth Mother carved in wood with between her legs emerging the head of the Green Man. She is a symbol of the primeval darkness that precedes light and gives birth to life. He is the archetype of death and renewal, and has appeared at times since prehistory when his significance was felt to be needed. In representations of the Green Man it is the face which appears in verdant splendour, and that could be attributed to the belief of the Celts in Britain at the time of Julius Caesar who held the head to be sacred as the seat of great powers.

Isis is one of the names given to the Earth Mother and her cult was introduced here by the Romans from Egypt. Her influence lasted well into the sixth century. The Trinity of Osiris, Isis and Horus was absorbed into Christian doctrine to make it more readily acceptable. Isis nursing Horus became Madonna with Child, and it explains the origins of the Black Madonnas. Another instance of appropriation is when Osiris with green cast of complexion, carrying the Cross of Life, entered the box that was let into the Nile the very day that Noah set sail in his ark. The Cult of Isis existed in people's minds 3,000 years before Moses.

With the disintegration of the Roman Empire came the Dark Ages, and Christian disregard for Nature. St. Amand had destroyed sacred groves of oak trees, intending to transfer the stronghold belief in Nature to, instead, worship of the relics of Christian saints. Thank goodness, in time, came John Scotus Erigueña who translated the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, and prepared the ground for the Green Man's re-emergence.

It is at the holy of holy Chartres that the Green Man returns to reach great heights in William Anderson's glowing prose, and appears as the 'intelligence underlying creation'. Anyone visiting Chartres should certainly keep the pages on Chartres in mind. He suggests going in heavy rainfall to see the Gothic edifice respond to the rain like a giant plant. The stone surprises with alterations in colour tones, and water spouts through concealed ducts in the foliated masonry.

The Reformation began with Luther's ninety-five theses which were to bring any harmonious relations between mankind and nature to an end, and hastened the path to the present disregard for the planet. The Green Man came to mean little more than decoration, and liberally adorned the works of Luther. Not to mention the Green Men on our Houses of Parliament. Now that the Earth Mother has re-emerged as Gaia, where does the Green Man fit in? William Anderson suggests, 'He can be seen as the child of Gaia by the sun and as the living face of the earth.' This book could not have come at a better time with the greening of the land to deepen our understanding. RODNEY ATTCHITEY

DEATH OF A BEY

Scandal at the Savoy. Andrew Rose. Bloomsbury. £16.99.

Curiously, there has not until now been any full-length treatment of the classic Savoy murder case — the shooting, during the great thunderstorm of 1923, in that most Bennettian Imperial Palace of London hotels, of Ali Fahmy Bey by his French wife. The author of this pioneering account, Mr. Andrew Rose, is himself a barrister, and it is particularly interesting to see the legal

process of nearly seventy years ago through his contemporary eye of the law.

The facts of the case — the contents of a .32 semi-automatic Browning pistol pumped into her husband by Madame Fahmy — were beguilingly straightforward, and it took a great deal of money and the craft of the Great Defender, Sir Edward Marshall Hall, to muddy the waters. This was achieved by, to quote Mr. Rose, 'Marshall Hall's foray into homophobia ... accompanied by a measure of racism.' Ali was presented as a 'black' bisexual beast, forcing upon his shrinking white wife the Oriental abomination of sodomy. Along the way, Mr. Rose explodes a number of time-honoured canards. Ali Fahmy was not a prince. For charitable contributions he had been accorded the title bey. His wife, far from being a princess, was a Parisian whore, or as it is called when successful, a courtesan. Neither was she poor when she married him. Merely greedy. She had already 'earned' a personal fortune in the region of £37,500 (multiply by at least 14 for the purchasing power of that sum today).

An interesting figure from the past who points his traveller's toe into the story is H. V. Morton, the 'In Search of ...' peripatetic of the 'twenties and 'thirties, who met the Fahmys outside Tutankhamun's tomb. Morton did not take to them.

The Bench and Bar are not the subject of Mr. Rose's unqualified admiration ... Mr. Justice Darling: 'One of the least personable of his generation of High Court judges.' Mr. Justice Rigby Swift (the trial judge): 'His mother's family name was Daft ... He thought of himself, with some justification, as a "plain man".' Percival Clarke (prosecuting): 'The son (who) had not inherited the forensic talents of his father (Sir Edward Clarke).' Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett: 'Marshall Hall's corpulent sidekick.'

Hall himself, and his Lyceum-style oratory, naturally come in for modern criticism, but an unforgettable vignette of his entrance ritual, courtesy of Marjoribanks, captivates. He would be preceded by a panoply of medical apparatus. First, his clerk, would arrange his air-cushion — Counsel and client (Madame Fahmy) shared in common the uncomfortable curse of Lytton Strachey; then there would be a row of bottles to set up on the desk, containing smelling-salts and other medicines; there would also be an exquisite little eighteenth-century box, containing some invaluable pill. His throat-spray, too, would be ready to hand, to use with disconcerting hissing and gargling sounds to divert the attention of the jury when the case was going against him. And finally, a footstool, for his varicose veins and phlebitis, was borne into court. When all was prepared and the judge was waiting, the great man himself would come in.

In this nicely written and carefully researched book, Mr. Rose follows the Arabian Nights' story of Beauty and the Beast through all its seedy, twisting alleyways, right down to the death of Beauty, still calling herself the Princess Fahmy-Bey, in the fashionable Paris suburb of Neuilly, in January 1971. A wonderful slice of social and criminal history, presented with dignity and discernment.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

A MEMOIR OF THE WESTERN PACIFIC

Pacific Odyssey. Cherry Farrow. Michael O'Mara Books Ltd. 1990. £12.95.

As a lightweight guide, colloquially written, *Pacific Odyssey* passes. Its TV style of instant and first hand impressions makes easy reading and gives the touch of authenticity sought by every journalist, though much of the material could be gleaned from that old stalwart, the *Pacific Islands Monthly*.

There is a certain lopsidedness about the text. Twenty pages out of a total of 170 seems a lot for one story in Micronesia, even if it has every ingredient of murder, scandal and swindle. The whole impression is something of a hotch potch — a touch of cargo cult, a dash of Queen Pomare, a breath of Gaugin. More comprehensible, would have been a few constructive ideas rather than the wholesale condemnation of Europe in the Pacific, whether through the wrecking of Polynesia by inter-breeding or the ruin of Samoa by the propping up of traditional society. Nobody would suggest that the 'fatal impact' was brought about by a concourse of angels, but some good has been done particularly by the British and Commonwealth in the Western Pacific and by the Pacific Forum. Oddly, dominating British influence is hardly touched on, though as there is no index one cannot be sure.

The blurb tells us that Cherry Farrow worked 14 years in television before taking two years out to work with a 'development agency' to experience first hand the issues she had been filming. Whether the VSO would be satisfied at that description or not, it is the TV journalist rather than the Volunteer who wins out in this book, which is not for the serious student.

MOLLY MORTIMER

SCOTTISH SOLDIER, CLERIC AND REBEL

George MacLeod, Founder of the Iona Community. Ronald Ferguson. Collins, 1990. £17.95.

Those who did not know them might approach with scepticism a biography of the founder of the Iona Community by a successor as Leader of the Community. They would be wrong to expect it to be a piece of sycophancy. Dr. Ronald Ferguson's portrait of *George Macleod, Founder of the Iona Community* is in fact an exciting, even robust, study of Scotland, kirk and nation, as seen through the life of and the challenges presented by a kenspeckle Scot, in whose blood runs a rich strain of Celtic wizardry. He was born 95 years ago, in privileged Park Circus Place, off Kelvingrove Park, Glasgow, into a famous ecclesiastical dynasty. After Winchester and Oriel College, Oxford (not the usual schools for Scots) and service in World War I with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, when he won the MC and the Croix de Guerre, his style has always been that of a commanding officer: he looked the part, and his English public-school accent did a Highlander no harm. War service, respect for Toc H on the Western Front, and his Morvern heredity persuaded him to become an ordained minister: first in the stylish west-end of Edinburgh, in St. Giles, and then in St. Cuthbert's, where he was the darling of the establishment, and secondly, as a Toch H padre and in Govan, in the middle of the Depression.

Then and thereafter he became a disturber of the Kirk's peace: socialist and pacifist, crusader against nuclear war, a controversialist on the street-corner as in the pulpit, a believer in prayer and preaching — but with his wallet always open. Not least before, during and after World War II, he restored the Abbey and built up the Community on its enchanted Hebridean island, almost in sight of the hills where generations of MacLeods — quite a few becoming Moderators of the General Assembly, as he did — had been born and bred: a good man, like so many of his name, and a great one, who brought with him also to everything he touched a dose of fire and brimstone. This is a good tale, of one who was himself something of a Celtic story-teller. He has

been called 'Scotland's most notorious ecclesiastical wild beast'. Perhaps it would be more accurate to describe him as a roaring bull, who carried his own China-shops around with him.

ESMOND WRIGHT

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Epic: Developments in Criticism (Edited by R. F. Draper. Macmillan Education. Hardback £30. Paperback £8.99.) A new volume is added to Macmillan's Casebook Series whose General Editor is A. E. Dyson. It consists of 25 influential passages reprinted in chronological order by poets ranging from Sir Philip Sidney in 1589 (*Apology for Poetry*) down to G. J. B. Watson who considers James Joyce's *Ulysses* to be a prose epic in the true tradition of Homer's *Iliad*. All writers represented here endeavour to define the epic by elucidating its special character as a work of art, more usually of poetic excellence but in the case of Joyce's *Ulysses* its innovative language and the scale of its complex background. The book is in two parts. The first deals with old traditions of the epic style. The second part is entitled 'More Recent Criticism' and includes modern attempts to justify the Virgilian mode, and even Wordsworth's 'Prelude', as examples. Gilbert Highet, Northrop Frye and E. M. Tillyard describe their interpretation of the epic mode, drawing on examples which meet the criteria such as heroism, strong characterisation, a broad canvas of supporting people and an appropriate literary form. It gradually becomes clear that Homer's *Iliad*, but not his *Odyssey*, stands as the benchmark for the epic form, partly because the *Iliad* speaks of the fate of a whole nation along with the downfall and triumphs of its heroes whilst the *Odyssey* recounts the voyages and experiences of one powerful man. There was a family resemblance between epics and the oral tradition existing in old ballads although these could not meet other formal requirements. Only Homer could be seen to combine both oral and written narrative in one great epic poem. The compilation of this book will be invaluable to students especially but also accessible to all readers.

The Making of Town Gardens (Macmillan, £14.95.) A delightfully well written and researched book on town gardens by Deborah Kellaway almost imperceptibly teaches the reader a good deal about plants, and about design and environment for a plot of land of any size whatever to be considered as a garden. The volume is beautifully produced and well illustrated. Its full-page colour plates show attractive gardens rather than famous, large ones because the author is concerned with ordinary 'people who garden' and not exhibitions round stately homes, although she often refers to the latter. Her aim is one of educating and encouraging rather than merely visiting. She describes 'London Terraces', the formal 'Australian City Parks' as well as making inspiring suggestions for window-boxes. Her text is written as though she is conversing with the reader, a deceptively easy style to maintain. It should inspire non-gardeners by training them to appreciate flowers and trees in suitable and striking settings. She includes the 'wild garden' and the 'untidy garden' and even finds ways of inspiring the owners of these by looking at the setting around them. Everyone, without exception, should read this book.

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© 1991. Published monthly by the Contemporary Review Co. Ltd, 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG, England, and printed in England by Mandeville Press, 136 Southsea Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 2BJ. U.S. Mailing Agent: Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 2323 Randolph Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Second Class postage paid at Rahway N.J. Annual subscription (including postage); U.K. £26.00, U.S.A. and Canada $120.00. Rates for all other countries on application. Copies can be sent by airmail outside U.S. and Canada: extra costs given on request. U.S. Postmaster: please send all address corrections to 'Contemporary Review', c/o Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 10B Englehard Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Contemporary Review.
(ISSN/0010/7565)

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 Incorporating The Fortnightly

June 1991 Vol. 258 No. 1505

A SOVIET PERSPECTIVE: UNEMPLOYMENT WITHOUT UNEMPLOYED?

by Igor Bestuzhev-Lada

UNEMPLOYMENT has always existed in the Soviet Union. Generally speaking, there is nothing surprising in that. Mass unemployment is a sure sign of the backwardness of a country, and in this respect we in no way differ from, say, India or China, where the number of fully or partly unemployed runs into hundreds of millions. And in the world as a whole, if we do not count mothers of large families, for 2,500 million able-bodied people not fewer than 750 million — every third! — either get by with casual, at best seasonal earnings, or have no work at all. And, on the contrary, the more developed the country, the fewer unemployed there are in it. Thus no matter how many million unemployed there may be in the USA, 'wet backs' by far exceed their number — cheap labour illegally imported from Latin America for jobs which not a single American black, to say nothing of the white people, will take ('wet backs' usually swim across the border river at night, and hence the name). Just as no matter how many million unemployed there are in Germany, their number is exceeded by 'guest workers' — mainly Turks and Yugoslavs, in France by Arabs and blacks, in Britain by Indians and blacks and so forth.

Only as distinct from normal countries 'have there never been unemployed' in the USSR.

Under the NEP (the New Economic Policy in the 1930s), just as under Stolypin, a Prime Minister under the last Tsar, unemployment had two sources. The first: relative agrarian overcrowding. The second: an army of nearly 1,000,000 redundant officials whom war communism had spawned — lining up at the labour exchanges when society temporarily got rid of them — and who again returned to give their 'valuable directions', when Stalin ended the NEP.

Of course, 'unemployment without unemployed' is a figurative expression. We want to say that there is unemployment and unemployment. One type causes complete hopelessness, when no matter how hard you may try, there is not a single job available. Yet it is quite another matter with so-called structural unemployment, when there are plenty of unemployed, but under different socio-economic and socio-political conditions and with a different social organisation of labour there could well be none.

In the years of the NEP officials left with nothing to do could well be

sent to dig up potatoes, and redundant farm workers could move to Siberia, as they had before — the expanses of our country are that vast! But it never occurred to anyone to use 'anti-unemployment' mechanisms other than the most primitive: a queue at the labour exchange and an unemployment benefit.

How many people in our country work and how many are without work? No-one knows the answer to this question, even the all-knowing State Statistics Committee. And this is not surprising: we work and lounge about without work in such a complicated manner that both science and statistics are simply nonplussed.

To begin with, no fewer than 25 million — almost every fifth of those working — annually change their jobs. True, a sizeable portion soon return to their previous workplaces as they find out that it's not sweeter anywhere. And generally for most job-changing in our country is a variety of strike, the only accessible form of protest against the inhuman attitude to the employee. Besides, several million people daily 'ask for leave' or just impudently shirk work, not to mention all kinds of holidays and leaves. As a result one has to fudge, determining the number of workers 'in average yearly terms'. But even under this approach little clarity is added. In one and the same newspaper *Pravda* we find numbers varying from 128 to 138 million workers, employees and collective farmers who get into the common column of those 'engaged in social production'. There also we encounter an official recognition of the existence among them of 10 to 16 million persons 'employed in redundant jobs' (according to the unofficial data of V. Selyunin, this number exceeds 30 million), and in addition from 2.5 to 8 million officially acknowledged jobless (according to various unofficial data, this last figure has also nearly doubled). Finally, the availability of 11 to 16 million vacancies is stated.

Making things out is not easy in all this mess. It is clear, though, that the various data on the number of 'employed' depend on the extent to which you count the so-called 'part-time workers' or special categories of the population. For example, don't count the servicemen on active duty — and 3 million disappear at once; or the *bomzhes* (the Russian for 'persons without a definite place of residence'), *biches* ('former intellectuals') and so-called idlers, who find a situation for a week or two, get into statistics and that was the last you ever saw of them. Here too the count runs into millions.

As to 'redundancies', here I mean the so-called sinecures, that is positions advantageous or prestigious for those occupying them but absolutely unnecessary, 'redundant' for the economy. These include not only the bureaucrats, although, to be sure, there are quite a few of them among the officials' tribe. For example, it is enough to have ten persons on the usual workers' team, yet they recruit 12-15.

The same applies to the unemployed. There is no official registration of them in our country. So whom are we to rate among them? If I can afford to maintain a 25-year-old son, a daughter, a sister-in-law and a son-in-law, then there are thousands of ways to get them into the column

'employed', particularly when there is a private plot. If you count only persistent job-seekers, you will get one figure (say, 2.5 million); if you count those who would probably go to work if given the chance, then another (say, 8 million); if those who according to all available data should be working, but do not consider work — a third figure (twice as big) and so forth.

'Vacancies' are also a very provisional term, as they, too, feature quite a few 'redundancies', which it is better not to fill. But the fact remains: we have well over 10 million obviously 'hot' jobs, desperately needed by the economy — at the machine tool (especially on the second and third shifts), behind the wheel, at construction sites, behind the counter, on the farms...

Such is the breakdown.

Let us now imagine an abstractly ideal transition to a market. What will happen? Above all, 'redundant jobs' will have to be paid for not out of state funds, but one's own pocket, and so the sinecure-holders will immediately be sacked. Besides, it will be possible to maintain several enterprises — not fewer than 20 million, and in the long run up to 30 and over million people. In the USA each year up to a million small companies are set up, hundreds of thousands (not necessarily newly-established) go bust, and new ones appear next year — manufacturing and services reach for the consumer, a normal process. And no-one dies of hunger or despair, and mad cases and suicides are not more numerous there than in our country. Even fewer.

And in what position are our education, culture and public health? One kindergarten teacher for 20 to 30 toddlers, one school teacher for almost 50 children. And how many are needed according to recommendations of psychology and pedagogics? Ideally one for 5 to 10 children; in practical terms it is desirable that pre-school groups should not exceed 10-15, and school classes 20. This means almost a doubling of the 6-million-strong corps of education workers. We can in no way unfold the network of entertainment clubs by interest — the only effective means for substantially raising the standards of recreation, including the kind of clubs attached to newspaper, magazine and book editorial offices, to radio and television studios, theatres, cinemas, museums, parks of culture and so forth. There are no appropriate cadres, and this signifies millions of additional jobs. The same applies to the inhumanely curtailed staffs of middle and junior medical personnel.

The vast swamp of unemployment may not be drained even by all the above-listed canals put together. Well, there is one more canal exceeding the largest of them in its potential capacity. Only it belongs to social innovations of the first water, and we need to look closely at its potential to avoid simply rejecting it out of hand, as we have got used to doing in respect to almost each innovation.

Did we act wisely and humanely by hoisting a man's burden on women's own workload? For we have actually doubled their working day, by adding to eight hours at the workplace as many in queues, at the gas-stove

and the washtub, with the besom and the needle. The result is awful. It calls for a special article. Here we shall only note that fewer than 20 per cent of women are left who can still bear healthy children; most of the children also have serious health problems, the family is falling apart, children bunch up in savage gangs and begin to terrorise adults. And what can you do?

At issue is not an attempt to have women returned to their 'stove and threshold'. This is a stupid and harmful utopia. It is a question of giving the woman who has decided to have a child a six-month paid pre-birth leave, a three-year, also paid, after-birth leave, and for another seven years. till the child becomes an adolescent, half a working week with full pay to help as an assistant teacher in a kindergarten or an assistant school teacher for extramural work with children. Sociological studies have shown that, given such conditions, no fewer than a quarter of women will have three to four, and some even five to six children. Especially if their social status is fully equated to the status of a kindergarten or school teacher. Virtually almost all their active life will pass in the role of a state director of a family kindergarten. This will mean that, as is now the case, in developed capitalist states, up to a quarter or a third of women will turn out to be engaged in this specific branch of social production. Here there certainly remains not a millimetre of social space for unemployment.

Of course, this is only the most general approach. Regional distinctions need to be heeded, and social experiments are required. A look into a more distant future is indispensable, to which we shall devote a special article. But one thing is clear: unemployment may be of any proportions, but there need not be any unemployed.

Adapted from *Rabochaya Tribuna*, 7 December 1990, courtesy of Novosti, the Soviet Press Agency.

[The author is a leading Soviet expert on social forecasting. He has just finished a book *Social Innovations: Forecast Justifications*. The monograph, as is customary, will be published in two or three years at best.]

THE NATURE OF REGIONAL CONFLICT: A REVIEW OF 1990 — PART TWO: THE ACTIVITIES OF REGIONAL POWERS

by Stephen Chan and Jonathan Alner

THE third phase of the Gulf War is now underway. The first involved conflict between Iraq and Iran. The second involved conflict between Iraq and a coalition of western and Arab states over the issue, firstly, of Kuwait and, secondly, of the extent of Iraq's capacity to act as a regional power. The third phase involves conflict within Iraq itself, with the West caught in a cleft stick. It would dearly like to see the overthrow of Saddam but only if Iraq did not thereafter disintegrate as a state entity capable of being calculated into the regional balance of power.

A fourth and prolonged phase will be concerned more with diplomatic conflict than war, and this will involve the tabling perhaps of successive peace formulas to do with the question of Israel and how much land must be traded for what assurances of peace. As with the other case examples chronicled below, throughout 1990 violence has smouldered, flared up, and never been fully extinguished. Attempts have been made to mediate the dispute but, only in the wake of the second phase of the Gulf War, has the United States in particular found the leverage with which to approach Israel with the outline of a peace plan which would demand much Israeli sacrifice. In the case of Israel, the US as mediator can draw upon its resources to impose, if not a settlement, then at least the idea that negotiations should begin. In Angola, both US and Soviet involvement has been required to begin a mediation of the dispute there — necessarily so since both sides provided the resources for the dispute in the first place, and to an extent still do. In the Chadian conflict both Libya and Chad have been toying at least with the idea of seeking a third party intervention from the International Court of Justice, but this Court will not have the resources to enforce its judgement and there is no guarantee that conflict between Chad and Libya will end.

Mediation, however, in each of these cases will have to consider a variety of cultural as well as strategic features which are unique to each conflict, and which have great value to the parties involved. There is no single universal plan for peace, nor any guarantee that the resources of major mediators can accomplish anything. Some of these cultural and strategic factors are described below. Following this are the chronologies of conflict for 1990.

Israel, South Africa and Libya see themselves, however, as regional powers. Their agendas envisage themselves as calculated into global equations on the basis of regional dominations. As with the case of Iraq, such agendas are problematic to the already existing major powers of the world.

Israel and its Neighbours

On the very first day of 1990, an indefinite curfew was imposed on the

Gaza Strip and the West Bank, and the entire year has been marked by demonstrations, clashes and a rising toll of deaths and casualties in Israeli-occupied territories, culminating in the deaths at the Wailing Wall of Jerusalem in October. Even before then, however, controversy had loomed large. In May, Save the Children, an international charity group, accused Israel of the deaths of 150 children. At a single demonstration in May, some 14 Palestinians were killed and 500 wounded. By September, some 9,000 Palestinians were thought to be in detention and, in the same month, the Israeli Supreme Court gave permission for the Israeli army to bulldoze Palestinian houses and shops in retaliation for the death of an Israeli soldier.

Yet, compared to the early years of the decade, Israel kept a reasonably low profile in the region and numbered among its chief concerns not only continuing uprising in the occupied territories but its own domestic governmental crises. In Lebanon, it was Syria that asserted its power, leading to the downfall after months of defiance of General Aoun, facilitating the withdrawal of militias from Beirut, and sponsoring its preferred government.

Any thought, however, that Israeli regional interests were being reduced would be incorrect. Israeli analysts were the first to project, at an early stage, that war would be inevitable between the US/allied force and Iraq. Israeli intelligence-gathering in the region remains without parallel. After the initial embarrassment to the US cause in Kuwait, however, and after the deaths at the Wailing Wall, Israel kept a purposefully low profile in the Middle East, for fear of having the Gulf crisis conflated by its own perpetual crisis with the Palestinians. Yet, it seems unavoidable, after the Gulf crisis is over, that the Arab participants on the allied side will demand some US action on the Palestinian issue, and this can only be taken by addressing the core question of the extent to which Israel is determined to establish not only its legal boundaries in the eyes of its neighbours, but the notion of *Eretz Israel* or Greater Israel in the biblical sense demanded by not only Jewish fundamentalists, and a growing number of Israeli settlers who feel they are in the midst of the creation of *Eretz Israel*, but also by powerful voices in all the major Israeli political parties — including the Labour Party.

It is tempting therefore to view the Middle East as a battleground of chauvinisms and fundamentalisms and, indeed, at the height of the first decade in Iran after the overthrow of the Shah, this was an attractive and popular temptation. Yet, as the Gulf crisis demonstrated, Middle East politics may be conducted in a most secular manner, concerned with the prosecution of state interests and how they might be balanced against the interests of other states both within and without the region. In this manner, there is in fact some hope for the future. This hope has an attenuation precisely in the fact that fundamentalisms have not disappeared and that, on the Israeli side at least, secular pragmatism has yet to demonstrate that it can or even wishes to hold in check the chauvinism of the *Eretz Israel* cause. For Israel and its neighbours, the future is still cloudy.

What has changed, despite this cloudy outlook, is the regional balance of power as it affects Israel. It can no longer seek to treat the US in a cavalier fashion, since the US has now incurred debts to other Middle Eastern players. Syria's position to the north of Israel has been greatly strengthened, both by Syrian participation in the allied cause in the Gulf, and by its own actions in Lebanon. In the contest between Israel and Syria for domination in Lebanon, 1990 has seen significant Syrian gains there. This changing balance of power, specific to the region, may with outside help yet drive Israel to contemplate the table of negotiation.

The competition for regional power in Africa

The balance of power has also changed in southern Africa. Some of this has certainly been due to the concerns of F. W. de Klerk and Nelson Mandela to achieve a constitutional settlement and their preoccupation with domestic violence. Yet it was not so long ago that South Africa was the purposeful destabilizer of its region. In the Botha years, acting under the doctrine of Total Strategy to confront what it viewed as a 'total onslaught', South Africa employed coercive measures against all its neighbours to ensure that none would support liberation movements ranged against it. Defeat at Cuito Cuanavale in southern Angola in 1988, leading to the independence of Namibia in 1990 and a South African withdrawal from Angola did make the region a safer place.

It would be incorrect, however, to view the de Klerk foreign policy as sweetness and light. Rebel forces remain in place in both Angola and Mozambique and, although South Africa has severely reduced material support for them, it has not entirely removed this support and it has certainly not lost all diplomatic sympathy for the forces of destabilization it helped to sustain for a decade and a half. These forces helped, over this time, to ensure South Africa's position as the regional hegemon. In southern Africa there was less a balance of power between two or more actors as its assertion by one of them. As the regional power, South Africa, like Israel, was able to make the US as dependent on it as an agent of western interests, as it was meant to be dependent on US permission for its actions. In this region also, a symbiotic relationship was crafted with the outside world.

In 1990, both the Angolan and Mozambican Governments declared for multi-party systems, effectively conceding the principle demanded by the rebel forces. Conflict has continued, however, as each side has sought the most favourable positions possible for the moment. In this sense, the rebel forces are now outside the control of Pretoria as they assert their own agendas. The game Pretoria played with Washington, demanding its support and then applying its own agenda, is now being played against Pretoria by those it sponsored.

Hostilities remained intense in 1990. There was a major clash between government and UNITA forces in Angola in May and June, with UNITA claiming to have killed 159 soldiers and captured 100 tanks. The government in turn claimed to have killed 98 rebel troops.

UNITA received financial and material aid from the US in 1990, continuing to complicate the agenda of the various parties in Angola, so that a civil war with regional consequences and purposes has also had its own strong international participation, with national, regional and international actors all seeking to play one off against the other. As 1990 drew to a close, both the Angolan Government and UNITA recognized the multi-party principle, and both the US and the Soviet Union agreed to seek and possibly police a ceasefire; South Africa sought to be seen as having withdrawn its interest in the conflict; but all parties were active behind the scenes, seeking to maintain their interests, and the conflict — though winding down — looked set to smoulder and fitfully flame into 1991.

A similar situation applied in Mozambique, where hostilities between RENAMO and the government continued. Talks have as yet led nowhere, despite attempts at mediation by both governmental and church-based third parties.

One of the tragedies of Mozambique is that many RENAMO fighters, having been press-ganged, have nowhere now to go. Once having been press-ganged, they were then 'blooded' as early as possible, often by being made to participate in an atrocity against their own people. They cannot therefore return to their homes. Moreover, the country has been wracked by both war and famine, so that productive capacity has all but ceased. It is a country of dislocation and poverty, and many may choose to retain their guns and live as bandits — thinking their chances of sustenance are greater in that manner — no matter what agreement is reached between RENAMO and the government.

The entire endeavour of Total Strategy was to assert South Africa's primacy in the region. Whatever constitutional settlement becomes possible in South Africa, its regional position will remain the same. Richer and more powerful than its neighbours, its position will have been enhanced since its neighbours have become even poorer and weaker. It will be some time, probably not until the end of the 1990s or even into the 2000s, before the scars of this regional conflict, with its animating drive for regional power, fade into history.

Other parts of Africa have seen regional conflict occur because of a desire for regional power or influence. The interest of Libya in Chad is one example of this, with also the question of control over the Anzou Strip, claimed by both countries, at stake. On 22 August 1990, Chadian leader, Hissène Habré, met with Libya's Quadaffi in Rabat to consider the Anzou Strip, but no final decision was taken, although both men hinted that they might permit the matter to go before the International Court of Justice.

Even so, the meeting did mark some improvement in the cycle of violence that has wracked Chad since independence. A limited form of elections took place in August, although opposition parties were still banned. At the same time, clashes between government and Libyan-backed rebel forces continued. In April, the government had claimed the deaths of 320 rebel soldiers, while the rebels in turn claimed to have killed several

thousand government troops. The spectacle of cavalry-style conflict on the plains of Chad, fought not from horseback but from Japanese Toyota Landcruisers armed with machine guns and recoil-less rifles, is not the only evidence of foreign involvement. French troop commitments to Chad were increased in 1990, since the French above other western powers have an interest in checking Libya's regional aspirations for the sake of securing its own aspirations in francophone Africa. Here, both a local power (Libya) and a metropolitan power (France) have been in conflict for the sake of influence and domination over a region. The country in which the conflict is played out, Chad, like Mozambique is poor and will take long years to recover from war if ever war ceases. The overthrow and change of government in December has not helped to erase uncertainty about the future.

A CHRONOLOGY OF CONFLICT

ISRAEL

1. 1.90	Indefinite curfew imposed on Gaza Strip and West Bank.
19. 1.90	Faisal Husseini, principal orchestrator of intifada uprising, arrested.
22. 1.90	Husseini released.
26. 2.90	80 injured in attack by Israeli troops on Rafah refugee camp in Gaza Strip.
27. 2.90	60 students arrested in clash at Ramallah, north of Jerusalem.
8. 3.90	Police fire tear gas and rubber bullets on Palestinian women at International Women's Day.
18. 3.90	General strike in West Bank and east Jerusalem to protest at US peace proposals.
22. 3.90	2 protestors killed in Nablus.
27. 3.90	Islamic fundamentalists declare a month of 'holy war' during Ramadan.
10. 4.90	Soldiers wound 5 Palestinians at start of Passover holiday.
17. 4.90	2nd anniversary of assassination of Abou Jihad in Tunis marked by demonstrations. 8 Palestinians injured.
17. 4.90	28 Palestinians injured in Gaza Strip.
14. 5.90	Jordanian security forces use tear gas to disperse thousands trying to cross Jordan River into West Bank. 103 injured.
15. 5.90	4 die in demonstrations against 42nd anniversary of founding of state of Israel.
16. 5.90	Save The Children accuses Israel of human rights violations including the death of 150 children.
20. 5.90	14 Palestinians killed and 500 wounded.
24. 6.90	Moshe Arens, Israeli Defence Minister, orders the establishment of a civil guard in the West Bank.
2. 7.90	Israel announces the use of 'internal exile' for Palestinian activists in occupied territories.
3. 7.90	3 Palestinian children killed and 8 people injured in grenade attack on PLO march.
22. 7.90	3 Palestinians suspected of collaborating with Israel killed in West Bank and Gaza Strip.
6. 8.90	2 Israelis found murdered in east Jerusalem.
7. 8.90	Palestinian woman killed and dozens injured in reprisal attacks.
2. 9.90	3 Palestinians killed in August, equalling the lowest monthly total.
4. 9.90	9,000 Palestinians in detention.
21. 9.90	Israeli soldier killed in refugee camp in Gaza Strip leading to increased rioting.
25. 9.90	Israeli Supreme Court gives go-ahead for army to destroy Palestinian houses and shops following death of the soldier.
29/30.9.90	2 killed and 20 injured in West Bank and Gaza Strip in fights with troops.
4.10.90	4 soldiers found guilty of aggravated assault in beating to death of Palestinian.
2.10.90	3 Palestinians killed in the occupied territories.
8.10.90	Yitzhak Shamir announced a new Jewish neighbourhood is to be built in Arab east Jerusalem, part financed by $400m in US loan guarantees.

12.10.90 68 'collaborators' have been listed as condemned to death by the leadership of the intifada.
14.10.90 5th day of curfew in occupied territories, with only minor breaks in the peace.
19.10.90 Israeli troops wound 55 in Gaza after Palestinians threw stones at soldiers hoisting Israel's flag in the centre of Rafah refugee camp.
27.10.90 By sealing off the West Bank and Gaza Strip to prevent spiralling violence, Yitzhak Shamir is re-introducing the 'green line' and helping to create de facto partition between pre-1967 Israel and the occupied territories.
29.10.90 Borders re-opened after four day closing.
1.11.90 Increasing restrictions on Palestinians travelling from the occupied territories to Israel following increased violence.
5.11.90 Scores of Palestinians wounded by Israeli troops. Government rejects a UN call for international protection of Arabs under Israeli occupation.
14.11.90 3 Palestinian leaders detained in response to recent attacks on Israelis.
4.12.90 Palestinian call to arms as intifada ends its third year, in Leaflet No. 65 of the United National Leadership.
9.12.90 Curfew imposed in occupied territories to stop demonstrations marking the 4th year of the intifada.
13.12.90 Israeli army begins deploying snipers along highways in the West Bank with authorisation to shoot Palestinians throwing stones at Israeli cars.
15.12.90 3 Jews stabbed to death near Tel Aviv.
17.12.90 US denounces Israeli decision to renew its policy of deporting Palestinian activists.
18.12.90 Palestinians prevented from entering Jerusalem and Arab youths barred from mosques on Temple Mount.
24.12.90 Israel freed about 200 Palestinians from desert prison as goodwill gesture at Christmas.
25.12.90 Israeli security forces wound 14 Palestinians in the occupied territories.
27.12.90 3 Jewish guerrilla leaders freed, who were serving life sentences for the killing of Palestinians in the West Bank.
28.12.90 Ami Popper admitted in court to having gunned down 7 Arabs in May 1990.
29.12.90 Attack by Zionist Avengers on 3 Arabs is condemned. The group is previously unheard of.
31.12.90 Curfew imposed in Gaza Strip after weekend clashes left 4 dead and 150 wounded.

ANGOLA

8. 1.90 Holden Roberto proposes a peace plan.
11. 1.90 76 guerrillas and troops killed and 86 wounded in a week of fighting.
14. 1.90 MPLA offensive launched against UNITA.
15. 1.90 Offensive cancelled under pressure from USSR.
25. 1.90 Cuba says it is suspending troop withdrawals after UNITA killed 4 Cuban and 3 Angolan soldiers and 17 civilians until a satisfactory explanation is provided.
31. 1.90 500 rebels reported killed in offensive.
2. 2.90 Government claims it has captured Mavinga.
7. 2.90 Dos Santos pledges free multi-party elections.
19. 2.90 2 day talks start on halt of Cuban troop withdrawal.
21. 2.90 UNITA claims to have recaptured Mavinga.
5. 3.90 UNITA asks for ceasefire.
9. 4.90 UNITA asks for direct talks.
29. 4.90 UNITA and government met secretly in Portugal it is announced.
8. 5.90 UNITA claims to have pushed back government troops, killing 139 and capturing 100 tanks.
5. 6.90 Government claims 98 guerrillas killed in recent battle.
18. 6.90 Bush asks for additional $10m to $15m aid for UNITA.
29. 6.90 Food aid is urgently needed for one million people.
22. 7.90 Savimbi agrees to end war if government recognizes UNITA as the opposition.
29. 7.90 22 civilians killed in 2 days of fighting in central and southern Angola.
27. 8.90 Negotiations start between UNITA and government near Lisbon.

31. 8.90 Talks end without agreement.
17. 9.90 US and USSR agree to work jointly on next round of peace talks.
24. 9.90 Peace talks resume in Portugal with USSR and US observers.
28. 9.90 Talks end with agreement on international monitoring of eventual ceasefire and timetable for more negotiations at end of October.
1.10.90 Talks took place on 28.9.90 between UNITA and the government.
2.10.90 US and USSR intervened to break deadlock in peace talks. US likely to pressure UNITA to negotiate a settlement.
3.10.90 USSR and US express willingness to police a ceasefire.
18.10.90 UNITA likely to receive $90m aid from the US in 1990.
26.10.90 Dos Santos said on 25.10.90 that Angola could adopt a multi-party system in early 1991.
3.11.90 Food aid programme by UN started for two million people.
16.11.90 Peace talks resume.
19.11.90 Former commander of South African 'Foreign Legion' said that US special forces have been operating in Angola since 1988.
5.12.90 Dos Santos says that they must abandon Marxism and embrace the free market and democratic Socialism.
10.12.90 MPLA agrees to multi-party democracy.
14.12.90 Savimbi summoned to Washington to meet Bush and Shevardnadze who put pressure on him to agree to peace.
3. 1.91 US Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, Herman Cohen, says that a peace accord could be signed at the talks due in Portugal in early January.
12. 1.91 Savimbi says he will sign a ceasefire before the end of January.

MOZAMBIQUE

3. 1.90 Renamo claims it killed 42 government and 30 Tanzanian soldiers.
11. 2.90 Government claims Renamo killed 17 in Gaza on 10.2.90.
14. 2.90 At least 66 killed in Renamo attack on train.
22. 2.90 11 die in Renamo ambush.
15. 3.90 President Chisano visits Washington to request aid package.
12. 4.90 Chisano declares himself ready for immediate talks with Renamo.
20. 4.90 Renamo says it is ready for unconditional talks.
23. 4.90 Renamo attacks increase.
13. 5.90 18 killed and 53 wounded in Renamo attack on train.
13. 6.90 Proposed talks aborted in dispute over venue.
9/11.7.90 Secret talks held in Rome.
1. 8.90 Chisano says he will move away from one party rule.
17. 8.90 Central Committee of Frelimo agrees to multi-party politics and market economy.
27. 8.90 Kenya allows Renamo training ground to be set up on its soil. (This report is disputed by the Kenyan government.)
28. 9.90 Zimbabwean troops kill 34 from Renamo who attacked their camp in Gaza.
6.10.90 Zimbabwean troops kill 5 members of the MNR after ambushing a bus.
23.10.90 Parliament approved a clause paving the way for private property and a free market economy.
2.11.90 Legislature set to approve the ending of socialist one-party rule and the start of multi-party rule and a free market economy.
12.11.90 Italy agrees to mediate in talks between the government and the MNR.
30.11.90 New constitution takes effect with the changes mentioned above.
3.12.90 First stage of a ceasefire agreed.
13.12.90 Mozambique pledged $1.2bn in famine aid for 1991.
23.12.90 Zimbabwean troops start to withdraw from their combat positions to two corridors to protect the railway lines and roads linking Zimbabwe with the coast.
10. 1.91 Ceasefire nears breakdown as Mozambique and Zimbabwe accuse the MNR of violating the agreement with six attacks recorded in one week.
14. 1.91 MNR close the Tete highway, preventing UN food supplies from reaching the interior.

CHAD

6. 3.90 Amnesty report claims there have been human rights violations since

1982, including beatings and torture in interrogations.
27. 3.90 Chad accuses Libyan-backed guerrillas of attacking two government garrisons on eastern border with Sudan. Libya denies involvement.
30. 3.90 France announces it will increase military strength in Chad as result of attacks.
4. 4.90 Government claims it has recaptured territory, killing 320 guerrillas and capturing 46. Guerrillas claim they killed several thousand government troops and captured 1,000.
22. 6.90 Amnesty claims dozens of civilians and prisoners killed by government since the attack on garrisons.
8. 7.90 First elections since 1963. Opposition parties still banned.
22. 8.90 Chadian leader, Hissène Habré, and Libya's Quadaffi meet in Rabat to resolve Anzou Strip dispute.
3. 9.90 Libya and Chad hint they may allow the International Court of Justice to settle the matter.
12.11.90 Chad claims it routed 2,000 Libyan-backed attackers in 24 hours of fighting near the Sudan border.
16.11.90 A further attack near Tiné launched on 14.11.90. Government asks Zaire to intervene.
17.11.90 France announces it will increase military presence near Chad-Sudan border.
21.11.90 Chad claims it has recaptured Tiné from the Patriotic Salvation Movement of Idriss Déby.
1.12.90 Rebels attack Abéché, 500 miles from the capital, and the largest eastern town, by by-passing the French troops.
3.12.90 N'Djamena falls to rebels. President Hissène Habré fled the capital and is thought to be in Cameroon.
6.12.90 On 4.12.90, Déby was named as Head of State and the government by the executive committee of his rebel group.
14.12.90 Déby asks for patience before political opposition groups can be created.
19.12.90 Déby says he wants Habré to be tried for crimes against humanity.
21.12.90 Amnesty International claims that over 300 political prisoners were killed by the Presidential Guard between 1987 and 1989.

[Stephen Chan's latest book, *Exporting Apartheid: Foreign Policies in Southern Africa 1978-1988*, has been published by Macmillan. Jonathan Alner is his research assistant at the University of Kent and is editing two volumes of Chan's collected essays.]

TECHNOLOGY AND THE ENVIRONMENT: THE UN PROGRAMME TO CUT EASTERN EUROPE'S ENERGY GAP

by Thomas Land

MANY inefficient industries of Central and Eastern Europe are to benefit from a big new technology transfer programme mounted by most of the rich world to reduce the huge energy efficiency gap dividing their countries from their Western neighbours. The three-year programme called Energy Efficiency 2000 will be administered through the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe (ECE).

The project is designed to cut environmental pollution, improve the effectiveness of energy use and encourage investment in energy saving measures. It will encourage the rapid expansion of the currently modest East-West energy efficiency service industry. And it will promote Western technology exports and affect the energy, transport, chemicals, construction and insurance industries as well as the financial and consultancy services.

Contacts between Eastern and Western businessmen, trade officials, bankers, engineers and energy managers will be increased and a widening range of information services made available to industry. These contacts and services should make accessible to East Europeans the policies, incentives, financing opportunities and procedures available to them for international trade and co-operation, encouraging joint ventures.

The ECE covers all of Europe as well as the United States and Canada. The programme has just been adopted by the ECE's senior energy advisers to the governments of the region.

Their initiative comes none too soon. The Middle East war coinciding with the death of the Soviet-led trading block Comecon has hit the fragile economies of the region very hard, according to the 'World Debt Tables 1990-91' just issued by the World Bank. It predicts that substantial Western industrial and financial assistance will be needed this year to cushion the effect of regional energy shortages and support essential adjustment programmes.

All East European countries (except Romania) are oil importers. Most of their oil has been hitherto purchased from the Soviet Union at prices fixed below world market levels. These energy subsidy arrangements have come to an end with the demise of Comecon. The ECE programme is to help Eastern Europe to improve its obsolete energy industry in the face of oil prices payable in convertible currencies.

Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union are burdened by a total debt in excess of $155 billion. Poland and the Soviet Union are the biggest debtors, accounting for nearly 60 per cent of the total.

EASTERN EUROPE & SOVIET UNION: EXTERNAL DEBTS.

Debtors	Debt in US$bn
Eastern Europe (excluding the USSR) ...	101.2
Bulgaria	9.2
Czechoslovakia	7.9
Hungary	20.6
Poland	43.3
Romania	.5
Yugoslavia	19.7
USSR	54.0

The former Comecon countries have now switched to trade in hard currencies — encountering for the first time the perils of volatile exchange rate fluctuations recently exacerbated by the Gulf crisis — as well as trade by barter. The association is to be replaced after 40 years of trading by the Organization for International Economic Co-operation. It will be modelled on the European Free Trade Association.

An East European trade association may well be needed for some time to come because of the former central industrial planning system of the region which imposed a rigid division in the manufacture of different goods between different countries, leaving them still dependent on each other for spares.

The World Bank predicts that financial assistance from official sources is likely to be needed to support the region's adjustment programmes. Assistance from private sources, especially through foreign direct investment, is also needed.

'But until the reforms gain credibility and output begins to increase, private external flows are unlikely to rise substantially,' comments a specialist observer for the bank. 'This is particularly so in the light of the debt situation in some of the countries.'

Perhaps the most acute energy crisis in the region is faced by Czechoslovakia — which has just declined an Austrian offer of 800 megawatts of free electricity in exchange for the retirement of a troubled nuclear power station near the border between the two countries, just 70km from Vienna.

The controversial station at Jaslovske Bohunice near Bratislava comprises two obsolete, Soviet-designed WWER-440 pressurized water reactors. The UN's International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) is currently conducting a high-level series of safety examinations of several such stations throughout Eastern and Central Europe. An expert report of the Bohunice plants is expected to be released by the Vienna-based agency very soon.

But the conclusions of some previous investigations have given rise to grave safety concern in Austria (which manages to conduct a nuclear-free national energy policy). A recent study of the plant by an Austrian team recommends immediate closure. Teams of industry experts from Westinghouse and Siemens have recommended substantial alterations to improve plant safety.

A Chernobyl-type catastrophe was narrowly averted and two workers were killed at the station in the 1970s in separate accidents hitherto kept secret. Prague's own Atomic Power Commission has registered over 360 safety incidents at the station during 1989 alone, three of them 'important'.

Studies confirming the presence of plutonium in sediments of the River Duvah nearby have intensified environmental concerns.

The volume of free electric power supply offered by the Austrians to Czechoslovakia would match the output of the troubled station. The acceptance of such a gift would bind energy-deficient Czechoslovakia to shut down first the Bohunice reactors and later several other power station complexes near the Austrian border which are also beset by safety problems, with a view to evolving a national energy economy eventually abandoning nuclear power generation.

Czechoslovakia is the only country outside the Soviet Union to build and export Soviet-designed nuclear power stations. It operates the biggest nuclear power industry in formerly communist-dominated Europe. The country derives nearly a third of its energy consumption from nuclear power generation and plans to increase that proportion to half within a decade.

Nuclear power is not popular in Czechoslovakia. But the environmental effects of burning brown coal, Czechoslovakia's only major, locally available alternative energy source, already include the devastation of a third of Bohemia's forests.

So the nuclear energy programme will continue unchanged — at least until the publication of the IAEA verdict. In the meantime, public health authorities on both sides of the border are distributing potassium iodine tablets for the prevention of thyroid cancer in the event of an accidental release of nuclear radiation.

East Europe's economies taken together are only half as energy efficient as those of the West. To a large extent, the gap between the two simply reflects inefficient energy use — although there are other reasons as well, as energy gaps also exist in the market economies.

A specialist spokesman for the ECE says that the Energy Efficiency 2000 programme 'will provide greater access to improved technologies and services available throughout the region in order to promote the commercial, financial, adminstrative and technical exchanges needed for sustainable energy use to reach widespread industrial maturity'.

The programme is to reduce the East-West energy efficiency gap by half, saving 540m tonnes of oil equivalent (toe) in the year 2000 and 600m toe in 2010, of which, 90 per cent would be fossil fuels. Harmful emissions of sulphur dioxide and carbon dioxide would be cut by 20-25 per cent compared to long-term ECE trends.

A 10 per cent cut in carbon dioxide emissions in the ECE region roughly translates (other factors being equal) into a 5-6 per cent saving in global emissions.

PRIMARY ENERGY INPUT IN TOE PER $1,000 OF GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCT

Area:	1973	1985	2010*
All ECE countries	0.67	0.57	0.40-0.43
Traditional market economies	0.59	0.47	0.33-0.34
Central & Eastern Europe ...	1.03	0.92	0.60-0.71

*projected

Providing adequate information to consumers and conveying technological data to designers and technicians is essential for the widespread introduction of energy conservation policies, the ECE specialist explains. They help to establish minimum efficiency levels and to maintain the long-term momentum needed to ensure the effectiveness of energy conservation policies. For example, many ECE states already have standards for transport emissions, energy performance regulations, labelling of energy using enquipment and energy consumption targets for plants or industrial machinery to guide decision making in the choice and use of energy technologies. They are now to be introduced throughout Eastern Europe.

The entire project will cost up to $5.5m depending on the level of contributions in kind — especially the secondment of energy economists by governments to the ECE secretariat in Geneva. It will comprise a large number of colloquia, round table discussions, lectures, briefings and workshops in each of the principal energy using sectors of industry such as transport, building and manufacturing.

Up to 40 colloquia a year from 1991 to 1993 will concern East-West trade and co-operation on energy efficiency technology and energy management services. Four symposia will be held on key aspects of energy efficiency, offering adequate resources to ensure the participation of East European specialists.

A directory of data will be issued, accessible in printed and computer on-line form, to make available the following information:

— Addresses of individuals in relevant enterprises, banks and government departments;
— Guides to legal instruments, grants, subsidies, loan schemes, energy labelling and technical standards;
— Descriptions of technologies, products and services expanding the current ECE data bank on energy efficient technology;
— Abstracts of current research and energy efficient technology demonstration projects;
— And special studies on energy and environmental pollution mapping to identify the technologies needed in critical sectors of different countries for energy efficiency improvements.

[Thomas Land is an author and foreign correspondent who writes on global affairs.]

THE THATCHER REVOLUTION IN ACADEME: THE FIRST TWELVE YEARS

by A. D. Harvey

MARGARET Thatcher became prime minister twelve years ago last month. Despite her resignation most of her policies continue. The Conservative Party came to power demanding far-reaching changes in the structure of British institutional and economic life, but whether the changes that have been engineered in the past twelve years have any significant substance remains, to many eyes, unclear.

Higher education was necessarily one of the areas where change was demanded. We see, or fail to see, the results today. Universities made at least as much noise as other public institutions on the subject of cuts, and the defeat in the House of Lords of the clauses of the 1988 Education Bill relating to academic tenure gained almost as much public attention as the Varsity Boat Race in its heyday. The appointment of a minister with responsibility for Higher Education, albeit only at the Under-Secretary level, suggested a new emphasis on universities' potential role within a programme of social and ideological renovation. This writer believes the emphasis was nothing like enough, and that the strategic importance of universities is still not taken sufficiently seriously, but most academics have become increasingly nervous of politicians' interest in them, and would prefer a less rather than a more ambitious estimate of their potential contribution to society. One observable result of the Thatcher years is, quite simply, that the university community has lost a great deal of its former sense of its own importance. This is commendable realism, according to some, cowardice, according to others.

One reason for the loss of confidence is that the university teaching profession, previously psychologically geared to expansion, has declined nine per cent in number since 1979, despite a ten per cent increase in the numbers of students. There was one teacher for every nine students in 1978-79 (one for every 7.5 undergraduates) and one for every eleven students (one for every 9.25 undergraduates) in 1988-9.

Much of this reduction in numbers was achieved through early retirement schemes. These perhaps removed some dead wood, and even some marginal departments, but my impression is that a number of notably productive academics took early retirement to escape the demoralizing atmosphere of departments squabbling over reduced funding. A number of teachers also sought employment abroad. Those who have stayed tend to emphasize the higher salaries of those who have emigrated, but the latter nearly all say that it was less the money than the more constructive and co-operative attitude of their new colleagues that attracted them overseas.

Within the framework of shrinking overall numbers there has been relatively little shift of emphasis with regard to what subjects are taught. A decade of exhortation on the subject of increasing the output of science and engineering graduates has resulted in maths, physics, chemistry and

biological sciences rising from 22.6 per cent of all first degrees in 1978 to 23.2 in 1987 — a magnificent 0.6 per cent increase. Engineering and technology first degrees fell in the same period from 13.5 per cent of all first degrees to 12.5 per cent. The Social Sciences, much reprobated by the Tories, have fallen back more than six per cent but still remain the largest single category of first degrees shown in U.G.C. statistics.

It is possible that there has been a greater change in the manner in which subjects are taught, though this is difficult to quantify. The staff-student ratio remains vastly more favourable in Britain than in any European university system, and the monitoring of student progress on an individual basis now seems to be taken much further than in the pre-Thatcher era. In practice this means that students are being trained to maximize their exam-passing skills much more than ever before. The idea that examinations (or more refined and supposedly more constructive forms of assessment) should only be incidental to the general process of education has slipped into the background. Whether this represents a real increase in efficiency is of course questionable. Pushing students through ever more carefully structured programmes may be a good way of reducing the number of Third Class Honours Degrees but hardly fosters intellectual autonomy and creativity. The more brutal system which prevails in, for example, France and Italy, where students have to take the initiative to obtain personal attention from lecturers who count their audiences in hundreds has certainly not caused these countries to become intellectual backwaters compared to Britain: but as a system it is cheaper.

Probably the most significant change of the Thatcher years is one which is particularly relevant to the question of interaction between staff and students. In 1978-9 62.7 per cent of full-time non-clinical university teaching staff were under 45 years old. Ten years later only 47.8 per cent were under 45. In 1978-79 25.4 per cent were under 35: ten years later 13.2 per cent. With the overall reduction of staff numbers there are less than half as many academics under 35 in today's universities than there were when Mrs. Thatcher became prime minister. There are now less than a quarter as many professors, readers and senior lecturers under 35 as there were in 1978-79. If this trend continues less than a tenth of university teachers will be under 40 by the end of the century.

The advantage of having university teachers at least a generation older than their students has not been scientifically established. In Germany and to a lesser extent Italy, mechanisms are built into the university career structure to prevent it becoming monopolized by the elderly. Too great a gulf between the attitudes and experience of teachers and taught militates against the freedom of communication which is the essence of university study, though of course there is much to be said for the view that the best guides for youth are people thinking about their own retirement. The relationship between original research and effective teaching is still a subject of at least lukewarm debate, but one may well be justified in drawing a pessimistic conclusion from the fact that the majority of academics complete the greater part of their best research before they enter

into the second half of their careers. Yet the defeat of the clause of the 1988 Education Bill relating to university tenure means that there is no institutional mechanism to safeguard the university teaching profession against continuing to become older and older in the course of the next twenty years. There will then be a huge influx of new blood as entire departments retire virtually en bloc, to be followed — unless the system is changed — by the same process of senescence over the following generation.

Statistics taken from the University Grants Committee's Annual Surveys for 1978-9 and 1988-9, the latter being the most recent so far published, illustrate the changes of this decade.

Staff and Student numbers

	1978-9	1988-9
Students	289,043	317,500
— of whom postgraduate	49,317	56,900
U.G.C. funded staff	32,048	28.810

Senior teaching staff under 40

	1978-9	1988-9
Professors under 35	27	10
Professors aged 35-39	183	130
Readers/Sen. Lect. under 35	187	40
Readers/Sen.Lect. 35-39	934	490

Projected staff aged 45-plus in 1998 if no expansion of total staff numbers

age	percentage total teachers
45-9	14.1
50-4	20.5
55-9	20.6
60-4	16.7

Failure to replace staff retiring between now and 1998 will mean these percentages will be higher.

Looking back, one is struck by how many ingredients of the Thatcher Revolution have had an opposite effect from that advertised. Economic stagnation has been countered by financial policies that have further weakened the country's manufacturing base. Public dissatisfaction with local government has been answered with the Poll Tax, which will encumber any attempt at a more fundamental reorganization for at least the next ten years. Implementing the Conservative Party's philosophy of self-reliance has involved supporting more citizens with doles and pensions than under any previous government. The changes forced on Britain's universities may well be an example of the same paradox. Certainly there is something exquisitely Thatcheristic in the way Britain's universities have begun training themselves for the leap into the Twenty-First Century with a team whose essential qualification is to remember Winston Churchill as prime minister.

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ANN RADCLIFFE AND THE EXTENDED IMAGINATION

by Donald Williams Bruce

'YOU, who are so young, have you reason for sorrow?', Emily St. Aubert is asked at the end of *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (chapter 38). Emily, the heroine of the book, has every right to answer, 'Yes'. She has, in a short time, lost both her parents. Her marriage to the exquisite Chevalier de Valancourt has been broken off. There is no end to her troubles. Used though she is to freedom, and rejoicing in it, she is subjected to a series of ever more constricting imprisonments: first in the manor house in Toulouse belonging to her aunt, Mme. Chéron, who becomes her guardian after the death of her father; then, when that silly aunt marries the bandit-chief Montoni, in his palazzo in Venice; afterwards in Montoni's Apennine fortress, the Castle of Udolpho, a place of threats, spectacles and events all equally hideous; again in a cottage in Tuscany, watched over by a pair of Montoni's ruffians; finally, after her aunt has died from privation and disappointment, in still closer duress in Udolpho, until she asserts her own will and resolution, and breaks free, only to be shipwrecked on the coast of Languedoc. She is saved from the wreck to be told stories of Valancourt's depravities in Paris, to which she too credulously, and to her own injury, listens.

It is a vivid tale, located in Italy and the south of France, and invented by a tiny invalid recluse, the whole span of whose travels lay between Westmorland and the Upper Rhine. The author contemplated the Pyrenees and the Apennines from her residences in the flatlands of Chiswick, Lambeth and Lower Belgravia.

The only child of parents who had moved from Chesterfield to London to set up a small haberdashery in East Holborn, Ann Radcliffe was born in 1764, the year in which the first 'Gothick' novel, Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*, was published.[1] When their daughter was seven years old they moved once more, in order to manage Josiah Wedgwood's china-shop in Bath. During the following fifteen years she often stayed in Chiswick with her uncle, a retired Liverpool merchant of bookish tastes. Although shy and no conversationalist herself, Ann Radcliffe heard plenty of literary talk there, which encouraged her in her copious solitary reading of Shakespeare, Milton and her favourite landscape-poets of the eighteenth century, such as James Thomson, an inhabitant of nearby Richmond. At the age of twenty-three she married William Radcliffe, who had drifted into literary hackwork from his study of law in the Inner Temple.[2] They settled in Lambeth, then a rural suburb, where during eight years of hectic production she wrote five novels which were admired by contemporaries as diverse as Scott, Keats and Byron. The last three published in her lifetime are once more in print: the enchanting and enchanted *Romance of the Forest;* the intricately cohesive *Mysteries of Udolpho;* and *The Italian*, her most concentrated novel, and widely regarded as her master-

piece. She wrote one more novel but would not publish it, withdrawing instead into her new house near the mews of Buckingham Palace and the seclusion she preferred.[8] Her experiences were scarcely more adventurous than those of Jane Austen, but how she used them for an imaginative leap!

She heightens the scenery of the Lake District, which she knew, in her descriptions of the Alps, which she did not:

> patches of young verdure, fragrant shrubs and flowers, looked gaily among the rocks, often fringing their brows, or hanging in tufts from their broken sides; and the buds of the oak and mountain ash were expanding into foliage (*M.U.*, chapter 14).

She contrives a landscape from atlases, travellers' stories, guide books, ecological studies and pictorial records; from the same exact researches as those of that other master of detail loaded with suspense, Georges Simenon. The story of *The Romance of the Forest* is adapted from an eighteenth-century collection of famous French trials. She studied Italian scenery through Mannerist paintings. 'The scene,' she declares at one point, 'was such as only the dark pencil of a Domenichino, perhaps, could have done justice to' (*M.U.*, chapter 30). She is painstaking in her investigations. She explores even the botany and geology of the Mediterranean coast. The Comte de Villefort, lost with his party in the Pyrenees during a thunderstorm, absurdly entertains his companions with a lecture on the minerals and fossils of those mountains (*M.U.*, chapter 50).

Ann Radcliffe's informed imagination often transcends actual experience, as in her descriptions of Venice, which she had never seen:

> The rising dawn now enlightened the mountain tops of Friuli; but their lower sides, and the distant waves that rolled at their feet, were still in deep shadow. Emily, sunk in tranquil melancholy, watched the strengthening light spreading upon the ocean, showing progressively Venice with her islets, and the shores of Italy, along which boats with their pointed lateen sails began to move (*M.U.*, chapter 18).

Under her unremitting inward gaze Venice and its straits become a seascape as timeless as those of Claude Lorrain.

How different from Jane Austen, who would not locate *Persuasion* in Northampton until her sister Cassandra had verified that there were hedgerows there! Ann Radcliffe worked like Gainsborough, who often painted his landscapes from stones, small scraps of vegetation and pieces of looking-glass arranged in candlelight, and in his visionary recollection, upon a table-top; or Degas, who once used a crumpled handkerchief as the model for a cloud. The inner supposition was everything. Ann Radcliffe did not emulate Turner, who once tied himself to a mast in order to record a snow-storm. She is by no means a camera. A fog from the Thames permeates the trees of her Apennines:

> The sun had now set some time; heavy clouds, whose lower skirts were tinged with sulphurous crimson, lingered in the west, and threw a reddish tint upon the pine forests (*M.U.*, chapter 31).

Re-arranged scenes, re-arranged experiences! Ann Radcliffe does make mistakes. She moves the Pyrenees east and the Apennines north. *The Mysteries* is set in the sixteenth century, yet the manners, speech and decorums of the characters belong to the reign of George III. *The Romance of the Forest* is a tale of the early seventeenth century: the heroine, Adeline, shudders at the notion of meeting a young man alone in the forest, although

she is in the greatest danger, from which he can rescue her, and she knows him well. When he does not arrive in time for the appointment, her pride is offended and she leaves the place 'with disgust and self-accusation' (*R.F.*, chapter 7). These are the sentiments of Richardson rather than those of Shakespeare. For all that, the topographer of the sea-coast of Bohemia would hardly have accused her of inaccuracy. What did it matter? In spite of her careful studies, she was not recording history but a subjective fantasy, lit and darkened by her personal magic, although assigned to a past age.

But one must grumble a little. The plot of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, although Emily is forever on the move, is static in effect, possibly because of the frequent descriptive passages, which sometimes achieve almost the shock of poetry but are sometimes repetitious and flat; and because of the sameness of the events, sensational though they are. It does not hasten forward to one main action but cranks along, through a green uniformity of forests and precipices, from one singular experience to another. Emily jogs along on her mule, brooding on the majesty of the Pyrenees, and her father is taken ill and dies. On she plods. She reflects on the grandeur of the Apennine heights, although Ann Radcliffe herself described the main road in Arundel as 'fearfully steep' and became giddy whilst climbing the belfry at Utrecht.[4]

Sublime though the scenery is, before long Emily is shut up in a bandits' fortress. Later her friend, Blanche de Villefort, so close to Emily in her character that she could be called another Emily, takes her place as the she-protagonist of the novel. Blanche in turn ambles through the Pyrenees, praising their glories, and is captured by bandits too. Ann Radcliffe heightens their wanderings with the mysteries of her title, mysteries not only at Udolpho but also all over southern France and northern Italy: in Emily's own Gascon chateau, and around the convent of Ste Claire in Languedoc and within the nearby manor house.

There are hints of 'dreadful import', spates of spectral music, a ghastly sight behind curtains at Udolpho — a disembodied voice as well — and phantoms in a locked bedroom at the Comte de Villefort's mansion. There are false clues which lead to 'misleading conjectures', as Ann Radcliffe calls them and mockingly encourages. She teases her readers by referring to her mysteries again and again. She alludes to the shocking sight behind the curtains seven times in the course of the novel. Then, at last, she provides a rational explanation for everything that has taken place; which is no less than Jane Austen does in her tart satire on Ann Radcliffe's novels in *Northanger Abbey*. The ghosts in the bedchamber are robbers from a secret tunnel. The figure behind the curtains is a waxwork *memento mori*. The explanations are not always convincing. Emily's succession of calamities is likewise too protracted for ready belief or, at times, patience. Ann Radcliffe's quotation from Shakespeare as the epigraph of Chapter 33 may occasionally be applied to herself:

> I play the torturer, by small and small,
> To lengthen out the worst that may be spoken.

The story of *The Mysteries of Udolpho* is less gripping than that of *The Italian*, but its purpose is less to unfold a tale than to present a theme. That theme is the love of liberty. In *The Mysteries of Udolpho* liberty is infringed by physical confinement, by misplaced sensibility, by superstition and female subservience. The shipwreck, an instance of the turbulence of Nature which Emily so much admires, but is happily rescued from, is the turning point of the novel. Emily is restored to her original freedom, but not completely. She is still under the moral duress of her rescuer, the Comte de Villefort, a rationalist who sits up reading Tacitus whilst awaiting the appearance of a supposed ghost; but the Count is far from rational in turning Emily against her intended husband, Valancourt, on the strength of unchecked rumours. He devastates her with a recital of hearsay exaggerations about Valancourt's nights out in Paris, and luridly affirms that Valancourt has joined a set of men 'who live by plunder, and pass their lives in continual debauchery' (*M.U.*, chapter 38). Valancourt, admittedly a figure of mist, gauze and tinsel, like the heroes of so many romantic novels, is at least guiltless of the depravities Villefort accuses him of, and later proves the best of husbands to Emily. 'Is this the wisdom of men,' Ann Radcliffe implies, 'to whom we are so obedient?'.

To Villefort's soft tyranny Emily equally softly submits, just as she did to that of her father, a foolish old gentleman who lost them both on a crazy journey along obscure tracks across the Lower Pyrenees when the straightforward roads were well-known to him. He carelessly shoots Valancourt because he looks like a bandit; he impoverishes Emily by his impulsive trust in the banker Motteville; he finally places her in the care of her wilful aunt, Mme Chéron. He ruins himself and nearly ruins his daughter.

Throughout, Emily submits to male dominance: 'the haughtiness of command and the quickness of discernment' which awes her when she encounters Montoni (*M.U.*, chapter 2). He is haughty, in fact, because never opposed, and quick only to discern slavish female subterfuges. She mistakes his brutality for courage: 'the difficulties and tempests of life, which wreck the happiness of others, roused and strengthened all the powers of his mind' (*M.U.*, chapter 16). To contest Montoni's will, Emily decides, 'would not be fortitude, but rashness' (*M.U.*, chapter 33). Like the Marquis de Montalt in *The Romance of the Forest*, Montoni is seemingly all-powerful, his decisions sealed against any appeal. Only when Montoni tries to frighten her out of the estate she has inherited from her aunt does Emily discover that his ferocity and resolution are no more than a blind for his greed. After that discovery, Emily makes a firm and successful bid to escape from Udolpho, although to lapse into a milder subservience to the Comte de Villefort, who reminds her, anachronistic eighteenth-century savant as he is in this tale set at the time of the Spanish Armada, of her father.

At the head of Chapter Six of *The Mysteries of Udolpho* Ann Radcliffe quotes her beloved Thomson, whose joy in landscape she shared:

> I care not, Fortune! what you me deny;
> You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,

> You cannot shut the windows of the sky.

Blanche de Villefort, fresh from her convent school, voices the sense of open-air liberation which is so strongly felt by Emily and her suitor Valancourt. 'If you could know what pleasure I feel in wandering here at liberty, and in seeing the sky and the fields and the woods all round me!', Blanche exclaims (*M.U.*, chapter 37). Perhaps Ann Radcliffe smiles a little at the elation of Blanche, just released from school, but Blanche's sentiments are basically her own, derived in part from Rousseau, whose *Reveries of a Solitary Walker* had recently been translated into English. Nature is a restorative to Adeline too, in *The Romance of the Forest*:

> The balmy freshness of the air, which breathed the first pure essence of vegetation... revived Adeline, and inspired her with life and health. As she inhaled the breeze, her strength seemed to return, and, as her eyes wandered through the romantic glades that opened into the forest, her heart was gladdened (*R.F.*, chapter 1).

As Emily leaves the opera-house in Venice, she reflects on 'how infinitely inferior all the splendour of art is to the sublimity of nature' (*M.U.*, chapter 16). Emily's father, M. de St. Aubert, likewise rejoices in landscape, especially after a grave illness:

> The refreshing pleasure from the first view of nature, after the pain of illness and the confinement of a sick chamber, is above the conception, as well as the descriptions, of those in health (*M.U.*, chapter 1).

Ann Radcliffe, who was afflicted with a severe asthma, could speak feelingly about that.

In most of her misadventures, Emily is partly the victim of that late eighteenth-century malady, an over-acute sensibility. She seldom meets Valancourt, or parts from him, except in tears. Sometimes they weep in unison (*M.U.*, chapter 6). She induces and protracts her emotions. Moved by a premonition of the death of her father, she leans from a window in 'contemplation of Futurity':

> Elevated and enwrapped, while her eyes were often wet with tears of sublime devotion and solemn awe, she continued at the casement till the gloom of midnight hung over the earth (*M.U.*, chapter 6).

Emily weeps much and sleeps little, as do most of Ann Radcliffe's heroines. Adeline's nights in *The Romance of the Forest* are mostly wakeful: 'Adeline's thoughts were too busy to suffer her to repose, and... she indulged the sorrow which reflection brought' (*R.F.*, chapter 4). One of Ann Radcliffe's loveliest passages recounts how Adeline, after a restless night, rises at dawn, surrounded by beauty difficult for her not to heed:

> The faint light of day now trembled through the clouds, and, gradually spreading from the horizon, announced the rising sun... and the fresh gale came scented with the breath of flowers, whose tints glowed more vivid through the dewdrops that hung on their leaves (*R.F.*, chapter 5).

A Keatsian landscape!

Most of Emily's adventures take place at night. There is a strongly morbid constituent in her sensibility. Although still depressed by hearing of the scandals about Valancourt, she feels a 'thrilling curiosity' to see the deathbed of the Marquise de Villeroi. Her 'solemn emotions' are 'in unison with the present tone of her mind, depressed by severe disappointment':

> Cheerful objects rather added to, than removed this depression; but perhaps she yielded too much to her melancholy inclination (*M.U.*, chapter 41).

Emily, shaky and easily afeared, but with remarkable powers of recovery, goes out of her way to seek danger. Like Blanche de Villefort, she loves to be out in a thunderstorm. She listens with 'a gloomy pleasure' to the thunder in the distance and rejoices in 'the arrowy lightnings' (*M.U.*, chapter 29). Jane Austen's heroines would have been afraid of wet shoes. At Udolpho, Emily 'would lean on the wall of the terrace and, shuddering, measure with her eye the precipice below till the dark summits of the woods arrested it' (*M.U.*, chapter 19). Fear merely incites her curiosity. Locked up in a room in the castle, Emily is dismayed to find that the room has a second, unlocked door, which she tries to secure by placing a chair against it. A blast of wind swings the door inwards, and the chair with it, to reveal a secret stairway:

> She took the lamp to the top of the steps, and stood hesitating whether to go down; but the profound stillness and the gloom of the place awed her: and determined to inquire further when daylight might assist the search, she closed the door, and placed against it a stronger guard (*M.U.*, chapter 18).

Similarly, the inquisitiveness of Adeline in *The Romance of the Forest* generally overcomes her timidity. Hidden in a room in a ruined abbey, she discovers, by the light of 'a shattered casement placed high from the floor', a second door behind a billowing tapestry, and then a third door. After 'some moments of hesitation' she 'gained courage, and determined to pursue the inquiry.' She determines, 'I will, at least, see to what that door leads'. Beyond the door she finds a rusty dagger and an indecipherable manuscript (*R.F.*, chapter 8). Here we perceive three elements in Ann Radcliffe's fascination: surprise, foreboding and a riddle.

These doors blown in the wind typify Ann Radcliffe's passion for Nature, even at its most violent. In *The Mysteries of Udolpho* she prefers the natural life to the man-made life; admittedly a preference common amongst the writers of the late eighteenth century. It is a novel about escape from human enclosures. As in Smollett's representation of London in *Roderick Random* and *Humphry Clinker*, great cities are seen as centres of corruption. The highest praise Emily's father can offer Valancourt is, 'This young man has never been at Paris' (*M.U.*, chapter 4). It is little wonder that Emily, a thoroughly proper girl influenced by her father's mistrust of the big city, credits the Comte de Villefort's gossip to the extent of ending her engagement to Valancourt when Valancourt does go to Paris. 'Why was I forced to Paris,' exclaims Valancourt, weeping, 'and why did I yield to allurements which were to make me despicable for ever?' (*M.U.*, chapter 39). When at last Valancourt is vindicated from the spiteful inventions about his conduct there, and Emily, convinced of his rectitude of character, consents to marry him, they retire into the guileless countryside. Emily's old peasant housekeeper concludes, in her rural simplicity, 'To see how some people fling away their happiness, then cry and lament about it, just as if it was not their own doing, and as if there were more pleasure in wailing and weeping than in being at peace!' (*M.U.*, chapter 52).

The Italian, or the Confessional of the Black Penitents is not primarily a thematic novel in the manner of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, although the outcry against the coercion of women persists alongside an exposition

of the inhumane divisions caused by social class. The heroine, Ellena, is less subservient to men than imperilled by them and in their stranglehold; although a woman, the heartless Marchesa, directs the men. From the tightening grip Ellena makes spirited attempts to extricate herself, aided by her suitor, Vicentio di Vivaldi — a flat character but more active than Valancourt, who never comes near the Castle of Udolpho. Ellena, constantly in danger in her struggle for survival, has no leisure to develop her sensibilities as Emily does, and the rush of dangers gives Ann Radcliffe no time to explore her personality as closely as that of Emily. Ellena remains blank, ingenuous and neutral: a good schoolgirl.

The deepest and the dominating character in *The Italian* is the monk Schedoni, who wolfishly abuses his priestly authority. That is not to say that Ann Radcliffe is an Evangelical bigot: she makes Vivaldi shed tears of relief at the justice of the Roman Inquisition during the middle of the eighteenth century, the period in which the novel is set (*Ital.*, volume 3, chapter 7). Schedoni, mistrusted even by his fellow monks, is more ferocious than Montoni, who at least stops short of murder. Schedoni, morally contorted and inwardly tormented, is a more intricate character than that gluttonous, conceited autocrat. Ellena is threatened by Schedoni in dire reality, whereas Emily only thinks she is by Montoni. *The Italian* is a sterner, barer tale than *The Mysteries of Udolpho* but all the more forceful for that.

Ann Radcliffe, guide-book at her elbow, plunges into *The Italian* with an anecdote about some English tourists who visit the convent church of the Order of the Black Penitents in Naples and witness the frenzy of an assassin who has sought sanctuary there. Schedoni too, likewise an assassin — a fratricide, in fact — is a wretched being, cast out by God and Man for his persisting crimes. Having taken refuge in the Order of the Black Penitents, he becomes confessor to Vivaldi's mother, with whom, in the hope of ecclesiastical advancement, he conspires to prevent Vivaldi's marriage to the apparently low-born Ellena.

Schedoni abducts her and shuts her up in a remote convent, where she meets a motherly nun called Sister Olivia, who is later revealed to be indeed Ellena's mother, the former Contessa di Bruno. It is a short spell of tenderness in Ellena's harsh world. Ann Radcliffe is at her best in her tense account of Ellena's escape from the convent, although Ellena has Adeline-like misgivings about the propriety of escaping in the sole company of Vivaldi. Her misgivings are curtailed when she is swiftly recouped by Schedoni, who is about to murder her on the orders of the Marchesa di Vivaldi when he finds evidence, misleading in fact, that she is his own daughter. By this time the affair has come to the notice of the Inquisition in Rome, before which both Vivaldi and Schedoni appear. Schedoni, betrayed by his confessor and his own confederates, poisons himself. Ellena, proved to be the daughter of the brother Schedoni murdered, the true Conte di Bruno, is now acceptable to Vivaldi's family, and he is allowed to marry her without more ado.

The sombre narrative frees Ann Radcliffe's descriptive powers to the

full. She is able to depict the dark and silent vastness of the Roman Inquisition's dungeons, of which she certainly had no experience, where Vivaldi is imprisoned. Without speaking, two men dressed in black unbar his cell and advance upon him. They take him down to a large hall, 'and thence through an avenue, and down a long flight of stairs, that led to subterranean chambers: *His conductors did not utter a syllable during the whole progress*' (*Ital.*, volume 3, chapter 5). Contrary to his expectations, he is being led not to a torture-chamber but to a court of justice, before which he is acquitted: another 'misleading conjecture'.

The straightforwardness, by Ann Radcliffe's standards, of the narrative allows her room to explore the troubled character of Schedoni, terrific but terrified, determined in his ends but irresolute in his means, self-destructively destructive. To his fellow monks his lofty bearing betrays 'the gloomy pride of a disappointed man' instead of the ambition of a noble mind. 'There was something terrible in his air,' Ann Radcliffe remarks, 'something almost superhuman.' Schedoni clearly owes something to the Satan of Milton, one of her favourite poets:

> His cowl, too, as it threw a shade over the livid features of his face, increased its severe character, and gave an effect to his large melancholy eye, which approached to horror. His was not the melancholy of a sensible and wounded heart, but apparently that of a gloomy and ferocious disposition (*Ital.*, volume I, chapter 2).

His eyes, staring from a face scored with many extinguished passions, 'were so piercing that they seemed to penetrate, at a single glance, into the hearts of men, and to read their most secret thoughts; few persons could support their scrutiny, or even endure to meet them twice' (*Ital.*, volume I, chapter 2).

Schedoni is as ruthless with himself as he is with others until at last, like the Marquis de Montalt in *The Romance of the Forest*, he is cornered by the law. When Schedoni's associates turn against him and give their evidence to the Roman Inquisition, he is unmoved even by the certainty of being sentenced to death: 'and when the dreadful sentence of the law was pronounced, it made no visible impression on his mind' (*Ital.*, volume III, chapter 8). Before poisoning himself, to avoid what he calls 'an ignominious death', Schedoni takes care also to poison his accomplice and betrayer, Father Nicola.

At only one point in the story does Schedoni's fixity of purpose weaken: when he is about to murder Ellena at the instigation of the Marchesa di Vivaldi, whose patronage has restored his respectability, and even given him spiritual authority after his earlier degradation. Faced with Schedoni, Ellena is up against dangers and perplexities more urgent than those of Emily in *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. Taking his dagger, although with shaking hands, Schedoni mounts the stairs to plunge it into her. What a difference between his slaughtering crudity here and his smooth hauteur in Naples!

Schedoni and his underlings, having kidnapped Ellena, drag her across the plains of southern Italy to the Adriatic coast where, in a disused villa

owned by the marchesa, he is to carry out the marchesa's 'baleful resolutions':

> It seemed highly improbable that the Marchesa di Vivaldi had sent her here merely for imprisonment... not for long imprisonment but for death (*Ital.*, volume II, chapter 7).

Secular influence and a vitiated priesthood combine to destroy the guiltless Ellena. Schedoni hopes to rise from her gore to an incense-clouded dignity.

Terrified, Ellena tries to escape along the beach to a fishing village in the distance. Up and down the sands Schedoni stalks her. Comforted by his monk's habit, under which he carries a knife, Ellena takes hope: 'It is probably as much his wish, as it is his duty, to succour the unfortunate.' To her plea for help he replies, 'Poor insect! Who would wish to crush *thee*?'. He speaks to her as something less than human, but the answer to his question is that he means to crush her. To move forward from that distressing seashore to the actual atrocity: as Schedoni uncovers Ellena's bosom to twist his dagger in, he discovers, on a chain about her neck, a miniature portrait in his own image. Schedoni finds his resemblance on the trembling form which he, himself trembling, intends to stab: a token of kinship? As Ann Radcliffe's favourite Milton asked in *Paradise Lost*: 'Of whom such massacre/ Make they but of their brethren, men of men?' (*P.L.* XI 679). Schedoni shares her humanity as well as her ancestors.

It may be asked why Ann Radcliffe, withdrawn, ailing and seldom leaving her house, where she was imprisoned more direly than any of her heroines by her asthma, was so busy writing stories about captive maidens in intemperate regions she had never visited. There may be something Godwinian in Ann Radcliffe's reading of history. In his *Enquiry concerning Political Justice* of 1793, Godwin distinguishes between private reason, or self-aggrandisement; and public reason, which subordinates private reason to political justice. Without public reason, the rulers of feudal times were, in the words of William Hazlitt, 'speedily converted into hordes of barbarians and banditti'[5]. Hazlitt cites the opening of Sir Walter Scott's *Quentin Durward*, a tale of the late fifteenth century, when, Scott writes, 'in Auvergne alone there were three hundred nobles whose most ordinary actions were robbery, rape and murder.' Although Ann Radcliffe's heroines escape the hazards of the ancient times which her admirer Scott deplored whilst recording them, she was, like Hazlitt, glad to live in the same age as Scott, when public justice restricted the private will of such polished banditti as the Marquis de Montalt, Signor Montoni and the Marchesa di Vivaldi.

NOTES

The texts cited are those of the first editions of *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794) and *The Italian* (1797) and the revised fourth edition of *The Romance of the Forest* (1794), which are accurately reproduced in *The World's Classics* series issued by the Oxford University Press, 1979-86.

1. Aline Grant. *Ann Radcliffe*, Denver, 1951, p.12.
2. *ibid*, pp.38-43. 3. *ibid*, p.77. 4. *ibid*, pp.68 & 100.
5. William Hazlitt. *The Spirit of the Age*, ed. E. D. Mackerness, 1969, p.44.

GOLDSMITHS': A CENTURY OF EDUCATION

by Sarah Newman

Chorus
Though gilding needless seems for gold
The Goldsmiths had the guild of old
The true position then to settle
Of workers in the precious metal
The wisdom of the Middle Ages
Inscribed their names on Golden pages
Cunning of brain, of eye, of hand,
They ranked as Nobles in the land.

Soprano solo
What Princes honoured in their Art
Was the divine creative Part
Skilled Benvenuto not alone
In gold did work but also stone
Touched by his art a cup of tin
Today a Prize of Gold would win
Fine substance gained a finer mould
Cellini's art itself was gold.

Chorus
Let all applaud our present end
As towards other Arts we tend.

Soprano solo
And now let Music's Golden Voice
Rise up to justify our choice!
If we are gathered here today
To hear our friends who sing and play
Some younger friends ere long will haste
The spring of knowledge here to taste
In schools of Science, Music, Art
Eager to bear a worthy part—
Fit preparation for a life
Of honest toil and friendly strife,
May Art's true spirit always reach
Both those who learn and those who teach.

Chorus
May Art's true spirit always reach
Both those who learn and those who teach.

ON the first of July 1891, the Prince of Wales came from Marlborough House, driving through the Old Kent Road, with festoons of evergreens decorating the route up to the Brockley Road entrance gates, to open the Goldsmith Company's Technical and Recreative Institute in New Cross. He and his wife listened to this ode, composed for the event by H. Sutherland Evans.

The building, the foundation stone of which the Prince Consort — the Prince of Wales's father — had laid in 1843, had served as the Royal Naval College. This had now moved to a site in Mottingham, later taken over by Eltham College. The chapel, added in 1853, had to be deconsecrated by special Act of Parliament in 1891. It became a lecture theatre. The altar, eventually presented to the nearby St. James' Church, was later moved to St. George's, Brockley.

Goldsmiths' had negotiated the purchase in 1889, the year of the Technical Instruction Act, and acquired the buildings two years later. Touring them that July the Prince of Wales had been particularly impressed by the swimming bath which was filled with water in his presence.

He opened the 'unsectarian and undenominational' institution for the 'promotion of technical skill, knowledge, health, general well being among men and women of the industrial, working-artisan class'. In the same week were laid the Memorial Stone for Battersea Polytechnic and the Foundation Stone for the South-West London Polytechnic at Chelsea.

The Charity Commissioners provided £30,000 to acquire and adapt the buildings of the Royal Naval School; other funds came from the Parochial Charities of the City of London and the Goldsmith Company's Corporate Fund.

There were at Goldsmiths' a School of Art [Day and Evening Section] and Schools of Music, of Engineering and Building [in the Evening Institute]. There were classes in Physics and Mathematics up to B.Sc. standard, and classes preparing for employment in commerce and the civil service.

In 1896 Goldsmiths' became a centre for University Extension courses. A ten lecture course on literature cost 5s. Numbers were important as the lecturer's £35 fee as well as publicity costs had to be covered by this payment. History and literature alternated as the annual subjects. But in 1910 economic problems ended these courses and it was 1931 before Goldsmiths' was again used for Extra-Mural teaching.

It was the only private institution of its kind, and cost the Goldsmiths' Company £15,000 a year. The Balfour Education Act of 1902, coupled with the London Education Act, 1903, led Goldsmiths' to enter into negotiations with London University, and to transfer the buildings to the University, the only condition being the need for them to be used for educational purposes, including teacher training. The Goldsmiths agreed to subsidise it for five years following the transfer.

On 29 June 1904 the University accepted the building and four and a half acres, as well as £5,000 for five years and an outright gift of £5,000. On November 23rd a management scheme was accepted. The 'storehouse of knowledge' was to be unlocked, not only through the provision of a teachers' training scheme but through evening classes of a Polytechnic type run in conjunction with the LCC, which had expected to take over the Institute.

In 1905 a Warden, and Vice Principals of the training department, which was to be non-denominational and to run a two year course, were appointed. It was opened on 29 September by Lord Rosebery, Chancellor of London University, though perhaps better known as the ex-Prime Minister, married to a Rothschild heiress and owner of a Derby winner.

Some 250 students entered the new training department in its first year and the first hostel opened in 1907. There were evening classes in chemistry, physics, mathematics and engineering, in skills needed in the building trade and in domestic skills. There were both day and evening art classes.

The First World War caused a temporary setback to the work of the

training department, but the return of peace caused such an influx of students that a staff increase proved necessary. Whereas in 1914-5 128 men and 227 women had attended, and in 1918-19 15 men and 334 women, in 1921-2 the figures were 173 men and 368 women.

The high numbers in the Engineering and Building Department warranted a separation, and in the summer of 1931 it moved, becoming the South East London Technical Institute, Lewisham. It was replaced by a new Evening Literary Department, formed by the merging of the Peckham and Lewisham Literary Institutes, with 60 part-time lecturers and instructors, headed by W. R. Marshall.

Goldsmiths' now consisted of the Teachers' Training Department, the School of Art, and the Evening Institute. Financially it ranked as an LCC Institute.

The Evening Institute was 'to provide non vocational adult education to widen knowledge, enrich leisure interests, cultivate taste and skill'. Dr. Albert Mansbridge gave the inaugural address, 60 classes started in the autumn of 1931, 660 enrolled in the first fortnight, 850 by Christmas, 1,000 by the end of February 1932. Music, drama and art appreciation proved exceptionally popular, but there were also classes in languages, which stayed a strong sector and included Esperanto, as well as in psychology, history, and politics.

In 1931 University extension courses recommenced at Goldsmiths'. One LSE lecturer, Hugh Dalton, later Chancellor of the Exchequer, running a course 'From Waterloo to the World Economic Conference: A History of British Budgets and their Background' was surprised at the proportion of women attending, but criticized only the chilliness of the lecture room.

Numbers fell in the early 1930s but by 1935-6 recovery was well under way. The Department had over 70 classes for 1,150 students and its title was changed to the Evening Department of Adult Education. A. E. Douglas-Smith came in as full-time Head of Department, to be followed in November 1938 by J. A. Gulland who, apart from his period in the Air Force, 1939-45, stayed until 1970.

During the war the college was evacuated, although sections of the evening department combined with the LCC's Lewisham Literary Institute to run some classes at Colfe's Grammar School in Lewisham. These continued during the blitz, though in the winter of 1944 they were held on Saturdays and Sundays rather than in the evenings. The buildings themselves were requisitioned and used for Civil Defence. Bombing left them much damaged. Barrage balloons lay nearby, occasionally hovering overhead. The belief of many in the locality that the destruction was so great the college would never be rebuilt proved false. Rebuilding after the war eliminated all traces of the Naval school, the original occupant of the site. But evening classes recommenced in January 1946, fitting in with the bomb damage and reconstruction. In 1946-7 there were three University extension courses, by 1960 there were 45.

In 1964 the Evening Institute changed its name to the Department of Adult Studies. And by then, in part as a result of the Robbins Report,

published in 1962, the provision of degree courses had come to be accepted as part of Goldsmiths' work. The aim of the college being a 'cultural centre' for southeast London was realised. Music and art were obviously great strengths at Goldsmiths', but so too was the teaching of languages, including English as a Foreign Language; its general evening classes, its degree work, its Saturday schools, its teacher training, all proved popular attractions.

Despite some rationalisation in the 1980s the college is still a force in its centenary year. As one who spent the late seventies and early eighties as a regular attender at its evening classes and Saturday schools I can only hope that it continues to be so.

New Cross and Deptford may not have much to commend them. The attractive buildings and varied courses Goldsmiths' provide offer some intellectual stimulus and are a social asset south of the river.

POEM

BIRDS OF AMERICA

If Edgar Allen Poe
was a crow
then Robert Frost would be an owl in an October barn
and Wallace Stevens
a flamingo round about sunset;
but Robert Lowell
he was another sort of creature
flying above the broken jazz of cities
and yet sometimes hovering
just above the graves of soldiers.

David H. W. Grubb

JESUITS MAKE HISTORY: A NEW KIND OF HISTORY?

by Francis Edwards

ONE was startled to read in *The Times* of December 29, 1990 that when the new history syllabus comes into operation, 'at seven, children should be able to retell the story of the Gunpowder Plot... recognise the difference between a fairy tale character and an historical personality' and be able to analyse the essential difference between the statements, 'Alfred was King of Wessex' and 'Alfred was a good man'. Certainly, if at seven years old, they will know the true story of the Gunpowder Plot, be able to distinguish between history and national mythology, and make a careful distinction between fact and value judgements, they will be wise beyond their years. If the Guy Fawkes story has never been as easy as it looked to the popular propagandists, this was because metaphysical considerations entered not, let us say, to distort our judgements but certainly to make them more difficult. A believer, and that means all of us, even those who believe in nothing, as they claim, will always have the problem of fitting unwelcome facts into a frame of reference which cannot really contain them. They might change the frame of reference but this requires what could be almost superhuman honesty and courage. It is easier to reject the facts. The traditional powder plot story still seems to fit so well one assessment of the Jesuits, who were supposed to be guiltily involved, that for many it is simply too good not to be true. It was with the smell of burnt powder still around, perhaps, that the compilers of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* of 1954 assured us, admittedly with a preceding 'fig', that a Jesuit was a 'dissembling person, prevaricator'. True, we were in good company since in the next column after 'transf., colloq.' a Jew was an 'extortionate usurer, driver of hard bargains'. The *Oxford Reference Dictionary* of 1988, however, began to make amends. 'Jesuitical' still means 'dissembling, equivocating', but 'the Jesuits were accused by their enemies of using clever but false reasoning, and this suspicion gave rise to an offensive sense of Jesuitical' — altogether a much fairer comment.

A further reassessment, and what might be taken as an attempt at an objective reappraisal, of the Society of Jesus took place at a recent conference held in the Institute of Historical Research and the Warburg Institute, both of London University. This year 1991 is the anniversary year of the birth of Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Jesuit Order, in 1491. There is a good deal of interest, therefore, at least in parts of Europe and elsewhere, on this subject at the present time. That it should have reached the Institutes mentioned above was mainly due to the interest of the organisers, more particularly Dr. Robert Oresko who heads the Italian Seminar of the first-named, Dr. Nicholas Davidson of the University of Leicester, and Dr. Christine Shaw of the London School of Economics; also l'Abbé Jean-Robert Armogathe of the Ecole Pratique des Hautes

Etudes, Paris. On January 7, 8 and 9, therefore, a distinguished gathering of international scholars enlarged on the theme, 'The Expulsions and the Suppression of the Jesuits in the Eighteenth Century as a European and Colonial Problem'. The four languages of the conference were French, Italian, Spanish and English although no lectures were actually delivered in Spanish. One might be tempted to say that the theme of the suppression rather than the foundation and early progress of the Society of Jesus was chosen because the former is a rather more acceptable subject even in these days for many people if not most! In fact, the historical trends and events leading to the suppression offer a much more controversial and therefore interesting subject for discussion and debate; an opportunity not lost by the conferenciers.

The achievements of the Jesuits over the centuries were very real especially in the mission field and in the exploration of the sciences. The fashionable style of Chinoiserie came to Europe in the 18th century largely by the efforts of the Jesuits. The idyllic and even prosperous mission settlements along the rivers surrounding the Amazon jungle are known to all at least in general terms. By the time of the suppression there were some 22,000 members of the Order, including some 11,000 laybrothers, making it the most numerous and powerful of all Catholic, religious confraternities. Well beyond the second half of the century under consideration, Jesuits were the preferred confessors and spiritual advisers at the courts of princes. Why did this great company, in spite of all its achievements scarcely disputed, and great influence suddenly come to grief? This was the question which lay at the heart of the London conference.

It is relatively easy, most of the time, to compile a list of causes for any particular historical event but to assess them in order of importance is much more hazardous. As far as the Jesuits were concerned, the most important cause would appear to be their loss of influence at the courts of the Enlightened Despots of the 18th century. This in turn was due to the rising influence of a number of freethinking and secularist ministers at the courts of the Catholic sovereigns. If it be asked how such men could come to have a preponderating influence with monarchs who for the most part were believing Catholics if not always notable examples of applied Catholic morality, the answer seems to be that the leading ministers, Tanucci in Naples, and effectively in Spain through his correspondence with the king, Choiseul in France, Pombal in Portugal, and du Tillot in Parma were all clearly regalists even if their metaphysical convictions were not always so clear. They envisaged for the kings a role penetrating deeply into every sphere of national life including the religious. Monarchs could not and would not be denied their preference for traditional outward forms, but theirs was to be the role of puppet in the hands of enlightened ministers who were in correspondence with one another and with *philosophes* and cultural leaders throughout Europe. Furthermore, Pombal in Portugal and Richard Wall in Spain at least had both enjoyed an extensive experience of the English scene. They were impressed by the enormous success of its economic, political and military organisation as they witnessed it at first

hand. The age of the Industrial Revolution was dawning and the success of the nation in war was there for all to see at the end of the Seven Years' War in 1763. Looking for causes of so much success, they were prepared to accept the verdict of the people among whom they worked that at least an important contributory factor was the relegation of organised religion and its hierarchy to an altogether subsidiary position where it was not allowed to influence politics seriously; still less control governments. The Church by Law Established had as its head the sovereign himself and had no claws or teeth of its own to injure or threaten. Grimaldi, who succeeded Wall as foreign minister in 1763, referred to 'Roman usurpations and abuses that keep the Catholic nations in servitude... I have observed that according to the measure in which states are more or less attached to the court of Rome so are they proportionately more or less flourishing or miserable' (Letter to Tanucci, 6.xi.1764; quoted L. von Pastor, *History of the Popes*, Italian edition, 16.I, p.751). He added significantly, 'the King my master, sees that very well'. King Charles III of Spain was the man who would have most influence in the suppression of the Jesuits. Not that the Jesuits were the only target in the sights of the Enlightened. Nor was it until the 1760s that the ideal of abolishing the whole Order and not simply expelling it from one country or another became generally accepted. By this time the cognoscenti saw the destruction of the Society as only the beginning of better things. Indeed, all the Orders were the enemy in so far as they were the Palatine Guard and most devoted subjects of the Pope whose influence had to be reduced to that of an Archbishop of Canterbury of those times. The secular clergy were not a danger, and the Enlightened could hope that they would eventually wither on a trunk which had been cut off from Rome, their source of sustenance. The nuncios should eventually be sent home; and an immediate example was offered by the example of the expulsion of the nuncio from Portugal in 1760. De Roda, Spanish ambassador in Rome, described them in 1759 as spies for a foreign power (ibid, p.752). Clearly, the power of Rome, including the Jesuits, defended another abuse as Tanucci saw it, namely the number of ecclesiastics everywhere and the property of convents and monasteries. Tanucci's dislike of the Jesuits was political not personal, and his views might be taken as those of his political confrères, although Pombal seemed to be able to rise or sink to a degree of hatred not shared by his fellow ministers. Tanucci once admitted, the Jesuits were 'excellent priests. I have always known particular Jesuits with whom I dealt who were full of charity, prudence and all the Christian virtues' (Letter to Majo, 5, ix. 1758). Ninety per cent were good, innocent, moral and admirable: but they were fatal for states and sovereigns. They wanted riches and power and to dominate the Church and the world. They used their influence in the courts to make docile instruments. This made them 'canaglia intrigante' (intriguing rabble); 'la loro condotta è diabolica, la loro morale macchiavellica' (their activities are devilish; their morals machiavellian).

The expulsion of the Jesuits from Portugal in 1759 and from Spain in 1767, however enlightened the intention, was accomplished with plain

brutality in the first example and decided unkindness in the second. The Jesuits were thrown out of Portugal and the Reductions in Brazil with nothing by way of compensation. Some were left to die in the infamous prison of St. Julien in Lisbon. Others, the relatively fortunate, were stranded contemptuously on the shores of the Papal State like so much flotsam, with scant regard for international law or convention. The Brazilian missions were to have been so much better planned and organised under a purely secular administration and commercial company headed by Pombal's brother. In the event, as Dr. Kenneth Maxwell of Columbia University, who outlined effectively the good intentions, had to admit at the end of his lecture, what once had been flourishing settlements all reverted to the jungle. Not for the first or last time, the brilliant theory of a politician foundered on the shoals of reality. No reason was given for the expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain. This was carried through as an administrative and not a judicial act so that no trial needed to be held and no reasons given. The true reasons were kept locked in the royal bosom. But at least the exiled Fathers, unlike the unhappy Portuguese, were provided with some kind of pension.

Putting aside the motivation and the end which some — not Jesuits! — might have said justified the means, most would agree that the Jesuits of Iberia had a raw deal tout court. The situation in France was a good deal more complicated, which came over in French discourses delivered by l'Abbé J. R. Armogathe of the Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes, Paris, and his colleagues. Jansenism added its force to the Encyclopedists and other souls inspired with the new wisdom. This was a movement which gained rather than lost ground after the issue of the Bull Unigenitus of 1713 condemning certain propositions which in their virtual denial of freewill came too close to Calvinism for orthodox consciences. It gained support among the *parlementaires* who used it as a stick to beat court and Jesuits alike. The Catholic hierarchy in Spain and Portugal was largely cowed by court and ministers and subservient to the demands of the régime. The Church in France was very much more independent and a majority of bishops, including the redoubtable de Beaumont, Archbishop of Paris, favoured Jesuits rather than their adversaries. Not that this was sufficient to prevent what could be legitimately described as persecution by the *parlements* especially of Paris. It was the French Jesuits themselves, however, who principally in the person of Lavalette of the Martinique mission, played into the hands of their enemies. Thanks to the weakness or ambivalence of the court and ineffectiveness of the king, the stridency of the Paris *parlement*, and its own maladroitness, the fate of the Society was sealed by the dissolution of the Order in France in 1762. Most Jesuits accepted what was reasonably seen as the inevitable and became secular priests; so continuing to work in France without submitting to the alternative which was exile.

It is curious to reflect that the demise of the Jesuits in France began with the seizure of five ships of merchandise taken by English privateers in 1755 on the eve of the Seven Years' War. What nearly two centuries of some-

times savage persecution had attempted in England was finally achieved by the enemy through a trading miscalculation and the fortunes or misfortunes of war. It cannot be denied that the success of the Order in some sense spelt its ruin. The enormous success of the plantations aroused a great deal of jealous cupidity. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied by anyone in this generation that plantations run by thousands of slaves owned by Religious involved somewhere a principle of contradiction. There was always a danger of becoming the overmighty subject, and at least one Jesuit commentator remarked on the excessive pride of some at least which went beyond a normal esprit de corps.

Where did the popes come in all this? Their part in the affair was of course essential, even in the view of a Catholic enlightened despot, since only the pope could bring into being or suppress a whole religious Order. Benedict XIV and Clement XIII fought a rearguard action against the encroaching forces of the Enlightenment which we will find courageous or unrealistic, or even pathetic, according to taste. By the time of the election of Clement XIV it seemed that the destruction of the Society, which was claimed on almost all sides though by no means everywhere, was essential if the Church itself, or at least the peace of the Church, were to be saved.

One of the most impartial commentators of the period, Giulio Cesare Cordara, an ex-Jesuit, historian and brother of the Conte di Calamandrana, made it clear in an exposé of the whole history of the period, that the Jesuits who understood their vocation best understood also Clement's predicament. They saw that suppression was forced on him by ruthless diplomatic pressure especially from the Spanish side. Certainly, Lorenzo Ganganelli had earlier been very friendly to the Jesuits. Indeed, Clement XIII promoted him cardinal to give them a friend without rousing more jealousy on the part of their enemies which would have come from promoting a Jesuit. As Pope, Ganganelli delayed the fatal decision as long as possible, and after it suffered visibly until his death soon afterwards. Inevitably, there were those who said that the Jesuits or their friends poisoned him. Certainly, from the summer of 1769 Clement took precautions. Choiseul, the most sophisticated and intelligent of the Bourbon ministers, and also perhaps the most obscure, found the idea grimly humorous. He wrote to Cardinal de Bernis, French ambassador in Rome, 'The Society of Jesus is a danger to the State and given to intrigue, but poisoners they certainly are not' (Theiner, Hist., I, 554). One's friends, as we remember, merely plan; our enemies plot. The fact seems to be that Ganganelli poisoned himself. It was in order to justify to himself the destruction of the Society that he tried to believe — and perhaps did — that the Jesuits intended no less; and so he took strange and elaborate precautions. In any case, in the years immediately preceding the great decision he was overtaken by a more serious manifestation of some sort of skin disease for which various remedies were tried. One such remedy was provided by an Englishman, Menghin by name as it was reported, at a cost of 2,000 scudi. Perhaps it was this that killed him. According to

Cordara, contemplating the task before him, Clement XIV 'was almost driven out of his mind by grief. For a long time he spent sleepless nights and died at length worn out by sickness and remorse. This was the poison that entered his bloodstream so that he could be said not altogether inaptly to have been killed by the Jesuits' (Arch. Rom. S.J., Hist. Soc., 202/203, f.72v.) Cordara concluded he was a pope 'who might have been among the best in times more propitious. For there was much to commend him in ability, doctrine and virtues far from common. He had judgment which in my view is the first gift of a prince. He showed equally humility and moderation in exercising the supreme honour; mild, approachable, mature, never overbearing in counsel, never headstrong in judgment... Certainly, he acquired nothing for his family' — an example not to be followed by his more admired successor. 'Who would dare to say that any other pope in this trying time would have done otherwise?' It is fitting that an ex-Jesuit should have commented thus generously on a pope who destroyed his Order. Nevertheless, it must be to Clement XIV's discredit that he encouraged a campaign of prior vilification against the Society in order to justify its destruction to the populace. To this end he used instruments unworthy; and it is scarcely an excuse to say that instruments more worthy for such a task could not be found. Cardinal Malvezzi of Bologna was a man heavily in debt for what were described in one manuscript as 'spese voluttuose' (expenses on pleasure). He was given reason to hope that he would get the Pro-Datary, a lucrative post in the Vatican, for his pains. Smuraglia, who was employed to find out the Jesuits in dishonesty, or at least incompetence, in the Roman College by going through their sequestered books, was described as one who had 'made the round of a thousand places getting his bread by any employment he could snatch'. He produced a scurrilous report to prove that the Jesuits had swindled the clergy and the college to the sum of 300,000 scudi. 'Conteggio dello Smuraglia' (Smuraglia book-keeping) became a local proverb among the Romans prone to irony by a long tradition. Onofrio Alfani who had the main charge of the Jesuits later had acquired the rank of Monsignore 'con un gioco di mano' (by sleight of hand). He got a judgeship 'nonostante la publica infamia del suo libertinaggio, e la venalità notoria di sue sentenze' (notwithstanding the public infamy of his debauchery, and the notorious venality of his judgments). He had the reputation of settling his cases in favour of whoever paid him sufficiently. Men of this kind were only too willing to find whatever verdict was required of them against the Jesuits. There was also shameless bribery used towards the pope's most trusted intimate, Buontempi, by Moñino, Spanish ambassador in Rome.This was to make sure he used his considerable influence in the right direction to get the fateful decision so long delayed. There is no reason to suppose that the pope knew anything of this although it says little for his judgment in choosing such a man as his confidant even if he were a fellow Franciscan. Less on account of all this, which only adds up to petty scandal, perhaps, but much more arising from the overall situation, it is difficult to understand in human terms how the Roman Church managed to survive

this century any more than the 16th. Certainly, it is one of the poignant ironies of history that at almost the only time when the Catholic monarchs were united their aim was to destroy one of the bulwarks of their Church. But nothing in life or history is simple, and it will only be after years of further work in the archives especially of Europe that the full story of this complex period will be better understood. This became clear from the opening lecture of Dr. H. M. Scott of St. Andrews and the final summing up of Dr. Kenneth Maxwell of Columbia University, New York. In any case, a final evaluation universally acceptable of these events is unlikely. For better — or some would say, for worse — the Society of Jesus is still very much with us even if its numbers are declining. Like everything else created in history and surviving, its survival makes it a matter of contemporary interest. Its contribution to the world of science and learning is still significant if overshadowed by other bodies. Its contribution to the religious scene is more in evidence if not always very clear. It was most typically a bulwark of papal authority and a Catholicism fully dependent on Rome. How will this feature survive amid the eddies and undertow of ecumenism? Alas, I am only an historian not a prophet!

[Fr. Francis Edwards, S.J., is the former Archivist of the English Jesuit Province.]

The July number of *Contemporary Review* includes *Papua New Guinea: Where the Stone Age Meets the Space Age* by Martin C. Needler, *Democratic Resurgence in Black Africa* by John A. Wiseman and Part Three of *The Nature of Regional Conflict: The Legacy of Superpower Competition* by Stephen Chan and Jonathan Alner.

PATRICK MACGILL, 1890-1963: THE VOICE OF THE IRISH, BRITISH AND UNIVERSAL MAN

by Bernard Aspinwall

IRELAND was, according to Patrick Magill, bedevilled by too much Boyne water and too much holy water. To him men were too obsessed by words as symbols and superficial impressions rather than with realities. War was hidden beneath glorious rhetoric. The reality as Macgill himself experienced was far different: 'The guilty secrecy of war is shrouded in lies and shielded by blood stained swords.' Individual, class, gender, religious or racial affectations of superiority or imperialism were evasions of truth about ones self and reality. Ideologies of revolution or repression were equally repulsive. Macgill escaped the contemporary Irish Catholic nationalist and triumphalist view. Power and domination seemed inhumanly unaware of their impact. The homeless and poor were their natural consequences. Sectarianism, socialism and capitalism had nothing to offer: only individuals had merit, ability and intrinsic value. He was prepared always to recognise their honesty, integrity and diversity. Pretention damaged individuals and the efficient working of the social order: 'only in simplicity that truth flourishes.' With apologies to Mr. Major, he was the original classless man. He should have known: his own bitter experience was his teacher.

Last year marked the centenary of this remarkable self taught writer. He rather than Robert Tressell of *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists* fame was the authentic voice of working class experience, the democratic voice of the Irish literary scene and the Scottish and Catholic labouring poor. But he does not readily lend himself to simplistic ideological classification. He tells things as they are. That is why his early novels are such moving documents.

He was born one of eleven children to a poor Glenties, Co. Donegal family. After minimal, brutal education at the local school, he was sent at twelve to work on Ulster farms, then in 1905 to potato picking in Scotland. There in squalid dehumanising conditions, on farms and Glasgow slums, he survived. He later worked on drainage schemes, as a navvy on the Caledonian railway, and on the Kinlochleven dam. His contributions to local Glasgow newspapers led to the publication of his first work, *Gleanings from a Navvy's Scrap Book*, (1910). Others soon followed: *Songs of a Navvy, Songs of the Dead End, The Rat Pit, The Children of the Dead End*, whose remarkable sales established his popular reputation. Later with *Moleskin Joe*, his unforgettable character from his earlier novels, he returned to the same theme in post war Britain.

In 1912, he began work on the *Daily Express* in London and shortly afterwards Dean Dalton of Windsor, the father of the future Labour Chancellor, gave him a job in the library. On the outbreak of the First World War, Macgill volunteered for the London Irish Battalion. Wounded at Loos he was invalided home but later returned to the front. He wrote

several books on the war effort: two, *The Red Horizon* and the *Brown Brethren*, are moving accounts, free from strident patriotism and idealism. They again tell how things are and as a result are convincing. Following his marriage to a popular romantic novelist, Margaret, a niece of Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, his own novels show an increased sensitivity towards women. At the end of the war although in demand as a novelist and lecturer from his base in Southend, Macgill seemed to hanker for the lost cameraderie of the navvy and the trenches: hardship and suffering made for understanding communities. Later he emigrated to America, settled in California before moving to Miami, Florida. Unfortunately, the depression, changing public tastes and his deteriorating health took their toll. His writing continued but publication less so. He died the day following President Kennedy's assassination in 1963. He is buried in Fall River, Massachusetts. He had come a long way from Glenties.

And yet in many ways he had never left the tiny Donegal village. Like the American novelists, Sherwood Anderson and Sinclair Lewis, he loved to hate the small town life. Petty, oppressive and poverty stricken in many ways, the village retained some attractive aspects. However primitive and repugnant its superstitions and folklore, it retained a sense of Christian hospitality and charity. The superstitious faith in money was even more destructive. The obsessive discipline of the watch and clock destroyed the real quality of life. The laughter and joy of personal relationships were the essence of Macgill's work. Too often pompous pretention and crass commercialism destroyed their value: 'all things great and good are simple and lie within easy reach.'

Males were particularly prone to those flaws. In his novels, males appear as selfish, careerists and money grabbers. The priest consistently placed heavy demands on his poor flock: he exacted heavy payments at funerals and through collections to sustain a lavish gentlemanly lifestyle with fine wines and cigars in his magnificent presbytery. He tells his rosary beads 'perhaps counting by their aid the number of sovereigns required for the construction of his mansion.' Or again the same priest was 'always imposing new taxes, shortening the torment of souls in Purgatory at so much a soul; forgiving sins which have never caused him any inconvenience and at the word of his mouth sending the peasantry to heaven or hell.' Even a parishioner told her beads 'for a good market.' Another young priest, trained in a remote seminary, followed the life style of the gentry and preached esoteric sermons which were remote from his congregation. (*Maureen*, 1920). A Scottish Presbyterian minister turned his dog on a navvy dying before his Clydeside manse. At Kinlochleven, the incensed navvies drove out a patronising evangelical missionary who saw only their sins but ignored those of wealth. Macgill's account of slum life in Glasgow and his quiet understatements of human suffering in his early novels are immensely moving documents. The churches unfortunately identified with the existing social order, trained their clergy in its mentality and then reproached the poor for failing to respond to their message.

The landlord was equally insensitive to his larger responsibilities. He

exacted huge rents for his miserable land. The tenants had to breed many children as potential capital which might be invested abroad: there they could send money to sustain the parents, contribute to the priest, pay the rent and the gombeen man's interest. In Ireland, Farley McKeown, the village gombeen man, the middle man and heavy interest exacter, was ostensibly immensely respected as an employer and church patron but loathed by all. Exploiting the local women as knitters for tiny returns, he failed to form any relationship except with money. Whatever his generous benefactions to his church, he like Mrs. Flaherty, 'gave generously to God but stopped short at his creatures.' He could not cope with human beings. That is until shortly before his death when significantly he married an English woman and left £500,000. The entrepreneur likewise appeared pathetically pompous. Whipping up popular patriotic enthusiasm for war, he invariably managed to remain at home, make considerable profits and show little sympathy for the returning soldiers.

The Amateur Army (1915) had sustained a warm community bonded by hardship and common perils: 'Here in the trenches, he is a Socialist in the highest sense of that much abused word.' Like the navvy he shared similar dangers: 'man values haunts where he holds insecure purchase of life.' *The Red Horizon* (1916) and *The Great Push* (1916) showed the horrors of the front. Petty snobbery and class consciousness soon disappeared in the next shell hole. *The Brown Brethren* (1917) were a true brotherhood: 'on the field of war, death was denied its privileged privacy.' But their glorious self sacrifice hid the tawdry greed and selfishness of the wealthy: 'in furthering their country's cause they displayed as much urgency as a cautious billiard player who just missed the ball.' The conglomerate inexorably grew.

The effects of war continued long after the peace. Broken ideals, broken men, broken families and broken lives littered the nation. The returning war heroes, shunned and neglected, wandered the country in a futile search for work. Others festered in slums. In his post war *Carpenter of Orra*, (1925), a prophetic ex-soldier, like Macgill appalled by the slaughter of the trenches, confidently expected a happy harmonious future free from class, racial and national prejudices. A model of Christ, the wealthy suspected him of bolshevism and atheism while the poor wondered at his non union unpaid work. Crass commercialism in peace completed the destruction of war.

Radicals were scarcely better. In rejecting charity as a bribe, Socialists failed to see its benefits: donor and recipient were bonded. In *Children of the Dead End*, Alec Morison, a progressive minded bank clerk, 'lived in a middle class society, was cradled in its smug self conceit and nourished at the breasts of affectation.' To him life was an antiseptic intellectual game: concepts and ideas but hardly human. A poseur, patronising the poor, he ruthlessly exploited the poor innocent Irish girl, rejected her and her baby and attempted to salve his conscience with an offer of money. In his clinical minded pretension, the poor were a different species, a curious people bereft of feeling.

Nations and nationalists were equally unable to face real people. (*The Glen of Carra*, (1934). The English patronised the Irish: they found themselves unable to treat them as equals. But even the independent Irish were unable to improve their behaviour. Nationalist guerrilla fighters and British repression allowed absurd cruelty in the name of a high minded cause. The Irish shopkeepers meanwhile remained loyal only to cash: myths meant little to them. The subsequent commercialisation of post war Ireland meant little changed for the ordinary man. Ireland became a mere replica of entrepreneurial England. (*Black Bonar*, 1928).

Too many people, unfortunately, lived frozen in an historical moment. The old Protestant Mrs. Frith in *Helen Spencer* (1937), maintained 'immemorial wrongs, perfidious infamies' while the Nationalist would 'never talk to any one with the blood of a rent collector in his veins.' In such minds, any religion other than one's own was 'an infection, disease or pestilence that blighted by touch or breath.' But 'in Ireland as is the way of it, contradictions must be maintained and nonsense kept sacred.'

Peasant myths and superstitions of fairies, ghosts and strangers in the land persisted from the days of Macgill's childhood until later: they still persist on the west coast of Scotland. But though such notions as the empty chair for the returning soul of the dead might seem bizarre to the reader were they any more odd than those endorsed by so called sophisticated society? Poor men's ideas did no harm and might do some good unlike crass greed. Rich Catholics and Protestants alone could keep the sabbath, the poor must labour and similarly only the rich and beautiful could 'be amorous without being ridiculous'. The poor were scorned for their desecration on both counts: they had no choice.

Money, the biggest myth of all, dictated relationships. Marriage was but another contractual arrangement to be discussed over perhaps a dozen bottles of whisky. The size of the farm and the numbers of animals held was a major issue. Love was a mortal sin. A moneyless marriage meant a servantless house but a loveless marriage could be hidden by money and a child. Property considerations were paramount. Males refused to marry until late in life for fear of relationship and for money considerations. In such a society the illegitimate child was the only sin: he threatened calculated property arrangements. The mother should be cast out from 'decent' society. That she should inevitably become a prostitute and that her child should die, was a matter of indifference. Earlier her intention to be a nun was dependent on a family gift from America: in its absence her family put her to horrendous toil. Landlord, gombeen man and priest all lived off her. But whatever the social injustice, sexual love was the only sin. Woman, like mother Ireland, the Virgin mother, was invariably the victim: 'A man can never sacrifice but a woman can and does ever and always'.

That smoke screen of male self defence permeated Ireland and to some extent British society. Males were hapless victims. While men drank, fought and cheated each other, denigration was a most effective form of social discipline. Scorned and unconventional, old Olney in *Lanty Hanlon*, was utterly bewildered by praise. Self denial had become denial of self.

Similarly in post war days, the village girls deceived themselves and their admirers with bodices and corsets. The reality was further disguised and hidden. With blunted self-confidence, the quality of life inevitably deteriorated.

Class consciousness and snobbery further compounded the flaw. In Britain a gentleman was someone who had wealth and in effect he could conscript the poor. The superficial deference hid the lack of respect for him 'who was hated by all men and yet saluted on the highway by most of the people'. The travelling unemployed worker met with scant respect from the 'respectable'. Appearances were all important.

Children were merely investments from whom a good return was expected: as Dermod Flynn said 'I was merely brought into the world to support those responsible for my existence'. Their demands for money were relentless: 'I hated to be a slave to farmers, landlords, parents and brothers and sisters... New brothers and sisters were no pleasure to me.' At the Ulster hiring fair, parents marketed their children like bullocks. The wife of Dermod Flynn's employer liked him, she pitied him for being a Papist. She could not accept him for being himself. Working conditions on the farms, on the tattie picking and on the construction sites were atrocious: 'I could not get sleeping in a shed: I was not even a brute beast. I was merely a little boy who was hungry, ragged and tired.' To be classed with the swine at eighteen and accommodated in vermin infested barns was desolating. Brutalised he readily fell prey to drink and lost his finer feelings: 'Every poetical ideal, every charm and beauty I had associated with love was dispelled.' But in truth he was a human being 'neither a thief nor a capitalist.'

In *The Carpenter of Orra*, the opinionated manager Douglas expressed a similar uncompromising stance: 'Open a discussion with a striker or bargain with a Jew and you're done.' Faced with such attitudes, disorder naturally followed. Mass production and mass consumption further destroyed creativity: the artificiality of tin pan alley replaced the self expression of folk songs; professional sports and movies overtook home pleasures. Experience was second hand or in modern parlance, pre-owned. Money alone having meaning, it eroded the last vestiges of authentic humanity.

Even in the village school, force and fear were the norm. Drilled in their catechism without any understanding, the innocent girls and youths were turned loose on a complex merciless world. Although Dermod Flynn's brutal teacher thrashed him thrice daily, he never cried. (*Children of the Dead End*). As Macgill wrote in *Lanty Hanlon*, 'The hand that gives a crust may be forgotten but the hand that gives a blow is always remembered.' Compassion and understanding were as alien as charity.

Amid these trials and tribulations of the novels, *Moleskin Joe* appeared as the Christian existentialist: 'There's a good time comin' though we may never live to see it.' For the checkered lifestyle of the navvy made him resilient and self reliant. To savour the goodness of every moment and to take pleasure in the company of friends was a life giving ingredient. Communities of friends, of navvies, of soldiers and villagers sharing similar

concerns were the essence of life: law and snobbery could not build a just society. In *Glenmornan*, Dennys 'Even when he had not a penny to spend, he was still popular, and that is good testimony to the worth of a man.' Moleskin Joe gave no hostages to dogmatic fortune. He travelled in hope;

> With heaven bending o'er us and the white road before us,
> Sure the world is ours to revel in and roam.

If Ireland was to be saved Macgill believed it would be through a woman. Perhaps that is an idea whose time has come. President Mary Robinson.

[Bernard Aspinwall is Senior Lecturer of History in the University of Glasgow.]

POEM

TWO WEEKS AFTER MY FATHER'S DEATH WE PICK THE PEARS

Two weeks after my father's death we pick the pears from five trees.
My mother wanted to leave them, but here I am swinging in this tree.
The pears are ready. We have timed it just right.
Old bark bruises my back; green dust gets into my sweat.
I work until the moon starts its first rattle across the sea.

Each pear is handed down and inspected by my mother.
Kneeling on the steps she places each fruit in a box.
Every pear has to be looked at carefully. There is order
here and some craft.

This is no time to be afraid. In the coming months
I can see her treating letters, papers, words, memory
in the same way.

David H. W. Grubb

'THE PARADOXICAL CONSERVATISM OF THE LABOUR MOVEMENT'

by Paul B. Rose

THIS title, taken from the cover of David Marquand's work — *The Progressive Dilemma* — is just one of the themes running through a book without which no-one aspiring to an understanding of the British Left during the last 70 years can claim to be politically literate.[1] Following his acclaimed biography of Ramsay MacDonald and *The Unprincipled Society*, regarded by many as a seminal work for the 1990s, *The Progressive Dilemma* by David Marquand combines a masterly analysis of the failure of the British Labour Party to hold real power for any more than two short periods and the semblance of power for no more than twenty years in the last seven decades. It is indeed paradoxical that the oldest industrial society in Europe which had the largest organised working class movement without the handicap of clericalism or a large peasantry, has such a record of under-achievement.

Sandwiched between an analysis of the flawed origins of the Labour Party and its more recent failure to win power in a more complex society are a number of quite delightful mini-biographies of leading political figures whose personalities, actions and theories have contributed to the complex creature which the Labour Party undoubtedly is.

For me personally, notwithstanding the similarity of view which the writer and I now share, this book illuminated events in my own political life which I had never totally understood before. It explained how one from, but no longer of, that industrial working class could be made to feel almost an outsider expected to be humble whereas I well recall how the Communist Party in France used to wear its intellectuals like jewels on its crown. The Labour Party was not born from ideology but rather from the needs of the Trade Union Movement for defence and political clout. It did contain an ideological Left but only rarely has it succeeded in broadening its appeal so as to transcend its inborn limitations and reach out to a broader constituency as it did in 1945 and in 1966. The old Liberal Party was a ramshackle coalition but it succeeded as frequently as Labour has failed.

David Marquand brings to bear a combination of political insight, masterly scholarship, and his own experience in the House of Commons with an easy style and an uncommonly generous understanding of the motives of those politicians whose careers he sketches. Perhaps the gem of a chapter on David Owen may appear less generous but only because of the author's precise perception. If there is any criticism of this work it is that the historical and sociological analysis of the *Progressive Dilemma* stands a little uneasily with the biographies sandwiched between the early and latter stages. Those biographies together with one or two figures omitted while including others like Douglas Jay and Michael Stewart, could well constitute a separate work.

All too many Labour politicians appear blind to the limitations of Labourism in its failure to create a viable coalition of interests as the American Democrats under Roosevelt did, or indeed European and Antipodean Social Democrats have done in recent years. Once more the paradox is that the Labour Party was never an ideological party in the sense that the European parties were. At its inception it failed to encompass a swathe of old England — the Liberalism of Hobhouse, Hammond, Hobson and Wallas. Indeed, not for nothing were the Liberals able to claim that Beaverbrook and Keynes had contributed much to the actions of the Attlee Government which was clearly the most successful reforming Government since the post-1906 Liberal administration. In the very origins of the Labour Party one sees mirrored the attitudes of the working class Conservative whose perception of the Party is one of a party wedded to class rather than national interest, not defending but aggressively attempting to expand its share of the national cake. More recently, the failure of the Labour Party to understand the need for choice within the very social services which it itself had created, widened the gap with many of its most natural supporters. Nowhere was that more apparent to me than in the bureaucratic approach to Public Housing, Education or even the Health Service, where it had adopted the most mechanical and elitist formula which characterised the huge nationalised industries that proved ultimately to be so unpopular with those who in name owned them.

Labour politicians would do well to ponder David Marquand's observation that the Labour Party exists to win and hold power in a complex society in which less than half of the working population belongs to a Trade Union. In recent years it has addressed itself to the casualties of change, to the declining areas and essentially to those who look back rather than forward. To me personally, and I suspect to some extent for David Marquand, the inherent Conservatism of Labour on the issue of membership of the European Economic Community acted as a catalyst in re-examining previous assumptions. I was more than fascinated by his revelations concerning Anthony Crosland and the group to which he then belonged who tended to regard him as the lost leader. Having started from a different point on the political spectrum, I suspect that it was on that one issue that our paths converged. The great insight that David Marquand's work conveyed to me derives from his historical examination of the very formation of the Labour Party and the split between Lloyd George and Asquith. Today's failures, even with the new revisionism under Neil Kinnock, was inherent in the very formation of the Labour Party which explains why the advocates of social or liberal democracy refuse to lie down even under the yoke of the two-party system. Indeed, all the indications currently are that that section of society which is not wedded to the Conservative Party and yet refuses to give Labour a mandate, is growing rather than contracting.

It must be of the utmost significance that the Thatcherite counter-revolution at no time had the support of more than 42% of those voting, and yet Labour failed to take advantage of that fact. It is for this reason

that the more thoughtful members even of Labour's Front Bench have begun to consider the virtues of the proportional representation which that Party itself supported when it was in its own interest.

There is something almost nostalgic in the delightful essays on Ernest Bevin, Hugh Dalton, Sir Stafford Cripps, Herbert Morrison, Aneurin Bevan and Hugh Gaitskell, as well as my contemporaries in Parliament, Richard Crossman, Tony Crosland and David Owen. Among these are so many colourful, effective or original politicians in the Labour ranks that one wonders at the sparsity of talent and the mediocrity that was fostered under the Wilson years. If Charter 88, single issue groups and more recently the Alliance and Liberal Democrats have attracted the progressive intelligentsia it is because of the Labour Party's failure to abandon its myths and symbols as well as the substance of the more conservative aspects of its philosophy.

In the more simplistic days when capital appeared to face labour there was every excuse for the trap into which the Labour Party fell in failing to weld together the broad coalition that it required in order to introduce caring values of community while stemming our relative economic decline. With a wealth of information before it, it has chosen to adapt to public opinion rather than to lead from the front in constitutional, political and economic change. Just as the Liberals gave way to Labour, there is no iron law which dictates that Labour must remain either the only or the larger of those parties currently in Opposition. Because the Labour Party failed to understand its own insularity and many of its leaders now refuse to face up to reality, the values of social democracy largely accepted in Europe seemed to be emerging once more within the Conservative Party itself. Those who still think in terms of cowards and traitors at the end of their Annual Conference when looking upon those like David Marquand who now find themselves more at home in another party of opposition, would do well to pose the questions which he raises and in large degree answers, in this remarkable and most readable of books.

NOTE:
1. *The Progressive Dilemma*. Heinemann. £20.00.

[Paul B. Rose, a former Labour MP, is HM Coroner for the Southern District of Greater London.]

Literary Supplement

ROUSSEAU: A DEFINITIVE BIOGRAPHY

The Noble Savage: Jean Jacques Rousseau, 1754-1762. Maurice Cranston. Allen Lane, The Penguin Press. xiv + 399pp. £25.00.

Professor Cranston's second volume of this splendid biography runs from 1754 to 1762, the period which saw the publication of Rousseau's three principal works, *Julie (la Nouvelle Heloïse), Emile* and *The Social Contract.* These were the years when his genius was increasingly recognised throughout Europe, but also when evidence was accumulating that his intense friendships were apt to turn sour. Diderot was only the best-known of those who failed to match up to Rousseau's frantic and convoluted demands for unconditional loyalty.

Many readers will have a picture of Rousseau as a persecuted refugee, the man who defied censorship in putting his name to everything that he wrote and paid for his bravery in challenging both the ancien régime and the Enlightenment by losing his patrons and his home. This part of the story belongs to the next volume, and, as Cranston explains, Rousseau's own *Confessions* have cast a deceptive light over much of his life. It is not that he lies about what happened (although sometimes that is the only explanation for certain discrepancies); it is rather that he 'misremembers', and imputes to others motives which only make sense if you accept his later certainty that these people were hidden enemies at a time when they were public friends. What this biography achieves is a masterly weaving together of contemporary evidence and later recollection: if *The Confessions* are evasive, or can be shown to be wrong, rival versions of an incident receive due space before the author opts for what seems most plausible.

Somehow the pace of events sweeps onwards despite this judicious caution; the only obvious and deliberate pauses come when, as each new book appears, Cranston sketches its major themes before picking up the narrative. In some cases he not only gives an account of what Rousseau says in the work but also summarises more than two centuries of disputed readings: *Social Contract* and the contentious doctrine of the General Will are smoothly introduced in twelve pages. Cranston picks through rival interpretations in current competition without naming protagonists, or getting sidetracked by their more arcane preoccupations. For these feats of scholarship alone he deserves our gratitude.

As this volume ends, those who know the story will be aware that catastrophe is looming: although powerful, Rousseau's protectors will fail to prevent the banning and burning of *Emile* and *Social Contract* and his enforced flight from France will destroy the fragile equilibrium of Rousseau's health and psyche. It is hard to judge what the reader for whom all this is new would make of Cranston's meticulous teasing out of Malesherbes' complicity (as chief censor in France from 1751-63 he has hitherto received an almost uniformly good press). It would, perhaps, be difficult to get caught up in the detail of double-dealing whose outcome is still shadowy.

What is already plain is that the simple, devoted Thérèse had a very raw deal. Not only did Rousseau allow his visitors to take her for his servant, but he used her to carry love-letters during his ill-fated infatuation with Madame d'Houdetot. Since we already know that Rousseau had fathered on Thérèse

five doomed children, each deposited at the Foundling Hospital, it is hard to see the couple's eventual marriage in 1766 as a happy ending. One of the oddest aspects of the Rousseau-mania of these years was the number of women prepared to massage his ego while leaving unchallenged his strictures about their weaknesses and their limitations.

Cranston's account of Rousseau's doctrine on women, their role, their education and their appetites, is refreshingly clear-eyed: to criticise Sophie, Emile's helpmeet, he returns briefly to the account of human development found in 'On the Origins of Inequality'. This time he picks up and makes explicit something rather skated over in the first volume of the biography: if women were self-reliant, defending themselves and their young before families and societies were formed, why did they slide unresistingly into subordination to men when caught up in 'nascent society'? Here is an instance where not fashion but a proper awareness of scholarship's ever-lengthening agenda takes Rousseau and the reader into new territory over old ground.

The decision to translate almost everything into English is obviously meant to help the book reach the widest possible audience; occasionally it is frustrating not to be able to examine for yourself which French word lies behind Professor Cranston's elegant formulation, but often he glosses Rousseau so as to reveal and resolve possible ambiguities in a single phrase. The notes are at the end of the book, almost opaque in their succinctness, and the index limits itself to proper names. It seems odd that even with these cost-driven decisions the book has to be priced at £25; it is certainly one which no self-respecting library could fail to order since it will remain definitive for the foreseeable future. We have to hope that we do not have to wait another eight years for the next volume, and that it will not cost over £40: these figures are what you reach if you extrapolate from the first volume's 1983 and £14.95.

LINDA KIRK

WHO, WHAT, AND WHERE:

The Cambridge Social History of Britain 1750-1950. Edited by F. M. L. Thompson in 3 volumes. CUP, 1990. £110.00.

In these three volumes spanning two centuries, the Emeritus Director of the Institute of Historical Research has persuaded twenty of his colleagues engaged in the chronicling of social history to survey their special periods or interests, to assess recent literature, and to offer fresh perspectives. Each volume is built around a theme: volume one; regions and communities; the second, the living and working environment, including food and drink, leisure and popular culture; and the third, social institutions, including the role and limitations of government, local and national, and the part played by philanthropy (and self-help), by education, religion and health services. Each volume can stand alone, and has its own independent organisation and daunting bibliography. Together, they offer a wide-ranging panorama of yesterday's Britain, with the statistics and mathematical support happily almost completely off-screen.

The volumes justify the editor's claim that they are 'comprehensive and balanced'. Volume One, on the regions, includes chapters on Scotland and Wales but omits Ulster — a region not having a distinct British identity until World War I — and confines England's regions to three: 'the North East', 'the North-west', and 'London and the Home Counties' — which is hard on Birmingham and the Midlands. Professor T. C. Smout's essay on Scotland 1850-1950, however, has insight and sparkle. If he is right that what Scotland

has been most skilled at manufacturing since the First World War was not ships and steel but 'a stream of complaints', he is equally shrewd in his contention that the building of council houses led to 'the creation of a municipal bureaucracy with power over the people in the name of the people'—and, he might have added, ensuring Labour's firm political control of the inner cities. P. L. Garside's chapter on metropolitan London is equally vivid, and is a good account of a complex and less familiar story—with a remarkably detailed and useful bibliography.

If a single conclusion is permitted, it is that social history is no longer merely history with the politics left out (the cliché of the 1940s) but constitutes now a broadly-built coalition of specialisms, including historical demography, social anthropology, social geography and sociology. Thus one of the most interesting chapters is Pat Thane's study in Volume Three of the extension of the minimal state of Mr. Gladstone's England and Wales into what was an embryonic Welfare State—with, in 1869-71, as bitter a debate over 'rates' as we have suffered, yet again, recently. Local and voluntary bodies, then as now, could not carry what was then a much lighter load—to finance a much less bureaucratic apparatus of inquisitors. This essay is buttressed by Jose Harris' 'Ariadne's thread through the institutional and ideological maze that enmeshes the history of Government in the twentieth century'—the essay that comes closest of all to offering a guide to our own times. The variety of the third volume makes clear how remorselessly we have moved from the 'night watchman' or 'policeman' state to the Great Leviathan of our own day, not merely redistributist of the wealth of individuals but prompt to discern and belabour Satan, whether he (she? it?) be found in Cleveland, Rochdale or windswept Ronaldsay. Not that this social history, in all its range, includes magic or devil-worship in its probing; but, given the subject's advance over the last 50 years, who knows what will come next?

ESMOND WRIGHT

THE QUESTION OF INTERNATIONAL LAW

Walvis Bay. Decolonisation and International Law. Lynn Berat. Yale University Press (New Haven and London). 1990. pp.219.

International law has never appeared close to reality despite the vast tomes on case law which lower over the affrighted student. Nor do the lawyers help: either they hold firm to the letter and earn political scorn for being limited by legalities or they discover evolutionary law expressing 'international social justice'. This means adapting it to approved policy as India did when she wrested Goa from Portugal and as SWAPO will certainly try for Walvis Bay, for there is no doubt about the legal titles to these areas.

Lynn Berat is wise enough not to follow that tack for she admits the maxim: when the facts are against you, argue the law; when the law is against you argue the facts. But she comes down firmly on the side of evolution. For despite the many involved references to United Nations Documents concerning the relationship of South Africa to South West Africa (Namibia) it is never made clear that the General Assembly acted beyond its legal competence in its orders to South Africa or that Advisory Opinions from the Permanent Court have no binding significance. Nor is it pointed out that 'C' Mandates, of which SWA was one, were never envisaged as independent areas (nor were they in most cases). And this is the crux. For while South Africa expected SWA to join the Union it was natural for her to administer Walvis Bay from Windhoek. But when the climate of world opinion shifted to admitting the possibility of

independence for South West Africa, South Africa had to emphasise her 1878 title to Walvis Bay by transferring its administration back to the Cape in 1977. But, rather in the way Hitler is said to have held that if you tell a big enough lie long enough everyone will come to believe it, so continual political pressure against South Africa has created acceptance of new international law especially in the region of self-determination and decolonisation. For law, says Lynn Berat is not a body of rules historically divorced from the realities of power, but rather the evolving dynamic expression of policy.

This can be a dangerous doctrine in a fluid world, as the disintegration of the USSR (both sides claiming legality) can show. Moreover, African states via the OAU, no lover of colonialism, regard their colonial drawn borders as sacrosanct and no developing neighbour can get an inch. At the same time South Africa's 'colonialist' claims are said to be invalid, belonging to an outworn system of law. Probably only the English principle of 'equity' could solve these questions and only if enough time is given.

Gentle winds of change can take only so much verbiage before succumbing to the naked gales of power which menace the international community, and that corner of southern Africa in particular.

MOLLY MORTIMER

A GATHERING OF ESSAYS

The Oxford Book of Essays. Chosen and edited by John Gross. Oxford University Press. £17.95.

Here is the ideal bedside book: a compendium of some of the best writers and writing in the English language. John Gross was faced with a formidable task in making this selection. Like most such anthologies, this one begins with Francis Bacon. Mr. Gross ends his selection with a delightful essay by Clive James on some trashy novel called *Princess Daisy.* The editor made his task far more formidable by deciding to include many American essays within this book. Yet this is a welcome decision for Emerson and Mencken have as much place in this tradition of essayists as Carlyle or Newman.

The subjects are even more diverse than the authors. There is the serious: Jeremy Taylor speaks 'Of Charity or the Love of God' while Matthew Arnold pontificates on Heinrich Heine. Yet there is also the lighthearted: Pauline Kael writing about movies on television or Rayner Banham discussing crisps.

The editor has not followed that all too common practice of anthologisers: find half a dozen previous anthologies, give them a good shake and you have a new cocktail. He has, instead, searched diligently for new essays. For example, few would have thought to include Anthony Trollope in a book of essays. Mr. Gross has found a newspaper article about plumbers that Trollope wrote when he was about to move from London to Sussex. This is a good example of vigorous Victorian writing. Anyone today who dared write: 'The plumber is doubtless aware that he is odious' would be brought to heel by some bureaucrat or self-appointed censor in London or Brussels.

Another pleasing feature of this selection is the way the essays often complement or supplement each other. Thus, the editor includes a wonderful essay by Sir Winston Churchill from 1947 called 'The Dream' in which the great statesman suddenly sees a vision of his father, while he was making a copy of his portrait. He tells his father all that has happened to Britain and the world in the last fifty years. If we then turn to Sir Isaiah Berlin's 'Winston Churchill in 1940' we find 'Churchill, for all his extrovert air, looks within,

and his strongest sense is the sense of the past.' One can also make a connection by reading the Robert Graves essay and then a later one by Gore Vidal on Graves.

John Gross, author of the well-known *Rise and Fall of the Man of Letters* provides a brief introduction to his selection. He says — quite rightly — what few earlier editors would have dared to say, 'Charles Lamb trades too heavily on his charm: many of the idiosyncrasies that once seemed endearing now merely irritate.' He greatly admires the writing of the mid-Victorians. As he says, 'An anthology that was limited to a single decade of the Victorian age, perhaps even a single year, would still be able to draw on work of outstanding quality.' He feels a decline set in at the turn of the century, which he sees as symbolised by Augustine Birrell. 'The essayists who birrelled and whiffled their way through this silver age ultimately helped to give the essay a bad name.' I must admit, however, my only slight regret with this book is the omission of Birrell. His essay, 'Book-Buying', with the claim that you should not begin to talk about your 'library' until you had 10,000 books, would have gone well in this volume.

However, it is one of the habits of reviewers to complain that one of their favourites is missing from any anthology. This collection has such a gathering of delights that we should celebrate what is here. One is also glad that Oxford University Press have produced such a handsome volume for what is now considered a moderate price.

RICHARD MULLEN

THE SIXTH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

The Bachelor Duke: A Life of William Spencer Cavendish 6th Duke of Devonshire. James Lees-Milne. John Murray. £19.95.

While the 'Bachelor Duke' turns up in almost every diary recording English society in the early nineteenth century, there has been, until now, no biography of a man who played a remarkably influential role in his times. Mr. Lees-Milne, an accomplished biographer, has given us a biography that not only describes a prominent Duke but sheds new light upon his era.

The sixth Duke was the son of the celebrated Duchess Georgiana, who was the centre of the Whig world at the end of the eighteenth century. His mother bequeathed to him not only her good looks but her enormous debts. 'Hart' — in the family he was known by a nickname taken from his courtesy title, Lord Hartington — grew up in an exotic world where his father, mother and their close friend, Lady Elizabeth Foster, were involved in a *manage à trois*. There were also several 'children of the mist' who lived on the fringes of their world. Not the least attractive of 'Hart's' characteristics was his kindness to these semi-relations. The book is replete with many other examples of his great kindness: on one occasion he even gave the ever pecunious writer, Leigh Hunt, the magnificent sum of £10,000.

This book also provides a good example of the gradual transformation of manners, morals and religious attitudes between the late eighteenth and early Victorian periods when the Evangelicals rose to such influence and power. The sixth Duke was himself heavily influenced by various Evangelicals, particularly his niece, and inspired by their teaching he eventually cast off his mistress.

Most historians have assumed that the Duke played a small role in politics. Mr. Lees-Milnes proves that this was not the case. The Duke's vast wealth

and hereditary position among the Whigs meant that any speech by him carried weight. This was particularly true during the reign of George IV.

This book is founded on the Duke's unpublished journals and one benefit of the author's research is that we can see on a day-by-day basis how a man of vast wealth could stumble into huge debt. In this case the cause was the Duke's mania for collecting sculpture and for improving several of his houses, most notably Chatsworth and Lismore Castle in Ireland. Not all this expenditure was without effect: with his great knowledge of country house architecture, Mr. Lees-Milne describes how the Duke's love of building has left a permanent mark on English architectural history.

The Duke found it difficult to cut his expenses. In the 1840s, for example, he set out on one of his numerous continental jaunts. He was accompanied by a companion, a doctor, a *maitre d'hotel,* a French chef, a valet, two footmen and two dogs. Not surprisingly, the party required three carriages. The Duke, anxious to economise, decided that he could dispense with a courier as he knew the road so well himself.

The sixth Duke of Devonshire is best remembered as the patron of Joseph Paxton and through him, as a factor in the creation of the Crystal Palace. The relationship between the two men, Duke and gardener, is delightfully depicted in this book as is the deep but unexpected friendship between a Whig Duke and that most autocratic of Tsars, Nicholas I. Altogether this is a most pleasantly written and well researched biography.

JAMES MUNSON

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Almanac of British Politics (Routledge £15.99) is an amazing achievement by one man, Robert Waller. This is the fourth edition of what has become a standard reference work. The author describes every constituency in the United Kingdom and provides a brief essay on its nature. He frequently makes a pungent comment about the current or recent MP. These descriptions are followed by a set of statistics such as the percentage of owner-occupiers, unemployed or immigrant voters. This book will be the required study of any serious parliamentary candidate, party organiser or informed commentator. No one can claim to follow British politics without reading this book. Robert Waller is to be commended for managing to combine objectivity with clear writing about politics: a rare feat.

Penguin books have brought out a new edition of a beautifully written piece of history, the late Cecil Woodham-Smith's **The Great Hunger: Ireland 1845-49** (£6.99). When it was first published in 1962 it was quickly recognised as the best account of the most horrific event in the history of nineteenth century Europe: the Irish potato famine. The book manages to tell the sad story in a calm but compassionate manner. Unfortunately, the book now has a dual topicality. The 'troubles' in Northern Ireland can only be understood in the light of Irish history, particularly the Famine which is the central fact of that history and the many legends loosely based on it. This Famine also was the first in which there was some attempt to organise international aid. As such it is of interest to people today as we try to help the victims of one disaster after another.

Wayward Women: A Guide to Women Travellers. (Oxford University Press. £17.50; paperback £7.95.) Jane Robinson has produced an excellent and informative guide to some of the best travel writers. She says the first of these formidable ladies was Abbess Etheria who set out for the Holy Land in 381. Etheria is the only exception to the author's decision to restrict her list to some 400 women who wrote travel books in the English language. The book is organised by the type of writer which allows us to see interesting comparisons. Jane Robinson has turned what could have been a mere dull catalogue into an entertaining account of travellers and travel writing. Her summaries of the writers are a remarkable example of being able to compress a great deal of information into a few paragraphs. She gives her frank opinions of each writer's aims, achievements, and personality. With only a few exceptions, she always leaves us wanting to find and read the writers themselves.

The Encyclopaedia of the Paranormal (Macmillan, £17.95). Lynn Picknett's well written and produced book on the paranormal contains references to all cases, both well known ones and examples which she knows of only through contact with certain families, of the sighting of ghosts, persecution by apparitions, poltergeists and the voices of dead relations or friends. Each case of some supernatural event is fully reported and its concordance with other similar experiences shown: an important part of her book is concerned with giving disinterested accounts of the efforts and those of others to 'prove' them scientifically. The author includes contributory evidence from some of the most highly respected fellow-workers in the field. There are many good, clear photographs both of the famous academics who have, especially in the late nineteenth century, taken an active and entirely serious part in experimental research and of some events during seances. Psychic phenomena have, however, eluded what could strictly be called 'proof' of any manifestation. The book is extremely interesting as well as informative about theories of the existence of paranormal appearances, voices and actions.

A Traveller's Alphabet, Partial Memoirs (Thames and Hudson, 1991. £16.95). It was a brilliant notion of Sir Steven Runciman — or his publisher? — to put into print (though sadly without illustrations) these delightful if partial memoirs. They become a chatty handbook to the Byzantine world, that is to Eastern Europe and the Eastern Mediterranean as Sir Steven saw it on one or another of his many visits: from the monasteries on Mount Athos to Zion. He put to good use his privileged role as Professor of Byzantine History at Istanbul in the war years, his post-war service for the British Council in Athens, and his scholarly probes when writing his magisterial *History of the Crusades*. Though avowedly a substitute for an autobiography, and dotted with many personal exotica (he must have been ill in more out-of-the-way locations than any other traveller), this book is also a superb introduction and guidebook to the history and geography of the complex Hellenic-turned-Byzantine Mediterranean. If his home is now a 'keep' in the less sunny but once equally war-like Scottish border country, his heart is clearly in Mistra in the central Peloponnese, now in ruins but once the Byzantine capital of the Morea — and where a street is named after him. E.W.

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